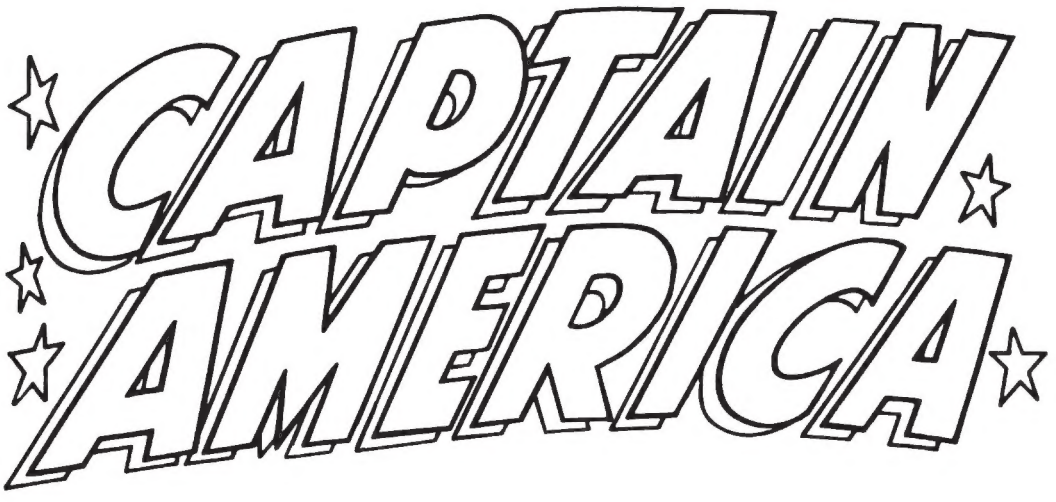
MARVEL MASTERWORKS®
CAPTAIN AMERICA®
VOLUME 9

CAPTAIN AMERICA Nos. 176-192
STEVE ENGLEHART,
SAL BUSCEMA & FRANK ROBBINS

MARVEL

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

PRESENTS



VOLUME 9

COLLECTING

CAPTAIN AMERICA NOS. 176-192

STEVE ENGLEHART

SAL BUSCEMA • FRANK ROBBINS

Collection Editor
Cory Sedlmeier
Book Design
Nickel DesignWorks
SVP Print, Sales & Marketing
David Gabriel
Digital Manager/Production
Tim Smith 3
Digital Production
Kou Chen & Rachel Young
Editor in Chief
Axel Alonso
Chief Creative Officer
Joe Quesada
Publisher
Dan Buckley
Executive Producer
Alan Fine

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
CREDITS

CAPTAIN AMERICA
Nos. 176-192

Writers: Steve Englehart (Nos. 176-186)
John Warner (Nos. 186-188)
Tony Isabella (Nos. 189-191)
Bill Mantlo (No. 191)
Marv Wolfman (No. 192)

Pencilers: Sal Buscema (Nos. 176-181, 185, 188)
Frank Robbins (Nos. 182, 183, 185-187, 189-192)
Herb Trimpe (No. 184)

Inkers: Vince Colletta (Nos. 176-181, 188, 190)
Joe Giella (No. 182)
Frank Giacoia (Nos. 183-185)
Mike Esposito (Nos. 184, 186)
Frank Chiaramonte (Nos. 187, 189)
D. Bruce Berry (Nos. 191, 192)

Letterers: Art Simek (Nos. 176, 177, 181)
Tom Orzechowski (Nos. 178-180, 182-185)
Dave Hunt (Nos. 186, 190)
Charlotte Jetter (No. 187)
Irving Watanabe (No. 188)
Karen Mantlo (Nos. 189, 191)
Joe Rosen (No. 192)

Colorists: Linda Lessmann (Nos. 176, 177, 180, 181)
Phil Rachelson (No. 178)
Petra Goldberg (No. 179)
Bill Mantlo (No. 182)
Stan Goldberg (Nos. 183, 185)
George Roussos (Nos. 184, 187)
Michele Wolfman (Nos. 186, 190, 192)
Don Warfield (No. 188)
Dianne Buscema (No. 189)
Janice Cohen (No. 191)

Editors: Roy Thomas, Len Wein & Marv Wolfman

Color & Art Reconstruction: All Thumbs Creative

Special Thanks: Nick Caputo, Michael Kelleher & Ralph Macchio

CAPTAIN AMERICA CREATED BY JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY

MARVEL MASTERWORKS
CONTENTS

Introduction by Steve Englehart

Captain America #176, August 1974
"Captain America Must Die!"

Captain America #177, September 1974
"Lucifer Be Thy Name"

Captain America #178, October 1974
"If the Falcon Should Fall--!"

Captain America #179, November 1974
"Slings and Arrows!"

Captain America #180, December 1974
"The Coming of the Nomad!"

Captain America #181, January 1975
"The Mark of Madness!"

Captain America #182, February 1975
"Inferno!"

Captain America #183, March 1975
"Nomad: No More!"

Captain America #184, April 1975
"Cap's Back!"

Captain America #185, May 1975
"Scream the Scarlet Skull!"

Captain America #186, June 1975
"Mind Cage!"

Captain America #187, July 1975
"The Madness Maze!"

Captain America #188, August 1975
"Druid-War"

Captain America #189, September 1975
"Arena for a Fallen Hero!"

Captain America #190, October 1975
"Nightshade is Deadlier the Second Time Around!"

Captain America #191, November 1975
"The Trial of the Falcon!"

Captain America #192, December 1975
"Mad-Flight!"

INTRODUCTION
BY STEVE ENGLEHART

This *Marvel Masterworks* holds the third and final phase in establishing the Captain America we've known since these stories were first published. In my lowly opinion, it's the most important phase, because in much of this phase there is no Captain America.

The first phase was in *Marvel Masterworks: Captain America Vol. 7*, where the newest writer on Marvel's block, me, was handed a failing title called *Captain America*. Why was it failing? Because Cap was stuck being a symbol of American war in a time when America did not want a war. Marvel knew that; the question was, what could be done about it? Well, I went home that night and gave it serious thought, wanting to do well on my new job. It became clear that Cap was a symbol of American war because he was tied to World War II, a popular war, as opposed to Vietnam. That wasn't his fault, but it had to be dealt with — only how do you untie from WWII a guy who always talks about his origin in WWII? The answer I came up with, for better or worse, was this: Cap stands for the American ideals that drove World War II, but transcend World War II and Vietnam — the ideals they taught us all in school. Cap is the symbol of the American spirit.

Turned out that was the right answer. Soon, *Captain America* was climbing in sales like nobody's business.

Phase two, in *Marvel Masterworks: Captain America Vol. 8*, revealed the machinations of unintended consequences, as America, the actual country, found out its President was a crook. Since the President was not disposed to admit to that, the actual country was consumed by an epic cat-and-mouse game — like watching *Games of Thrones* in real time. But the Marvel Universe and the actual world were supposed to be identical. With every American focused on Watergate, how could Captain America ignore it? My answer, again rolling the dice, was that he couldn't — but that Cap would have to have his own version of it, putting him through the same changes we were all experiencing. And so was born the Secret Empire Saga, the original Cap vs. Government story, which ended with an unidentified someone with access to the Oval Office having his mask snatched away by Captain America — and then blowing his brains out before Cap could stop him.

Phase three… Well, Nixon hadn't gone down yet but he was on the ropes; it was just a matter of time. (Phase two was kind of like 1940s Cap punching Hitler in the face before we entered that war, come to think of it.) The comic book *Captain America* had wrapped up its government story and could have gone back to the straight super hero stuff…if I were a sociopath. Because Cap had watched someone who also symbolized America demolish both his brains and Cap's illusions, and I had to see where that would go. What I saw was phase three.

#176 — Comics is a periodical medium. One of the benefits to that is there's a new issue every month, and most people are along for the ride. So it is possible to have an issue that confounds everyone's expectations, if the issues before and after are more traditional fare. Because of that, I thought I could get away with having this issue focused entirely inside Cap's head, with no actual super villain for him to fight. It was another gamble, but I was playing with house money now. And it was helped immeasurably by Jazzy Johnny Romita's iconic cover. He caught everything the issue was about and *sold* it, big time. Then you opened the cover and you got My Pal Sal Buscema's iconic splash, followed by his usual brilliant storytelling. (Pro tip: You'll notice that despite the lack of a super villain, there are as many action scenes as we could make work.) (Pro tip #2: Here is where I remind you about Marvel's interesting policy of the time, in which a writer and artist created one page and got paid for one page, which would be printed as two pages. Fortunately, that was going to end soon.)

#177 — I hate stories that open with dreams. Nonetheless, I thought it was a prudent cheat to get Captain America on the splash — because we weren't gonna see him again for a very long time. Starting here, I was once again letting my characters go where they wanted to go, and I didn't know where that was. I certainly knew that I'd bring Cap back someday — I mean, let's be real — but I didn't know when that would be, and I wanted it to be as far off as I felt I could sustain.

So if there's no Cap, then this book (still officially titled only *Captain America*, by the way) was going to lean on the Falcon. And a guy in a bathrobe named Steve Rogers. And a super villain with a big-time aura about him. Lucifer hadn't been used in nearly five years, but his particular powers fit the Falcon story perfectly, because the Falcon, good as he was, was not Captain America. Back in his natural habitat of "the streets," he would have to work a little harder to succeed.

Finally, on the double-page drawn on a single page, Lucifer begins a balloon with "Luci:". This is a once-in-a-blue-moon mistake by Artie Simek, always my favorite letterer in all of comics. Great letterforms and beautifully-balanced balloons, often like nice TV screens when screens had more squared-off dimensions. There are other letterers I like a lot, but Artie's the gold standard for me.

#178 — Cap on the cover…and the germ of an idea on how to get some Cap presence inside, with no Captain America. Now come the consequences of everybody's actions, revealing themselves in the moment. The Falcon doesn't win 'em all, but he doesn't lose much, either. Peggy Carter's storyline is intense, and very different from the movie one. And Steve Rogers — we're seeing *him* for the first time, Mr. Rogers from the Lower East Side, completely without the aura that being an icon gave him.

#179 — Cap symbolically on the cover. And inside, a new villain called "The Golden Archer." Perfectly legit super villain name, and also a joke, of course. It says something about '70s attitudes that one did not negate the other. Meanwhile, onward roll the subplots — but only to the moment when the original star of the book grabs the spotlight back.

#180 — Another iconic cover, this time by Gil Kane. Each step of this journey led to the next. Steve had spent his whole life being a hero. It was, simply, what he did. So okay, he couldn't be Captain America, but what about doing what he did as someone else? Thus was born…well, I didn't immediately have a name for him, but my girlfriend of the time, Martha Dukeshire, did. And since she was my girlfriend, she got credit for it. It's all about who ya know.

Steve became the Nomad, designed, obviously, to be a real "alter ego," and never expected to become a separate character. But comics is a crazy business, and by now there have been four separate Nomads. Pretty good name, Duke.

Anyway, the bit with the cape, also now iconic, was just something I'd thought about as a super hero fan, and finally had the chance to make legit.

But the other half of this issue is the group of villains, the Serpent Squad. I had decided to gamble on the real America again, and in the real America at this time, there was a group of revolutionaries called the Symbionese Liberation Army. Their activities were pretty limited until they kidnapped Patty Hearst, heiress to the Hearst newspaper fortune, and then got her to join them in a bank robbery. This wasn't the impeachment of the President, but it had sex and violence so people were paying attention to it, and I thought, hey, the SLA's logo was a seven-headed serpent, and Marvel has a Serpent Squad…

#181 — Right around now, Marvel had decided that the reason the Sub-Mariner wasn't as popular as some other characters was because in his standard attire he was primarily flesh-colored, i.e., pink. So editorial gave him dark leathers, and I thought, as a loyal Marvelite, I should help find

out if it made a difference. (As it happened, it didn't, which is why he went back to the Speedo.) Anyway, Lord Krang fit with the Serpent Squad, and Namor fit with Krang, and with Steve Rogers. I always had a good feeling about the camaraderie between the two living legends of World War II, as strange as it was. Steve, as Cap, may have transcended the war, but that doesn't mean he was never there. Continuity, in those days, was continuous.

Meanwhile, that spunky little kid who'd been popping up in the background these last few issues takes his own shot at assuming the vacant mantle of Captain America. Roscoe will probably fail like his predecessors; or else it'll be a really inspiring story. He's pretty likeable, so let's hope it's the inspiring option.

Finally, it had occurred to me that if Peggy still had a foot in World War II, and Cap didn't, she might find a kindred spirit in some other WWII hero, and why couldn't it be Gabe Jones? In some circles, that might have been controversial, but in others, not so much. Either way, it made sense from a character standpoint, and that was all I cared about.

#182 — And then WHAP! Sal Buscema, after a continuous run of years on this book, decided to try something new, and in his place came Frank Robbins.

Now, Frank was seriously old school in his art, harkening back to the Milton Caniff school with lots of blacks — very different from Sal, but very evocative. The problem for many readers — and, frankly, for me — was that he was very different from Sal. I had loved Frank's work, as both writer and artist, on Man-Bat and other DC stories. He was one of the good guys. But changing artists right at that point was, shall we say, WHAP!

The story couldn't slow down, though — even though I'd come to realize that my gamble of following real events was one I was losing. Things would happen and I'd write about them… then they'd hit the newsstand three months later. In the midst of an overarching epic like Nixon's impeachment, that made no difference, but in always-changing current events, a three-month lag was a long time. I wrapped up my story but decided not to pursue that approach any longer.

#183 — Yet another iconic cover, again by Kane. Inside, there's the Nomad and Leila, and more Nomad, and then more. Steve Rogers has gone from stepping completely out of the picture to being the star of the book once again. But here, frankly, is where Frank and I were not at all in sync. Throughout the book you'll probably notice places where someone other than Frank has been at work, and that's because he didn't yet have a feel for Marvel pacing, or mine if you prefer. This story needed beats where Steve Rogers could go inside himself, and Frank glossed them over in favor of action, so the art had to be reworked. The new pages are less interesting visually, but more interesting character-wise, and this story lived or died with the character of Steve Rogers.

#184 — Cover: not iconic, but still pretty nice, by Kane. Insides by my old *Hulk*-buddy, Herb Trimpe. Herb understood Marvel pacing (or mine if you prefer), so we had what we needed for Cap's triumphant return. In fact, it was the triumphant return of straight super-heroics, and of all the little things that made our super villain special. But super-this and super-that didn't mean the human elements went away. The most triumphant return of all may have been by a recovered Peggy Carter.

#185 — So now we'd come full circle, back to straight super heroics, and right about now Marvel offered me a new title, a black-and-white magazine starring Thor. I began to think about using the actual Norse legends…and understood that if I added a book, I'd have to drop a book. If you've been with me this far, you know without doubt that I loved doing *Captain America*, but I thought, well, I've done the three phases and there is no fourth, so maybe this would be a good time to wrap up my run and hand it off to the next guy. There was a guy we all liked named John Warner, and he seemed like a good next step, so we worked it out that I'd set him up to start out with an epic, and that's what happened. If you've been with me this far, you've heard about my habit of "throwing plates in the air," not knowing when or how they'd come down but excited to find out. So I tossed up the idea that Sam Wilson was a creation of the Red Skull…

#186 — …and then brought this saga to a close, providing the plot which John could then dialogue. But John decided that I knew the Sam Wilson retrospective better than he did, so he'd rather I write that part. I did, and then I was done.

Since then, people ask me, "Was the Falcon a creation or not?", and I answer, "I have no earthly idea." That plate never came down for me so I don't know what my resolution would have been.

#187 — Meanwhile, the full John Warner era brought back both Frank Robbins and non-stop action, which played to Frank's strengths. That deep, dark maze was made for this art style. But as John noted at the end, there were no subplots, as he got his feet under him, both as a writer and a collaborator.

#188 — Here comes Sal again, stepping in for breakdowns as the aforementioned subplots are very nicely rolled out. As is this whole story. As are the characterization and dialogue. This is what we liked about John — he was a good, intelligent writer.

Unfortunately, he was also a slow writer, and couldn't maintain a monthly schedule. The two things you had to do at Marvel were "make it sell" and "turn it in on time," and after this story, editorial removed him. From the evidence of this story, it's clearly a shame.

#189 — Tony Isabella, on the other hand, was a reliable pro, so he took over, co-writing with Frank. Their first job was to catch the "Snap" Wilson plate, and they worked out a way to get that done. It's possible they did their first issue not knowing what was coming, but soon enough they got the news that Jack Kirby was returning to Marvel and would be taking over *Captain America* in a few months…

#190 — …so whatever they intended to do, they had to wrap it up here and…

#191 — …here. As it stands, the resolution strikes me as a little ambiguous, but I'm impressed with Sam's (or is it Snap's) repeated comments about white justice and black justice. It would have been fun to see what Tony and Frank could do without a time limit.

#192 — But Kirby wasn't quite ready to get started, actually, so editor Marv Wolfman provided a one-shot issue, untethered from any continuity — and this period of *Captain America* came to a close.

In the daily rush of comics writing, nobody thinks much beyond their immediate environment. When I started what turned out to be three phases of rethinking Captain America, I was happy just to be asked, and could not possibly have guessed that it would change Cap permanently.

2016

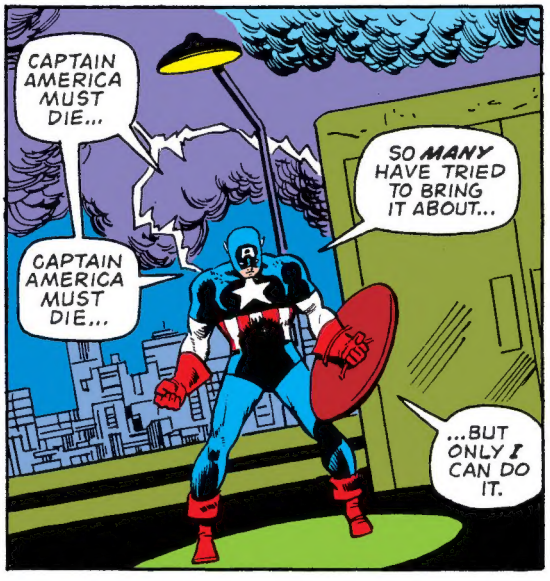
Steve Englehart is a lucky guy.

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
176
AUG
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
HOLD, STEVE ROGERS! THOU KNOWEST NOT WHAT THOU DOST!
WRONG, THUNDER GOD! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING! I'M RENOUNCING MY CAPTAIN AMERICA IDENTITY-- FOREVER!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE!
SURE, WE KNOW--YOU'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE, TRUE BELIEVER. BUT HAVE YOU EVER HEARD IT FROM-- CAPTAIN AMERICA?
WHEN THEY TALK ABOUT CAP CLASSICS IN THE YEARS TO COME, THIS IS ONE OF THE ONES THEY'LL MENTION FIRST!
AND IT COMES COURTESY OF...

STEVE ENGLEHART	SAL BUSCEMA	VINNIE COLLETTA	ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERER*	ROY THOMAS
AUTHOR	*ARTIST*	*INKS*	L. LESSMANN, *COLORIST*	*EDITOR*


CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE...
SO MANY HAVE TRIED TO BRING IT ABOUT...
CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE...
...BUT ONLY I CAN DO IT.

OR CAN I?
HAVE I THE GUTS-- OR EVEN THE RIGHT-- TO DESTROY A SYMBOL OF THIRTY-THREE YEARS' STANDING? A LIVING LEGEND?

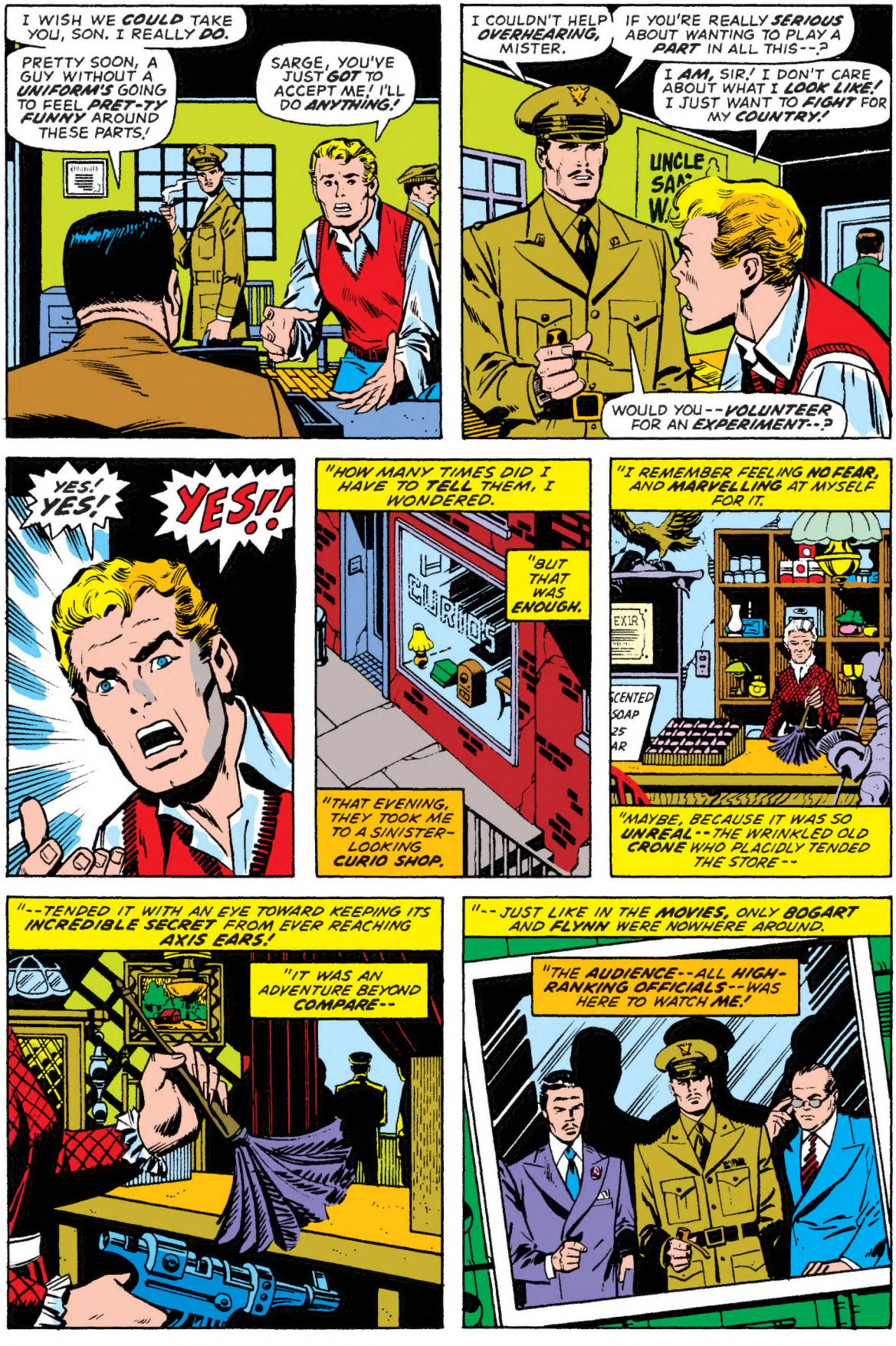
BLAST IT! I'M NO LEGEND!
I'M A MAN!!

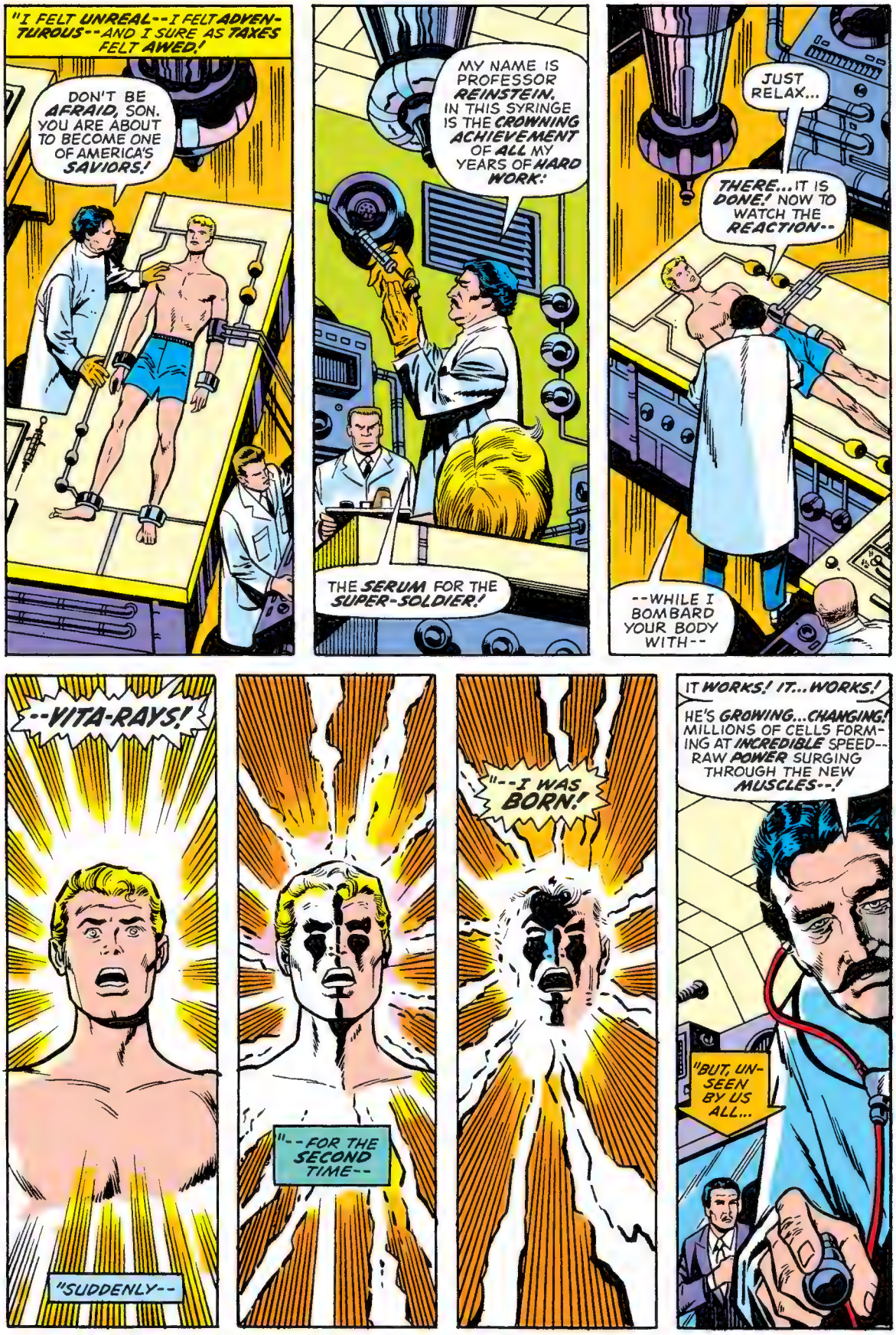
"AT LEAST--ONCE I WAS A BOY. A SKINNY, GAWKY KID, JUST OUT OF HIGH SCHOOL-- BORN AND RAISED IN MANHATTAN, SO I KNEW ALL ABOUT THE WORLD.
"I WENT TO THE MOVIES A LOT, AND NEVER MISSED THE NEWSREEL.

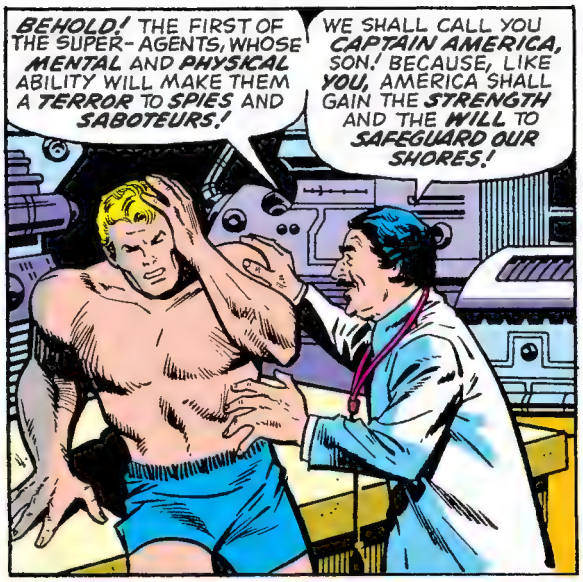
"I KNEW THE NAZIS WERE ROTTEN, FROM THE MINUTE I SET EYES ON THEM.
"THEY WERE SUPPRESSING--THEN MURDERING --THE PEOPLE OF EUROPE, WEREN'T THEY? THEY HAD SPIES HERE, DIDN'T THEY?

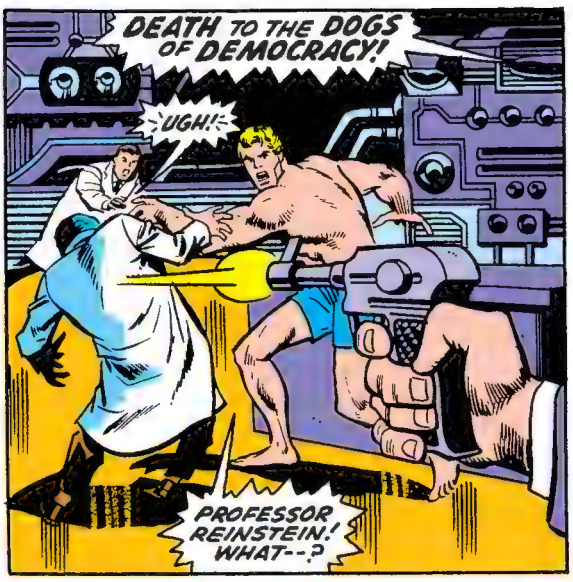
"I KNEW WHERE MY DUTY LAY! STEVE ROGERS, ALL OF 18, HAD TO BECOME A SOLDIER!
"I HIT WHITEHALL STREET THE NEXT MORNING, BUT--
HMMMM.
ARMY

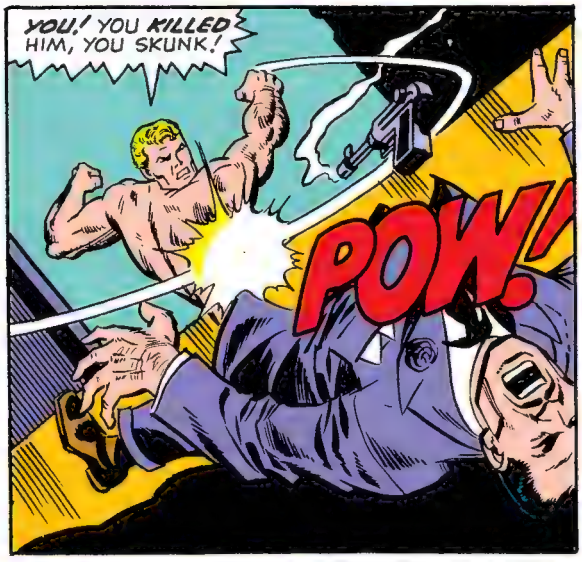
REJECTED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN REJECTED?
I WANT TO BE A SOLDIER. I TELL YOU!
SORRY, SON. YOU'RE MUCH TOO FRAIL FOR MILITARY SERVICE.
REJECTED
SGT. STONE

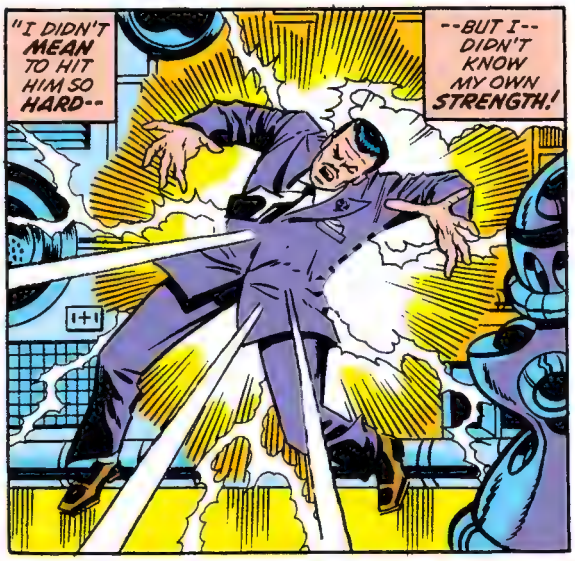

I WISH WE COULD TAKE YOU, SON. I REALLY DO.
PRETTY SOON, A GUY WITHOUT A UNIFORM'S GOING TO FEEL PRET-TY FUNNY AROUND THESE PARTS.
SARGE, YOU'VE JUST GOT TO ACCEPT ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING!
I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING, MISTER.
IF YOU'RE REALLY SERIOUS ABOUT WANTING TO PLAY A PART IN ALL THIS--?
I AM, SIR! I DON'T CARE ABOUT WHAT I LOOK LIKE! I JUST WANT TO FIGHT FOR MY COUNTRY!
WOULD YOU--VOLUNTEER FOR AN EXPERIMENT--?
YES! YES!
YES!!
"HOW MANY TIMES DID I HAVE TO TELL THEM, I WONDERED.
"BUT THAT WAS ENOUGH.
"THAT EVENING, THEY TOOK ME TO A SINISTER-LOOKING CURIO SHOP.
"I REMEMBER FEELING NO FEAR, AND MARVELLING AT MYSELF FOR IT.
"MAYBE, BECAUSE IT WAS SO UNREAL--THE WRINKLED OLD CRONE WHO PLACIDLY TENDED THE STORE--
"--TENDED IT WITH AN EYE TOWARD KEEPING ITS INCREDIBLE SECRET FROM EVER REACHING AXIS EARS!
"IT WAS AN ADVENTURE BEYOND COMPARE--
"--JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES, ONLY BOGART AND FLYNN WERE NOWHERE AROUND.
"THE AUDIENCE--ALL HIGH-RANKING OFFICIALS--WAS HERE TO WATCH ME!

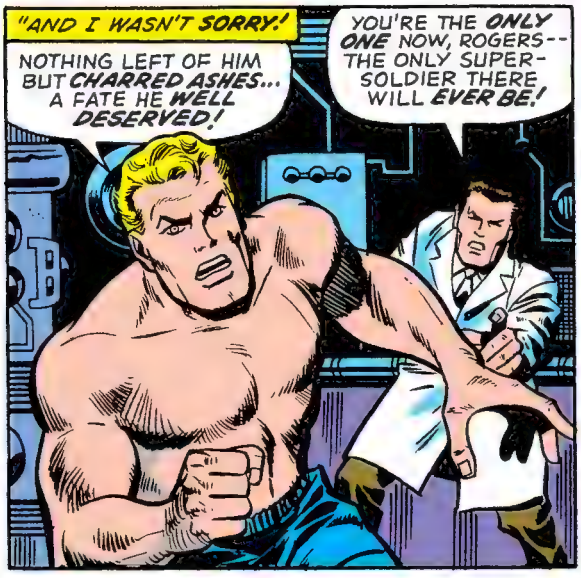

"I FELT UNREAL--I FELT ADVENTUROUS--AND I SURE AS TAXES FELT AWED!
DON'T BE AFRAID, SON. YOU ARE ABOUT TO BECOME ONE OF AMERICA'S SAVIORS!
MY NAME IS PROFESSOR REINSTEIN. IN THIS SYRINGE IS THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF ALL MY YEARS OF HARD WORK!
THE SERUM FOR THE SUPER-SOLDIER!
JUST RELAX...
THERE...IT IS DONE! NOW TO WATCH THE REACTION--
--WHILE I BOMBARD YOUR BODY WITH--
--VITA-RAYS!
"SUDDENLY--
"--FOR THE SECOND TIME--
"--I WAS BORN!
IT WORKS! IT...WORKS!
HE'S GROWING...CHANGING! MILLIONS OF CELLS FORMING AT INCREDIBLE SPEED--RAW POWER SURGING THROUGH THE NEW MUSCLES--!
"BUT, UNSEEN BY US ALL...

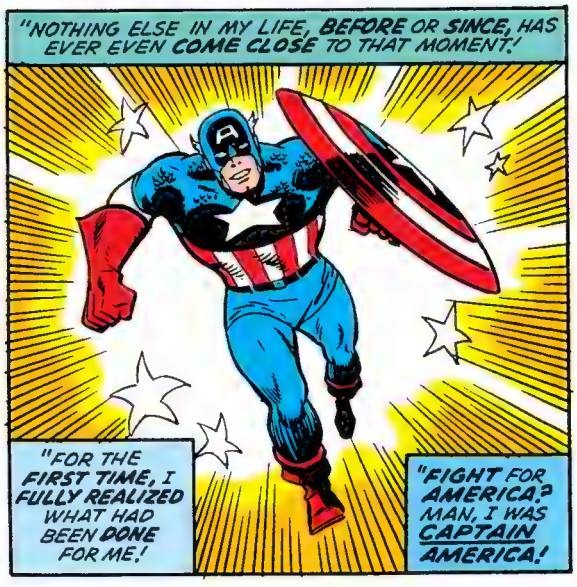

BEHOLD! THE FIRST OF THE SUPER-AGENTS, WHOSE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL ABILITY WILL MAKE THEM A TERROR TO SPIES AND SABOTEURS!
WE SHALL CALL YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA, SON! BECAUSE, LIKE YOU, AMERICA SHALL GAIN THE STRENGTH AND THE WILL TO SAFEGUARD OUR SHORES!


DEATH TO THE DOGS OF DEMOCRACY!
UGH!
PROFESSOR REINSTEIN! WHAT--?

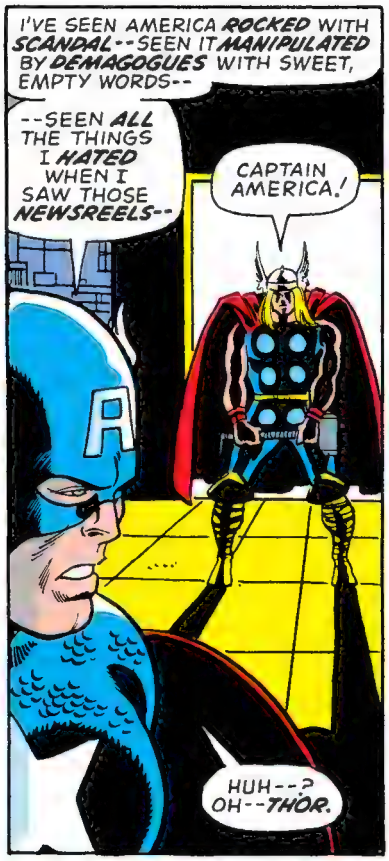

YOU! YOU KILLED HIM, YOU SKUNK!
POW!

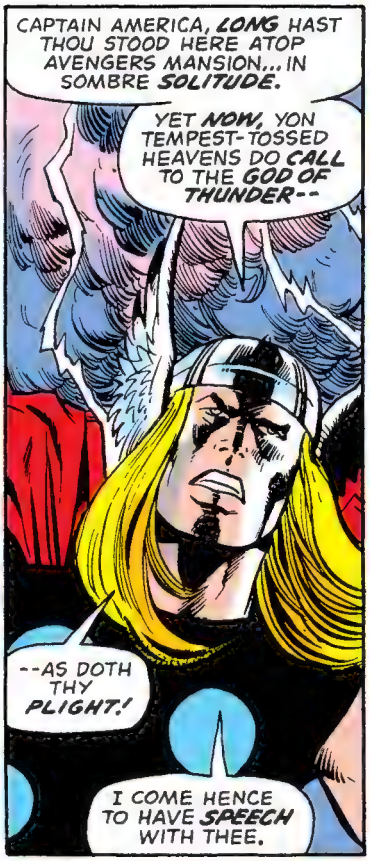

"I DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM SO HARD--
--BUT I-- DIDN'T KNOW MY OWN STRENGTH!

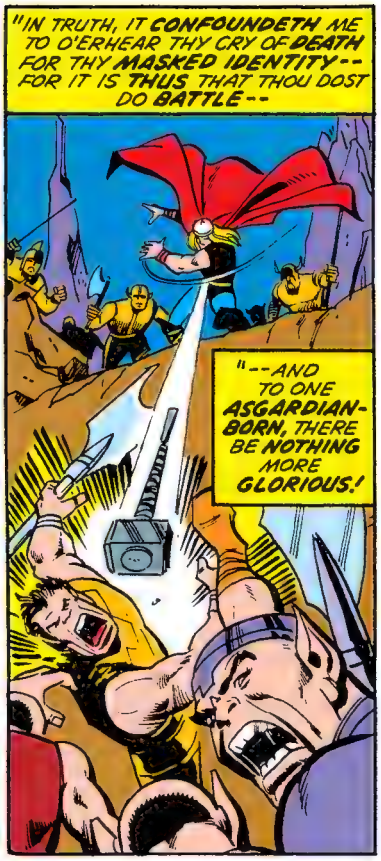

"AND I WASN'T SORRY!
NOTHING LEFT OF HIM BUT CHARRED ASHES... A FATE HE WELL DESERVED!
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE NOW, ROGERS-- THE ONLY SUPER-SOLDIER THERE WILL EVER BE!

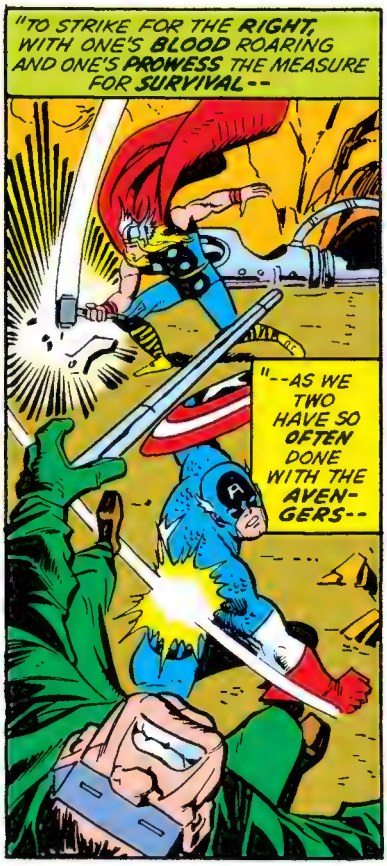

"NOTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE, BEFORE OR SINCE, HAS EVER EVEN COME CLOSE TO THAT MOMENT!
"FOR THE FIRST TIME, I FULLY REALIZED WHAT HAD BEEN DONE FOR ME!
"FIGHT FOR AMERICA? MAN, I WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA!

"BUT SO MUCH HAS HAPPENED SINCE THEN!"


I'VE SEEN AMERICA ROCKED WITH SCANDAL--SEEN IT MANIPULATED BY DEMAGOGUES WITH SWEET, EMPTY WORDS--
--SEEN ALL THE THINGS I HATED WHEN I SAW THOSE NEWSREELS--
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HUH--? OH--THOR.


CAPTAIN AMERICA, LONG HAST THOU STOOD HERE ATOP AVENGERS MANSION... IN SOMBRE SOLITUDE.
YET NOW, YON TEMPEST-TOSSED HEAVENS DO CALL TO THE GOD OF THUNDER--
--AS DOTH THY PLIGHT!
I COME HENCE TO HAVE SPEECH WITH THEE.

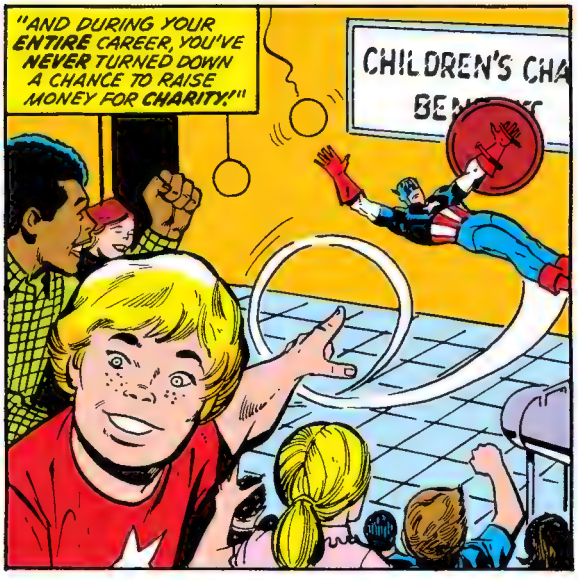

"IN TRUTH, IT CONFOUNDETH ME TO O'ERHEAR THY CRY OF DEATH FOR THY MASKED IDENTITY--FOR IT IS THUS THAT THOU DOST DO BATTLE--
"--AND TO ONE ASGARDIAN-BORN, THERE BE NOTHING MORE GLORIOUS!


"TO STRIKE FOR THE RIGHT, WITH ONE'S BLOOD ROARING AND ONE'S PROWESS THE MEASURE FOR SURVIVAL--
"--AS WE TWO HAVE SO OFTEN DONE WITH THE AVENGERS--

"--WHY, 'TIS THEN THAT A MAN BE MOST FULLY ALIVE!
"'TIS THEN THAT TRUE NOBILITY WILL OUT!"

I WISH I COULD BE AS CERTAIN, THUNDER GOD...BUT SINCE I RETURNED TO LIFE, AFTER BEING FROZEN IN THAT ICE FLOE...
...WELL, I HAVEN'T SEEN AS MUCH NOBILITY AS I ONCE DID.
I'M CAPTAIN AMERICA, AFTER ALL--NOT CAPTAIN ASGARD!
DOWN HERE, THINGS AREN'T THAT SIMPLE.

I TAKE NO OFFENSE AT THY WORDS, AVENGER. THOU DOST BATTLE WITHIN THYSELF--
--AND NO ONE SAVE THEE MAY SAY WHETHER 'TIS GLORIOUS OR NAY!
MY FELLOWSHIP SHALL BE THINE IF E'ER THOU HAST NEED!
"NOBILITY"! HOW MUCH OF THAT CAME OUT IN ME WHEN I STOLE THE ELECTRON-GYRO?*
I HAD TO DO IT, TO SAVE MY NAME...
*CA & F #173. --ROY.
...BUT NOW, I'M NOT AS WORTHY OF HAVING THE NAME.
I GUESS I'VE LEARNED A LOT SINCE THE DAYS I REVELED IN MY ENEMIES' DEATHS...
STILL BROODING, EH?
MAYBE WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME SOLID ADVICE FROM AN IRON MAN!
MAYBE I DO, SHELLHEAD... MAYBE I DO.
THEN LISTEN, FRIEND: VERY FEW PEOPLE ON THIS CRAZY PLANET ARE LUCKY ENOUGH TO HAVE THE ADVANTAGES YOU AND I HAVE.
THAT OBLIGATES US TO USE THOSE ADVANTAGES!
"FOR EXAMPLE--REMEMBER WHEN WE SAVED THE WASP'S LIFE BY RESCUING HER DOCTOR FROM HIS SUBTERRANEAN CAPTORS?*
"WHAT IF WE HADN'T BEEN AROUND?
*AVENGERS #14. --ROY.
"FOR THAT MATTER, WHAT IF YOU HADN'T BEEN AROUND DURING WORLD WAR II? OUR BOYS DID FINE AGAINST REGULAR RIFLES--
"--BUT WHO TOOK ON THE NAZI DEATH RAYS THEY COULDN'T FIGHT?


"AND DURING YOUR ENTIRE CAREER, YOU'VE NEVER TURNED DOWN A CHANCE TO RAISE MONEY FOR CHARITY!"
CHILDREN'S CHA

RIGHT! FOR MY ENTIRE CAREER, I'VE DONE ALMOST NOTHING EXCEPT TRY--IN AS MANY WAYS AS I COULD--TO HELP MY FELLOW MAN--
--AND WHAT HAPPENED?

"LOTS OF THEM--LOTS OF THEM--TURNED ON ME--
"--ACTUALLY ACCEPTED THE HALF-TRUTHS AND LIES OF THE SECRET EMPIRE'S ADS--
"--AND BELIEVED ME A VIGILANTE!"*
CAP--KILLER!
WHO NEEDS YOU?
*CA&F #165-175.--ROY.

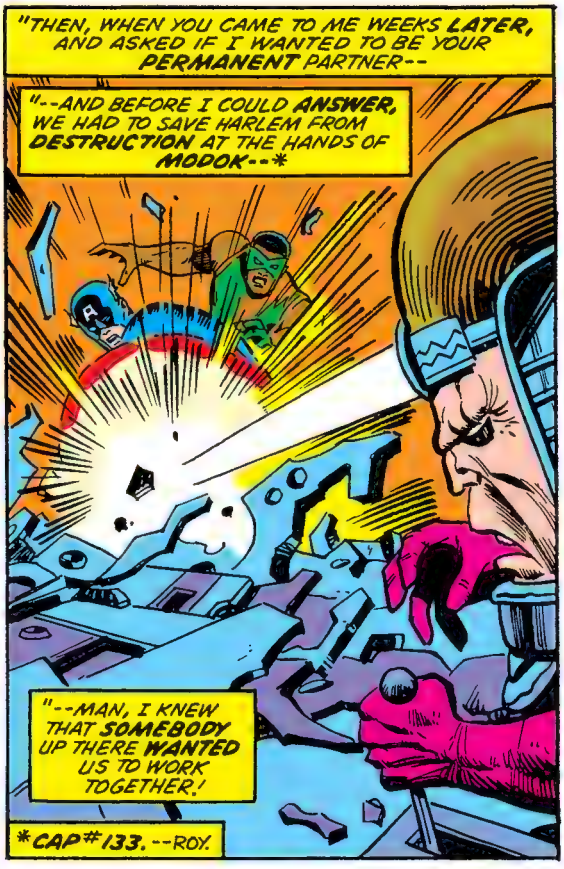
MY HELP WAS ALWAYS APPRECIATED AT THE TIME--BUT OVER THE YEARS, EVERYBODY STARTED TAKING IT FOR GRANTED!
BUT IT DOESN'T HAVE TO LOSE MEANING FOR YOU!
I GUESS IT JUST LOST ITS MEANING FOR THOSE PEOPLE.

SUDDENLY--
WHAM!
MASTER FALCON! WAIT, PLEASE!
I'VE GOT NO TIME TO HANG AROUND GOIN' THROUGH PROTOCOL, JARVIS!
I'M GOIN' IN!

OKAY, PARTNER--WHAT'S WITH YOU SLIPPIN' OUTTA WASHINGTON WITHOUT TELLIN' ANYONE WHERE YOU WERE HEADED?
AN' WHAT'S THIS I HEAR ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO QUIT?

PEGGY AND FALC WERE LOOKING EVERYWHERE FOR YOU, CAP! THEY EVEN WOKE ME UP!
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE FALCON WENT TO YOU, SHARY.
BUT IT WAS LUCKY YOU THOUGHT TO TRY HERE.
CAP, WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
YOU SAW MOST OF IT, FALC... BUT THERE'S ONE PART-- THE PART IN THE WHITE HOUSE-- I CAN'T TELL ANYBODY ABOUT.
YEAH... THE AUTHORITIES PUT A LID ON IT, TOO!
STILL, WHATEVER WENT ON IN THERE--HOW COULD IT SEND YOU OFF THE DEEP END LIKE THIS?
YOU'RE THE TOGETHER MEMBER OF THE TEAM!
"I'LL NEVER FORGET THE FIRST TIME WE MET! YOU'D BEEN SWITCHED INTO ANOTHER BODY BY THE COSMIC CUBE, AND TRAPPED ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH A BUNCH OF KILLERS CALLED THE EXILES...*
"...BUT YOU WEREN'T SWEATIN' IT AT ALL!
"SINCE REDWING AND I HAD BEEN TRAPPED, TOO--
*CAP #117. --ROY.
"--YOU STARTED RIGHT IN TO TEACH ME THE ACROBATICS AND COMBAT SKILLS I'D NEED TO FIGHT BESIDE YOU--
"--AND BEFORE WE GOT OFF THAT GOOFY ISLAND, YOU'D MOLDED ME INTO THE MAN I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO BE! IGNORING YOUR OWN PROBLEMS, YOU'D MADE ME--
"--THE FALCON!
"NOTHING ELSE IN MY LIFE, BEFORE OR SINCE, HAS EVER EVEN COME CLOSE TO THAT MOMENT!

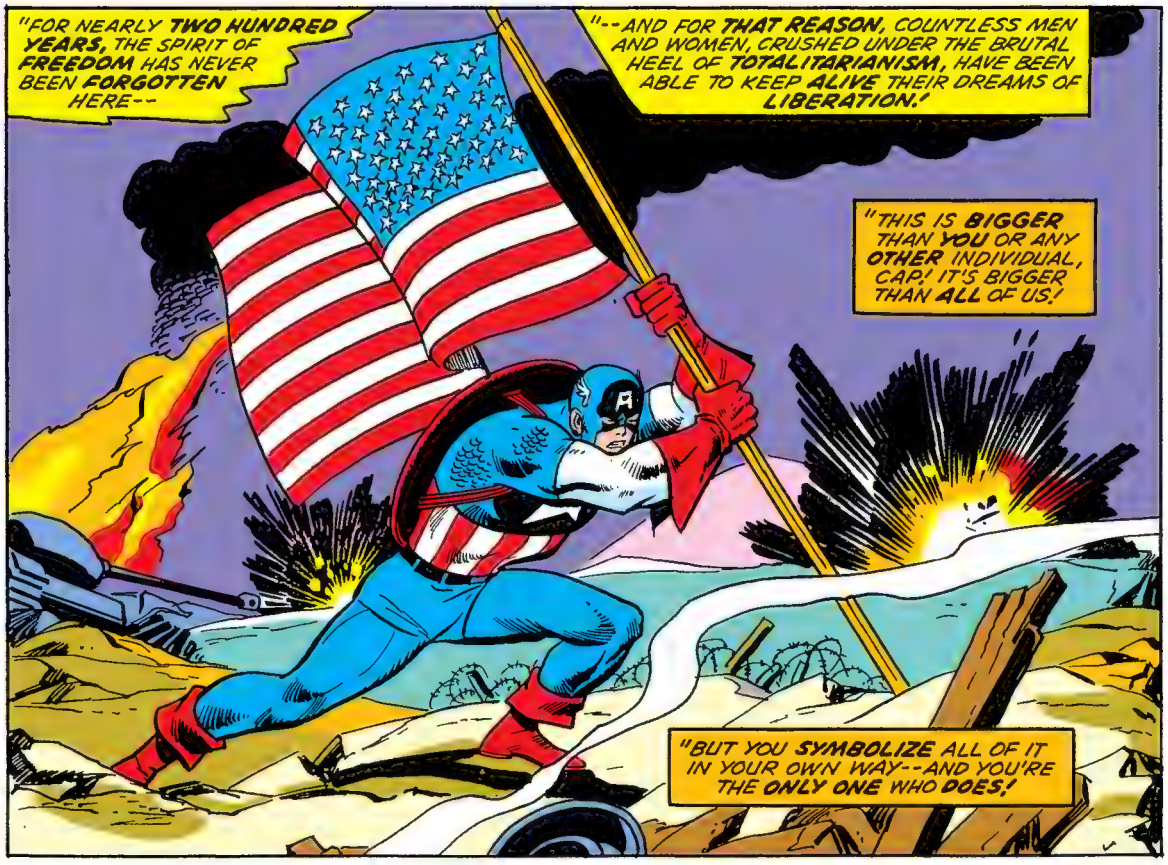
"FROM THEN ON, I'VE...WELL, I'VE IDOLIZED YOU--TRIED WITH ALL MY STRENGTH AND SOUL TO BECOME WHAT YOU ALREADY ARE!
"YOU CAN'T TELL ME WHAT YOU SAW IN THE WHITE HOUSE--
"--AND I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW MUCH OF A THRILL IT WAS TO MEET YOU AGAIN WHEN WE FOUGHT AGAINST DIAMOND HEAD!*
*CAP #126. --ROY.


"THEN, WHEN YOU CAME TO ME WEEKS LATER, AND ASKED IF I WANTED TO BE YOUR PERMANENT PARTNER--
"--AND BEFORE I COULD ANSWER, WE HAD TO SAVE HARLEM FROM DESTRUCTION AT THE HANDS OF MODOK--*
"--MAN, I KNEW THAT SOMEBODY UP THERE WANTED US TO WORK TOGETHER!
*CAP #133. --ROY.

"IT WAS LIKE REALLY LIVIN' EVENTS THAT WOULD LATER BE LEGENDS, DIG?
"EVERY-WHERE I LOOKED, I SAW MORE OMENS--
"--LIKE OUR NEXT BADDIE BEIN' ANOTHER DUDE WITH A WEIRD HEAD--
"--STONE-FACE!*
*CAP #134. --ROY.

"WE WERE MEANT TO BE HEROES, CAP! WE ARE HEROES! AND HEROES ARE SPECIAL PEOPLE, 'CAUSE THEY'RE A PUBLIC EXAMPLE OF WHAT'S RIGHT!
"AS THE FALCON I'VE INSPIRED A LOT MORE KIDS TO KEEP IT TO-GETHER THAN IN MY OTHER IDENTITY."*
*SECRET-WATCHING SAM WILSON, SOCIAL WORKER. --ROY.

CAP, THAT HOLDS FOR ALL OF AMERICA AS WELL AS HARLEM! YOU'RE A MAN WHO CAN LEAD PEOPLE!
AM I, FALC?
I WAS INNOCENT OF THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST ME...
...BUT SO MANY OTHERS WEREN'T-- AND THEY WERE ALL SUPPOSED TO BE "EXAMPLES OF WHAT'S RIGHT," TOO!
HOW CAN PEOPLE TRUST "HEROES" ANY MORE--AND HOW CAN I BLAME THEM?
MAYBE HERO-WORSHIP DOES AS MUCH HARM AS GOOD.
DIG IT--IF THERE ARE BOTH GOOD AND BAD HEROES, AND IF THE GOOD DUDES DROP OUT, HERO-WORSHIP'LL DO NOTHING BUT HARM!
PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS WANT GOOD HEROES, MAN! GIVE THEM CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CAP, I DON'T KNOW HOW CAN YOU EVEN BE TALKING LIKE THIS! HAVE YOU TAKEN LEAVE OF YOUR MEMORY, TOO?*
POLITICIANS COME AND POLITICIANS GO-- BUT AMERICA IS STILL THE GREATEST COUNTRY ON THIS GRAND, GREEN EARTH!
*PEGGY CARTER SUFFERED AMNESIA IN 1944 AND ONLY RECENTLY RECOVERED.--ROY.
SURE WE'VE HAD SCANDALS, BUT WE'VE EXPOSED THEM-- PUBLICLY--AND GOTTEN BACK ON THE RIGHT TRACK!
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH US--
--AT LEAST, NO MORE THAN AT ANY OTHER POINT IN HISTORY!
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CORNY, CAP, BUT YOU'RE MORE THAN JUST AN EXAMPLE! YOU'RE A SYMBOL--
--A SYMBOL OF THE COUNTRY THAT'S GIVEN EVERYTHING IT HAS TO LIGHT THE TORCH OF LIBERTY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!


"FOR NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS, THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM HAS NEVER BEEN FORGOTTEN HERE--
"--AND FOR THAT REASON, COUNTLESS MEN AND WOMEN, CRUSHED UNDER THE BRUTAL HEEL OF TOTALITARIANISM, HAVE BEEN ABLE TO KEEP ALIVE THEIR DREAMS OF LIBERATION!
"THIS IS BIGGER THAN YOU OR ANY OTHER INDIVIDUAL, CAP! IT'S BIGGER THAN ALL OF US!
"BUT YOU SYMBOLIZE ALL OF IT IN YOUR OWN WAY--AND YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO DOES!

"SHARY TOLD ME HOW THAT FAKE CAPTAIN AMERICA TRIED TO STEAL YOUR IDENTITY BECAUSE OF WHAT YOU REPRESENT--*
"--SO YOU FOUGHT HIM, TOOTH AND NAIL--
"--AND NOW YOU SAY YOU'LL VOLUNTARILY LET IT GO?
*CA & F #153-156. --ROY.

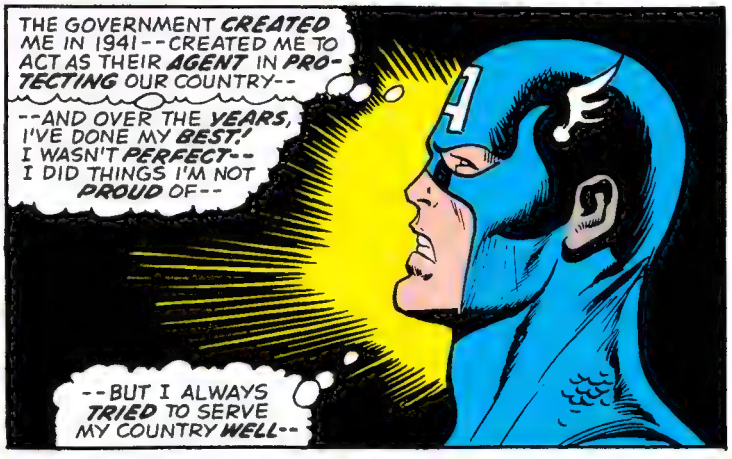
"THINK ABOUT YOUR NAME! IT'S NOT DAREDEVIL, OR MR. FANTASTIC, OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT!
"IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA!
"CAPTAIN AMERICA!
"JUST THINK WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN!"

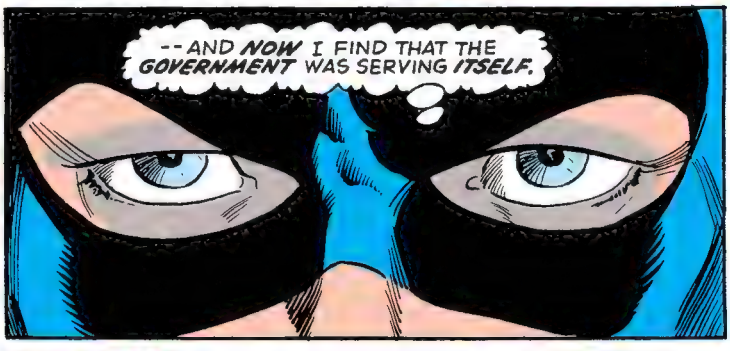
LOTS OF PEOPLE FIGHT CRIME, OR PROVIDE INSPIRATION-- BUT ONLY YOU DO IT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!
THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM WITH THAT ARGUMENT, PEGGY...
AMERICA IS NOT THE SINGLE ENTITY YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
IT'S CHANGED SINCE I TOOK MY NAME.
"THERE WAS A TIME, YES, WHEN THE COUNTRY FACED A CLEARLY HIDEOUS AGGRESSOR, AND HER PEOPLE STOOD UNITED AGAINST IT!"
BUT NOW, NOTHING'S THAT SIMPLE. AMERICANS HAVE MANY GOALS--SOME OF THEM QUITE CONTRARY TO OTHERS!
IN THE LAND OF THE FREE, EACH OF US IS ABLE TO DO WHAT HE WANTS TO DO--THINK WHAT HE WANTS TO THINK.
THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE--
--BUT IT MAKES FOR A GREAT MANY DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF WHAT AMERICA IS.
"SO WHEN PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER LOOK AT ME--
"--WHICH AMERICA AM I SUPPOSED TO SYMBOLIZE?"

AND NOW--PLEASE--I'D REALLY LIKE TO BE ALONE.
WHATEVER YOU SAY, PARTNER--AN' HEY! I'M SORRY WE BUSTED IN ON YOU BEFORE.
NEVERTHELESS--
I GUESS MAYBE--THE LAST THING YOU NEEDED WAS ALL OF YOUR FRIENDS LAYIN' THEIR RAPS ON YOUR HEAD.
THAT VOICE--!
COMING THROUGH THE WALL--
--THE VISION!
--NEVERTHELESS, CAPTAIN AMERICA, I MUST HAVE A WORD WITH YOU.
I KNOW OF YOUR QUANDARY, AND HAVE ONLY THIS TO SAY:
ASK YOURSELF IF CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN TURN AWAY FROM A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.
NOW, YOU WILL HAVE YOUR REQUESTED SOLITUDE...
...ONCE MISS CARTER LEAVES YOU.
DARLING...
I'M GOING, STEVE--BUT YOU KNOW THAT WHATEVER YOU DECIDE...
...I'M WITH YOU ALL THE WAY!
I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE MAN UNDER THE MASK, AND IF CAPTAIN AMERICA WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN, I'D STILL HAVE THAT MAN.
SHARON--
SHHH.

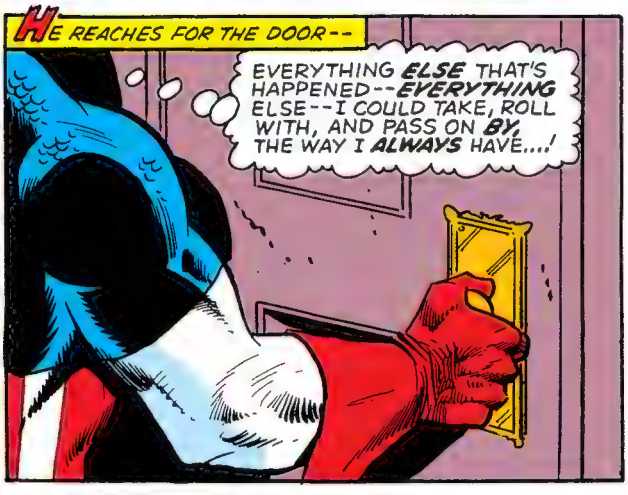
SHE TURNS TO GO, THEN, BUT HE CLASPS HER HAND, SPINNING THAT GOLDEN MOMENT INTO MANY.
THEY BOTH KNOW THAT WHEN THEIR PARTING ENDS, THERE WILL BE NOTHING FOR HIM TO DO BUT DECIDE.

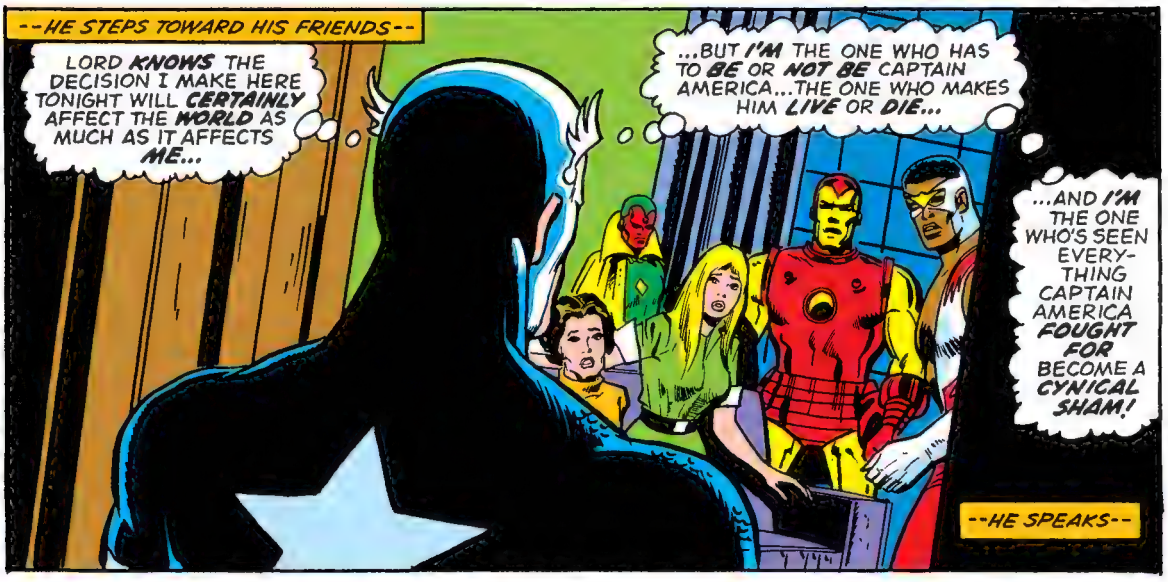
IN THE END, OF COURSE, THAT TIME DOES COME.
SO...THAT'S IT. I LISTENED TO THEM ALL, HOPING WITH ALL MY HEART TO HEAR SOME VIEWPOINT I HADN'T CONSIDERED...
...AND I DIDN'T.
THEY WERE ALL RIGHT, IN THEIR OWN WAYS...BUT NONE OF IT MATTERS, BECAUSE THEY ALL MISSED THE CENTRAL POINT!

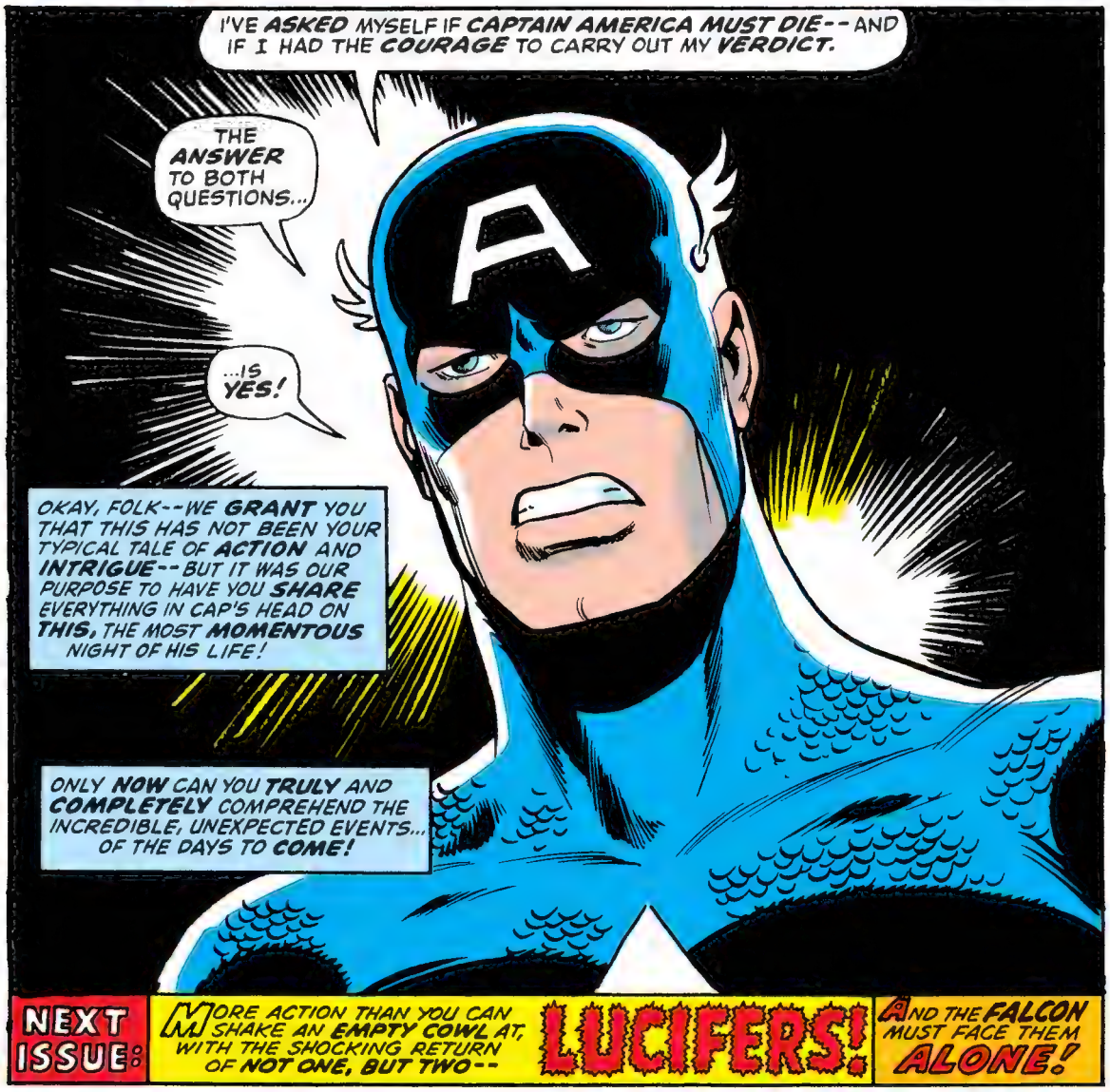

THE GOVERNMENT CREATED ME IN 1941--CREATED ME TO ACT AS THEIR AGENT IN PROTECTING OUR COUNTRY--
--AND OVER THE YEARS, I'VE DONE MY BEST.' I WASN'T PERFECT-- I DID THINGS I'M NOT PROUD OF--
--BUT I ALWAYS TRIED TO SERVE MY COUNTRY WELL--


--AND NOW I FIND THAT THE GOVERNMENT WAS SERVING ITSELF.

I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND! I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND!


HE REACHES FOR THE DOOR--
EVERYTHING ELSE THAT'S HAPPENED--EVERYTHING ELSE--I COULD TAKE, ROLL WITH, AND PASS ON BY, THE WAY I ALWAYS HAVE....!


--HE STEPS TOWARD HIS FRIENDS--
LORD KNOWS THE DECISION I MAKE HERE TONIGHT WILL CERTAINLY AFFECT THE WORLD AS MUCH AS IT AFFECTS ME...
...BUT I'M THE ONE WHO HAS TO BE OR NOT BE CAPTAIN AMERICA...THE ONE WHO MAKES HIM LIVE OR DIE...
...AND I'M THE ONE WHO'S SEEN EVERY-THING CAPTAIN AMERICA FOUGHT FOR BECOME A CYNICAL SHAM!
--HE SPEAKS--


I'VE ASKED MYSELF IF CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE--AND IF I HAD THE COURAGE TO CARRY OUT MY VERDICT.
THE ANSWER TO BOTH QUESTIONS...
...IS YES!
OKAY, FOLK--WE GRANT YOU THAT THIS HAS NOT BEEN YOUR TYPICAL TALE OF ACTION AND INTRIGUE--BUT IT WAS OUR PURPOSE TO HAVE YOU SHARE EVERYTHING IN CAP'S HEAD ON THIS, THE MOST MOMENTOUS NIGHT OF HIS LIFE!
ONLY NOW CAN YOU TRULY AND COMPLETELY COMPREHEND THE INCREDIBLE, UNEXPECTED EVENTS... OF THE DAYS TO COME!
NEXT ISSUE:
MORE ACTION THAN YOU CAN SHAKE AN EMPTY COWL AT, WITH THE SHOCKING RETURN OF NOT ONE, BUT TWO--
LUCIFERS!
AND THE FALCON MUST FACE THEM ALONE!

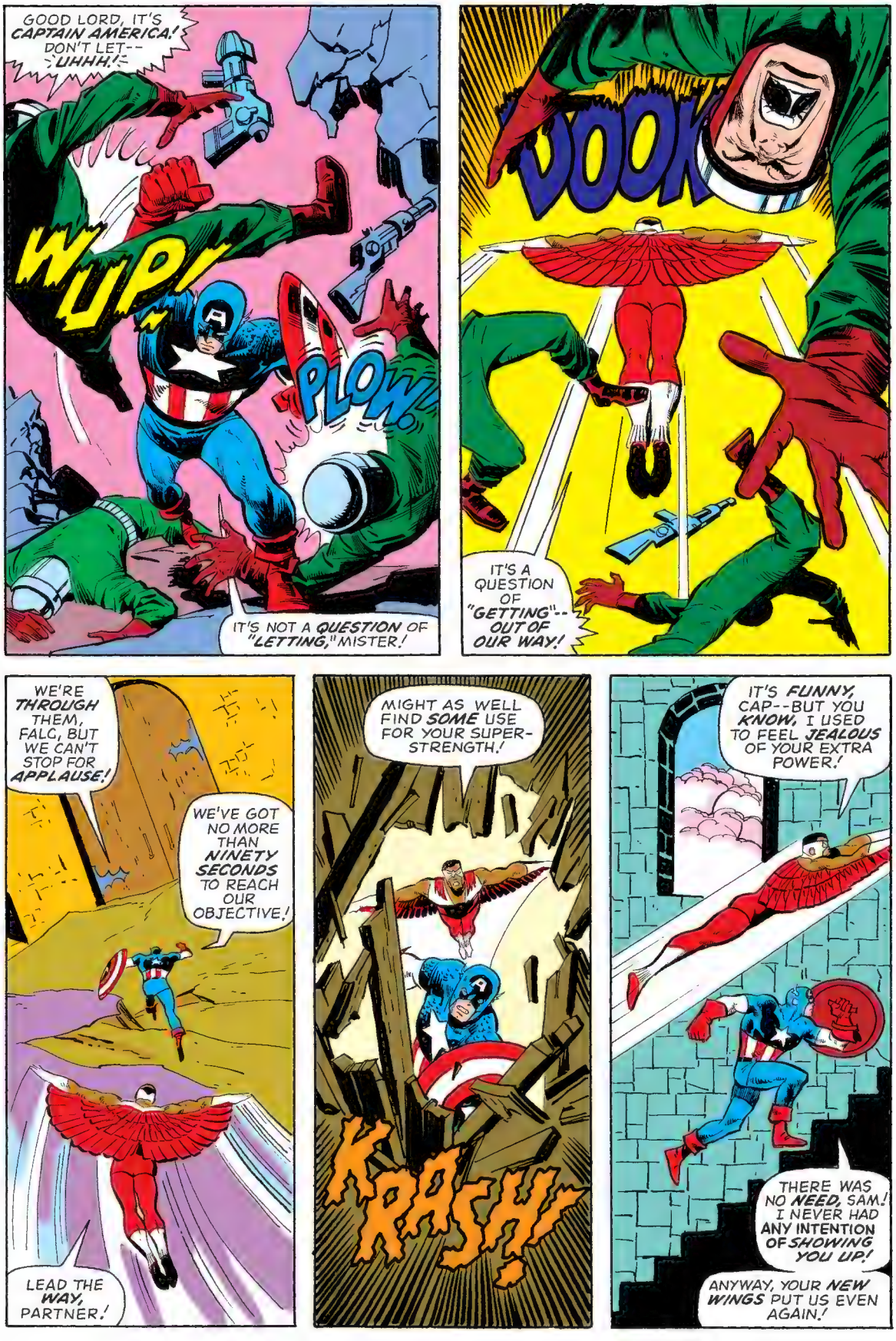
CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
177
SEPT
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NO MORE!
AND YOU CAN NEVER STAND ALONE AGAINST THE SHEER, RAW POWER OF--
LUCIFER!
THE FALCON FIGHTS ALONE!
HIS FINEST HOUR-- OR HIS DAY OF DOOM?

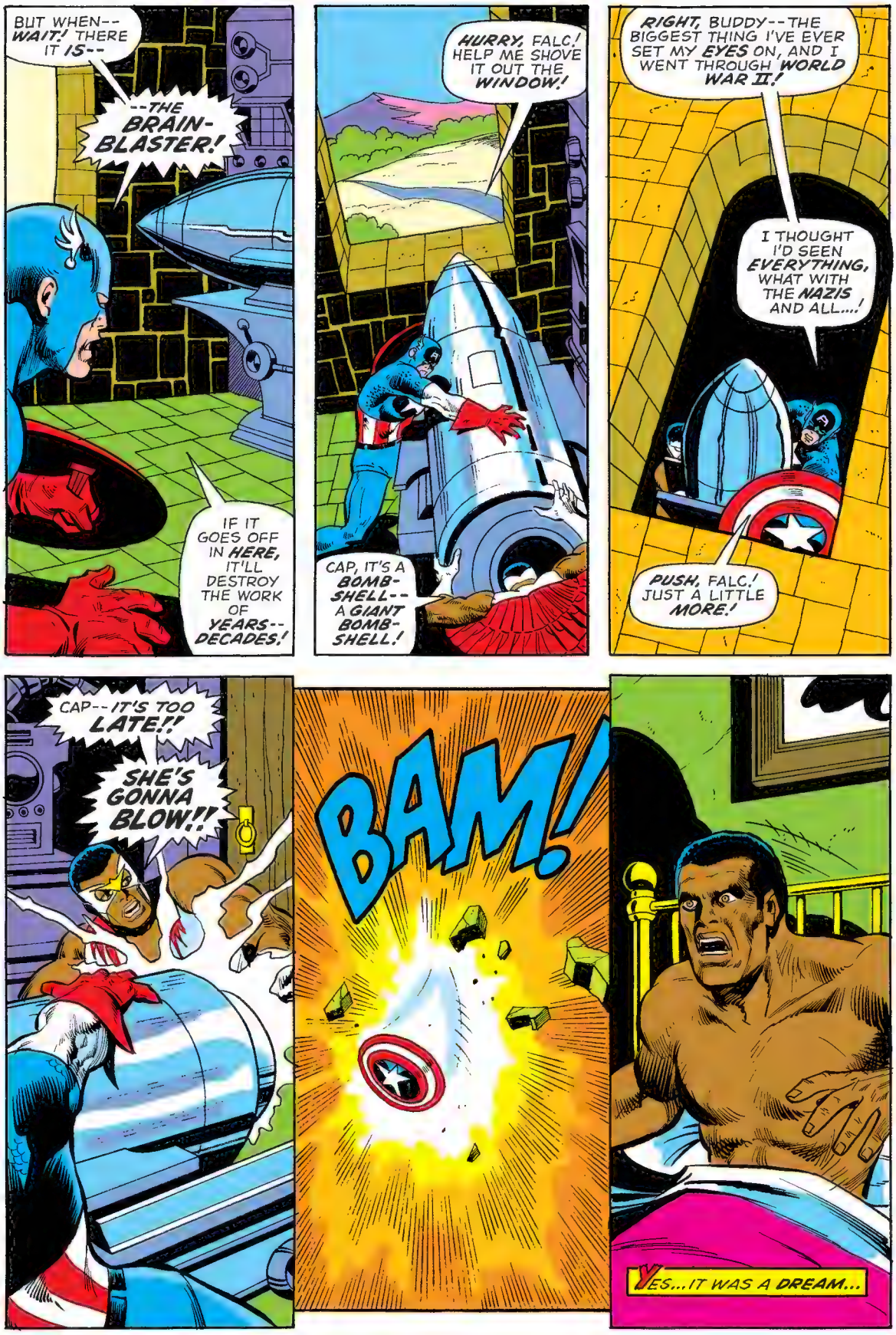
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

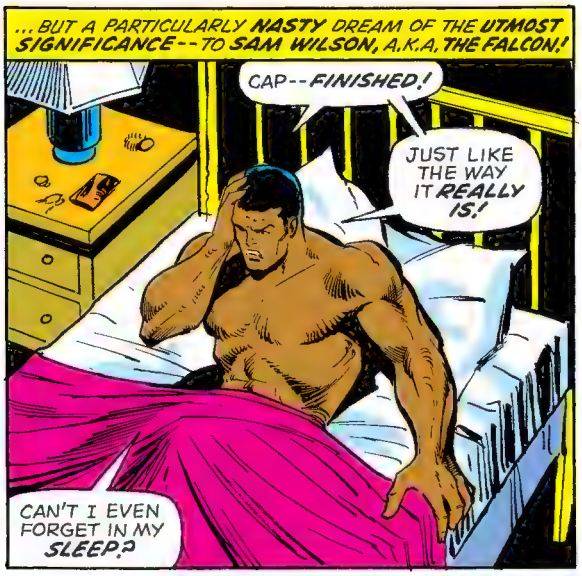
STEVE ENGLEHART STORY	SAL BUSCEMA ART	VINNIE COLLETTA INKS	ARTIE SIMEK LETTERING	L. LESSMANN COLOR	ROY THOMAS EDITOR

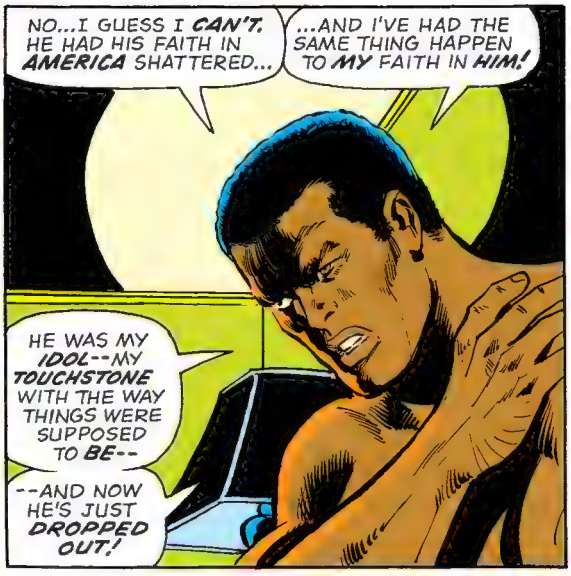
LUCIFER Be Thy NAME

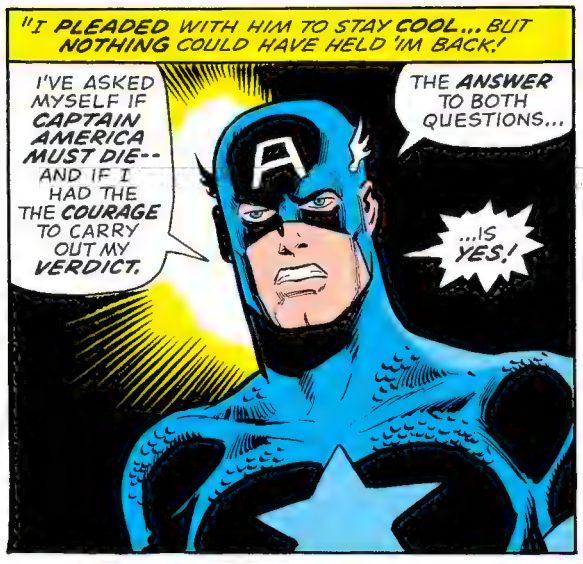
OKAY, TRUE BELIEVER--SO YOU TUNED IN AND TURNED ON TO LAST ISH, WHEREIN CAP GAVE UP BEING CAP--AND MEANT IT!
SO THEN, YOU ASK... WHAT'S THIS?
KPOW!
CLOM!
TOK!
WHATEVER IT IS, THERE'S MORE OF IT, ALONG WITH ALL THE ANSWERS... JUST AROUND THE BEND!

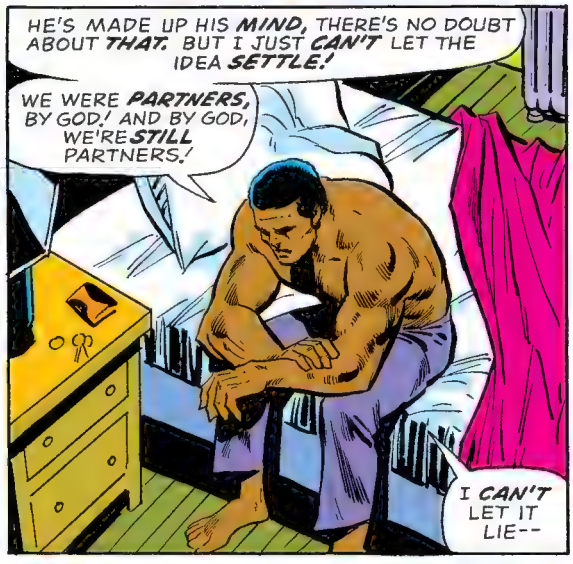

GOOD LORD, IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA! DON'T LET-- UHHH!
WUP!
PLOW!
IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF "LETTING," MISTER!
OOOK
IT'S A QUESTION OF "GETTING"-- OUT OF OUR WAY!
WE'RE THROUGH THEM, FALC, BUT WE CAN'T STOP FOR APPLAUSE!
WE'VE GOT NO MORE THAN NINETY SECONDS TO REACH OUR OBJECTIVE!
LEAD THE WAY, PARTNER!
MIGHT AS WELL FIND SOME USE FOR YOUR SUPER-STRENGTH!
KRASH!
IT'S FUNNY, CAP--BUT YOU KNOW, I USED TO FEEL JEALOUS OF YOUR EXTRA POWER!
THERE WAS NO NEED, SAM! I NEVER HAD ANY INTENTION OF SHOWING YOU UP!
ANYWAY, YOUR NEW WINGS PUT US EVEN AGAIN!


BUT WHEN-- WAIT! THERE IT IS--
--THE BRAIN-BLASTER!
IF IT GOES OFF IN HERE, IT'LL DESTROY THE WORK OF YEARS-- DECADES!
HURRY, FALC! HELP ME SHOVE IT OUT THE WINDOW!
CAP, IT'S A BOMB-SHELL-- A GIANT BOMB-SHELL!
RIGHT, BUDDY--THE BIGGEST THING I'VE EVER SET MY EYES ON, AND I WENT THROUGH WORLD WAR II!
I THOUGHT I'D SEEN EVERYTHING, WHAT WITH THE NAZIS AND ALL....!
PUSH, FALC! JUST A LITTLE MORE!
CAP--IT'S TOO LATE!!
SHE'S GONNA BLOW!!
BAM!
YES...IT WAS A DREAM...


...BUT A PARTICULARLY NASTY DREAM OF THE UTMOST SIGNIFICANCE--TO SAM WILSON, A.K.A. THE FALCON!
CAP--FINISHED!
JUST LIKE THE WAY IT REALLY IS!
CAN'T I EVEN FORGET IN MY SLEEP?

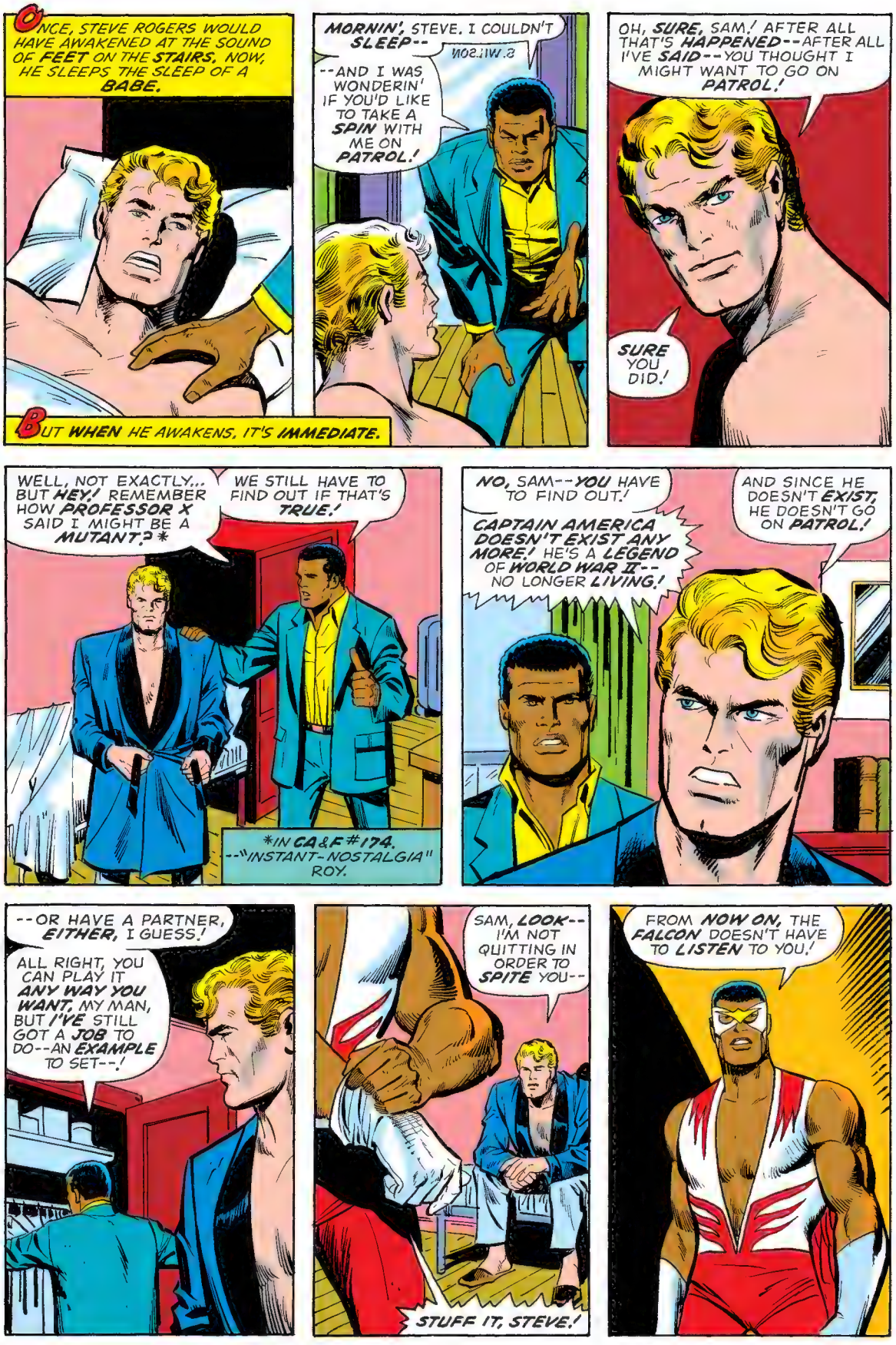

NO...I GUESS I CAN'T. HE HAD HIS FAITH IN AMERICA SHATTERED...
...AND I'VE HAD THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO MY FAITH IN HIM!
HE WAS MY IDOL--MY TOUCHSTONE WITH THE WAY THINGS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE--
--AND NOW HE'S JUST DROPPED OUT!

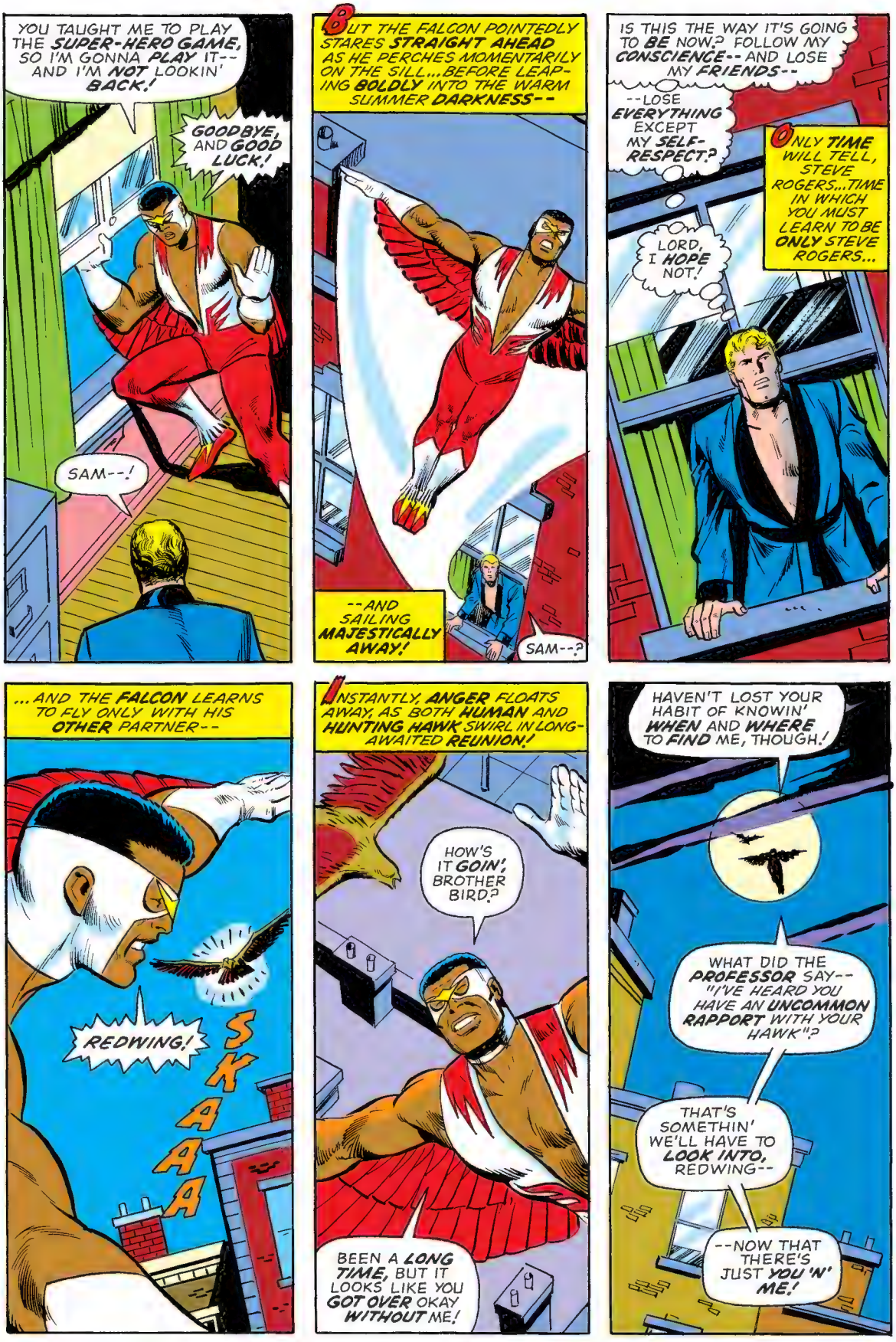

"I PLEADED WITH HIM TO STAY COOL... BUT NOTHING COULD HAVE HELD 'IM BACK!
I'VE ASKED MYSELF IF CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE--AND IF I HAD THE THE COURAGE TO CARRY OUT MY VERDICT.
THE ANSWER TO BOTH QUESTIONS...
...IS YES!

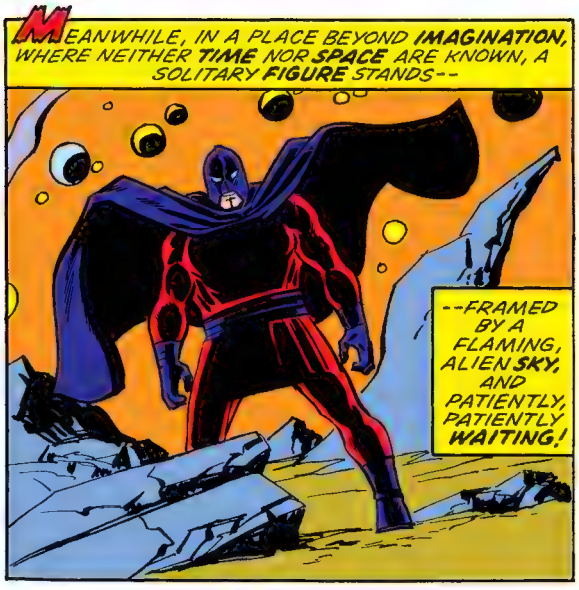

HE'S MADE UP HIS MIND, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT. BUT I JUST CAN'T LET THE IDEA SETTLE!
WE WERE PARTNERS, BY GOD! AND BY GOD, WE'RE STILL PARTNERS!
I CAN'T LET IT LIE--

--SO I'LL GO WAKE THAT CRAZY DUDE UP AND POUND SOME SENSE INTO HIS HEAD!
I'M NOT GONNA LET HIM DO IT!

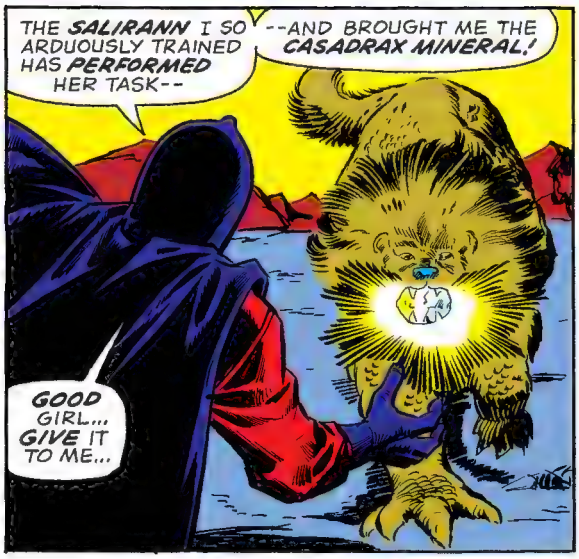
BUT AS SAM WILSON WALKS THE LONELY STREETS OF HARLEM THIS A.M., HE SEEMS TO HEAR A GHOSTLY MEMORY WHISPERING, "IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF 'LETTING,' MISTER."
WELFARE OFFICE
S. WILSON
AT LEAST, SINCE HE'S SLEEPIN' IN MY OFFICE, I WON'T WAKE ANYONE ELSE UP WITH THIS!


ONCE, STEVE ROGERS WOULD HAVE AWAKENED AT THE SOUND OF FEET ON THE STAIRS. NOW, HE SLEEPS THE SLEEP OF A BABE.
MORNIN', STEVE. I COULDN'T SLEEP--
--AND I WAS WONDERIN' IF YOU'D LIKE TO TAKE A SPIN WITH ME ON PATROL!
OH, SURE, SAM! AFTER ALL THAT'S HAPPENED--AFTER ALL I'VE SAID--YOU THOUGHT I MIGHT WANT TO GO ON PATROL!
SURE YOU DID!
BUT WHEN HE AWAKENS, IT'S IMMEDIATE.
WELL, NOT EXACTLY... BUT HEY! REMEMBER HOW PROFESSOR X SAID I MIGHT BE A MUTANT?*
WE STILL HAVE TO FIND OUT IF THAT'S TRUE!
*IN CA&F #174. --"INSTANT-NOSTALGIA" ROY.
NO, SAM--YOU HAVE TO FIND OUT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA DOESN'T EXIST ANY MORE! HE'S A LEGEND OF WORLD WAR II--NO LONGER LIVING!
AND SINCE HE DOESN'T EXIST, HE DOESN'T GO ON PATROL!
--OR HAVE A PARTNER, EITHER, I GUESS!
ALL RIGHT, YOU CAN PLAY IT ANY WAY YOU WANT, MY MAN, BUT I'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO--AN EXAMPLE TO SET--!
SAM, LOOK--I'M NOT QUITTING IN ORDER TO SPITE YOU--
STUFF IT, STEVE!
FROM NOW ON, THE FALCON DOESN'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO YOU!

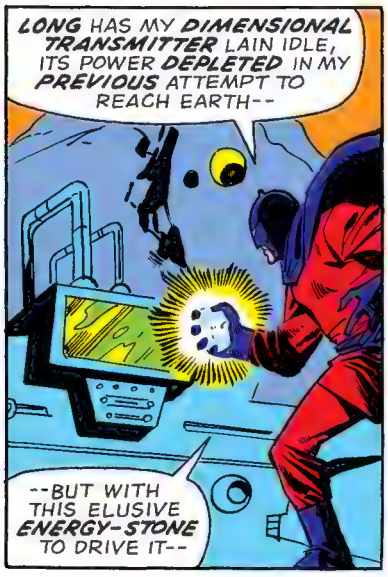

YOU TAUGHT ME TO PLAY THE SUPER-HERO GAME, SO I'M GONNA PLAY IT-- AND I'M NOT LOOKIN' BACK!
GOODBYE, AND GOOD LUCK!
SAM--!
BUT THE FALCON POINTEDLY STARES STRAIGHT AHEAD AS HE PERCHES MOMENTARILY ON THE SILL...BEFORE LEAPING BOLDLY INTO THE WARM SUMMER DARKNESS--
--AND SAILING MAJESTICALLY AWAY!
SAM--?
IS THIS THE WAY IT'S GOING TO BE NOW? FOLLOW MY CONSCIENCE-- AND LOSE MY FRIENDS--
--LOSE EVERYTHING EXCEPT MY SELF-RESPECT?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL, STEVE ROGERS...TIME IN WHICH YOU MUST LEARN TO BE ONLY STEVE ROGERS...
LORD, I HOPE NOT!
...AND THE FALCON LEARNS TO FLY ONLY WITH HIS OTHER PARTNER--
REDWING!
SKAAAA
INSTANTLY, ANGER FLOATS AWAY, AS BOTH HUMAN AND HUNTING HAWK SWIRL IN LONG-AWAITED REUNION!
HOW'S IT GOIN', BROTHER BIRD?
BEEN A LONG TIME, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT OVER OKAY WITHOUT ME!
HAVEN'T LOST YOUR HABIT OF KNOWIN' WHEN AND WHERE TO FIND ME, THOUGH!
WHAT DID THE PROFESSOR SAY-- "I'VE HEARD YOU HAVE AN UNCOMMON RAPPORT WITH YOUR HAWK"?
THAT'S SOMETHIN' WE'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO, REDWING--
--NOW THAT THERE'S JUST YOU 'N' ME!

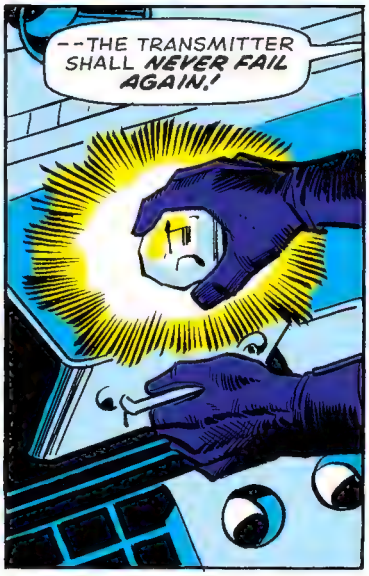

MEANWHILE, IN A PLACE BEYOND IMAGINATION, WHERE NEITHER TIME NOR SPACE ARE KNOWN, A SOLITARY FIGURE STANDS--
--FRAMED BY A FLAMING, ALIEN SKY, AND PATIENTLY, PATIENTLY WAITING!

THE HIDEOUSLY-HELMETED GENTLEMAN'S NAME IS LUCIFER!* MARK IT WELL, FOR NOW HIS WAITING HAS ENDED--AND NOW HE BECOMES A THREAT!
AT LAST! SHE HAS RETURNED!
*AS READERS OF X-MEN #9, 20-21, AND IRON MAN #20 CAN TESTIFY. --ROY.


THE SALIRANN I SO ARDUOUSLY TRAINED HAS PERFORMED HER TASK--
--AND BROUGHT ME THE CASADRAX MINERAL!
GOOD GIRL... GIVE IT TO ME...

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! THE ONLY EXTANT CHUNK OF CASADRAX IN THIS LOATHSOME LIMBO--
--UNDETECTABLE BY ANY SAVE A SALIRANN--
--BUT NOW, MINE!
LURRR


LONG HAS MY DIMENSIONAL TRANSMITTER LAIN IDLE, ITS POWER DEPLETED IN MY PREVIOUS ATTEMPT TO REACH EARTH--
--BUT WITH THIS ELUSIVE ENERGY-STONE TO DRIVE IT--


--THE TRANSMITTER SHALL NEVER FAIL AGAIN!

IT WILL PROVIDE THE ETERNAL POWER I NEED TO MAINTAIN MY EXISTENCE ON THE WORLD OF MY ENEMIES--
--SO THAT I MAY CRUSH THEM!
AH...THE PAINFUL MEMORIES...!

"I FIRST CAME TO EARTH AS THE ADVANCE AGENT OF MY STAR-BASED MASTERS' PLANNED INVASION--
"--BUT I WAS SOON PLUNGED INTO WAR WITH THE EXECRABLE X-MEN!
"MY DEFEAT AT THEIR HANDS CAUSED THE SUPREME ONE TO BANISH ME TO THIS NAMELESS NETHER-REALM--
"--AND THOUGH I USED THE TRANSMITTER TO ESCAPE ONCE BEFORE, ITS POWER WAS SO LIMITED THAT I REQUIRED A SECOND ONE ON EARTH--
"--AND THE HUMAN I CHOSE TO OBTAIN IT FOR ME FAILED IN THAT TASK!"
NOW, HOWEVER, THERE IS NO LIMIT TO THE MACHINE'S POWER--
--FOR NOW I HAVE OBTAINED THE LONG-SOUGHT CASADRAX--
--AND SO, WITH THAT SIMPLE PRESS OF A BUTTON, I TRAVEL TO EARTH FOR THE FINAL TIME-- TO REMAIN FOREVER!
NOW, LET MY ENEMIES TREMBLE! NOW, LET ALL THE EARTH--
"BEWARE!"
AHA!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP
I PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO KEEP
IF I SHOULD DIE BEFORE I WAKE
I PRAY THE LORD MY SOUL TO TAKE!
AAAAAA
AMAZING! MY APPEARANCE HAS OFTEN ELICITED CRIES OF TERROR--BUT NEVER BEFORE HAVE I BEEN GREETED WITH POETRY!
NO MATTER! MY GOAL AT THIS MOMENT IS TO ASCERTAIN MY LOCATION!
I MUST BE READY--
--WHEN THE REMAINDER OF SNIVELING HUMANITY LEARNS THAT LUCIFER WALKS AMONG THEM ONCE MORE! THEY--
DELICATES
GROCERIE
--BUT WHAT IS THIS?
A CACHE OF FOODSTUFFS! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE I TASTED THE DELICACIES OF EARTH?
TOO LONG--AND SINCE NOTHING MAY BAR MY PATH NOW--
57
--I CHOOSE TO TERMINATE MY ENFORCED ABSTINENCE!
AHHHH...
...DELICIOUS!
NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MARVELITE! LUCIFER'S MAJOR CRIME IN THIS ISSUE ISN'T THE IMPERSONATION OF THE GALLOPING GOURMET--HONEST!
ACTUALLY, HIS SWEET-TOOTH IS THE MOST CRUCIAL PART OF OUR STORY, FOR TWO REASONS--ONE TO BE REVEALED SHORTLY...
...AND THE OTHER--NOW!
LET'S CHECK THE BACK DOOR OF THIS DELI...
NOBODY AROUN', RAFE.
MILK
5
RIGHT ON! RIGHT ON!
I TOL' YOU CATS THAT RAFE MICHEL GOT THIS OL' DUDE'S WEEKLY. TAKE COVERED!* HE'LL BE MIGHTY SURPRISED IN THE MORNIN'!
*YOU REMEMBER THIS STREET-HUSTLER FROM PREVIOUS ISSUES, RIGHT? --ROY.
SUDDENLY--
CLANG CLANG
DAMN! I TRIPPED THE ALARM!

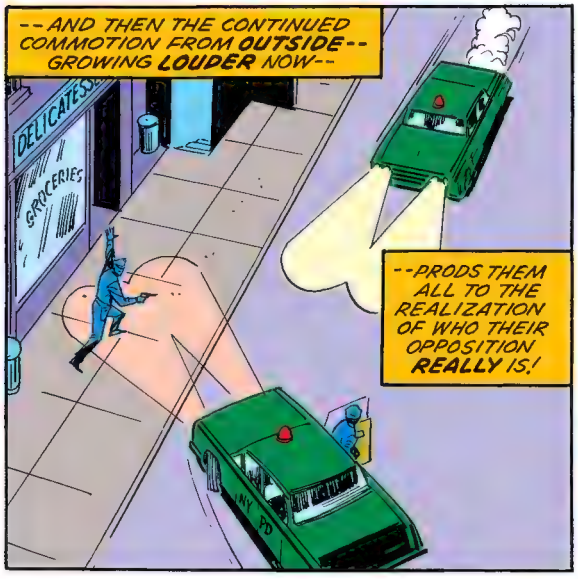
BEHIND THEM, AT THE OTHER END OF THE MISERABLE ALLEY IN WHICH THESE WOULD-BE BANDITS ABRUPTLY FREEZE--
--A POLICE WHISTLE SKIRLS--
--AND RUNNING FEET CLATTER ACROSS THE LITTERED PAVEMENT!

ALL OF A SUDDEN, THIS NIGHT'S ADVENTURE HAS A VERY SOUR TASTE TO IT!
INSIDE-- QUICK!

RAFE, WE CAN'T HIDE IN THE DELI!
NOBODY'S ASKIN' YOU TO HIDE, SMALL-TIMER!

WE'RE BUSTIN OUT THE FRONT WHILE THE MAN'S WORKIN' ON THE B---
HOLD IT! THERE'S SOMEBODY IN HERE!
R-RAFE-- LOOK AT 'IM!

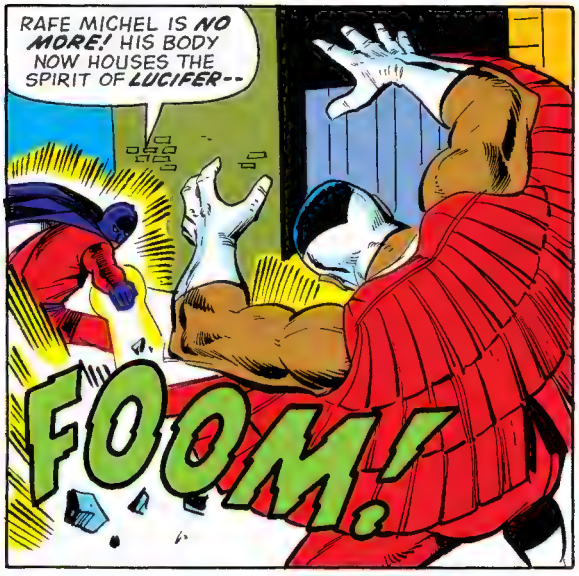
...LOOK AT 'IM!
FOR A MOMENT, EVERYONE STANDS TRANSFIXED AT THIS STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS--
--EACH UNCERTAIN OF WHAT TO MAKE OF THE OPPOSITION--


--AND THEN THE CONTINUED COMMOTION FROM OUTSIDE-- GROWING LOUDER NOW--
DELICATESSEN
GROCERIES
--PRODS THEM ALL TO THE REALIZATION OF WHO THEIR OPPOSITION REALLY IS!
NY PD

WITH THAT REALIZATION-- COMES ACTION!
THE AUTHORITIES SHALL NEVER TAKE LUCIFER!
IF YOU THREE STAND WITH ME-- FOLLOW!

BLAM
LOOK OUT!
HOLY CROW! WHATTA THOSE GUYS GOT IN THERE--A LASER?
LASER, MY FOOT! THAT WAS SOME KINDA POWER BLAST!
TO KNOCK OVER A TWO-BIT DELI?
TO "KNOCK OVER" ANY WHO STAND IN OUR WAY, POLICEMAN!
YOU MEN--ATTACK THESE GUARDIANS OF THE LAW--
--WHILE LUCIFER DESTROYS THEIR REINFORCE-MENTS!
KRUMP!
NO ONE CAN DEFY MY UNEARTHLY MIGHT!
LET THIS DISPLAY OF PRIMITIVE POWER PROVE IT TO YOU!
THE PROOF IS IN THE PUDDING, POINTY-TOP--
--AN' I'M PUDDING AN END TO YOUR SIDE!
SKREE
THE FALCON!
BOP!
BRAGGART!
CAN YOU EVEN HOPE TO MATCH MY IONIC ENERGY, FALCON?
CAN YOU?
WELL...
...I'M GONNA TRY!

THE DUDE TURNED HIS BACK ON ME--LIKE I WASN'T EVEN WORTH BOTHERIN' WITH.
BOM!
I MAY NOT LIKE BEIN' FORCED TO FIGHT WITHOUT CAP--
--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T DO IT. MR. PURPLE-PUSS IS MY FIRST CHALLENGE AS A SOLO ACT--
--AN' BROTHER, I'M GONNA MEET THAT CHALLENGE HEAD-ON!
BUT THE VERY NEXT INSTANT--
--THE FANTASTIC OCCURS!
WHA-AT?
I FLEW--RIGHT THROUGH 'IM!
SO EVERYBODY NOTICES!
BY THE SUPREME COUNCIL! I DIDN'T WILL THAT!
I'M FADING AWAY! AND I SENSE--IT'S DUE TO THE EARTH FOOD I ATE! THE CHEMICALS IN IT--ENTERING MY BLOOD-STREAM--HAVE CHANGED MY BODY'S COMPOSITION!
I'M NO LONGER THE SAME AS WHEN I WAS TRANSMITTED--AND I'M BEING DRAWN BACK!
WELL, IF YOU'RE SPLITTIN', JACK, SO AM--
NO! NEITHER OF US IS LEAVING THIS SPOT!
HEY! LEMME GO!
ONCE BEFORE, I FUSED MY ESSENCE WITH THAT OF A HUMAN*--AND ERE I VANISH, I'LL DO SO AGAIN!
NO! NO! ARRGH!
*I.M. #20. --ROY.
BUT THIS TIME, WITH THE POWER THAT REMAINS TO ME--
--I'LL ENSURE THAT THE FUSION IS PERMANENT!
AND SO, RAFE MICHEL, NEITHER OF US HAS LEFT THIS SPOT--FOR NOW THE TWO BEINGS--
--ARE ONE!

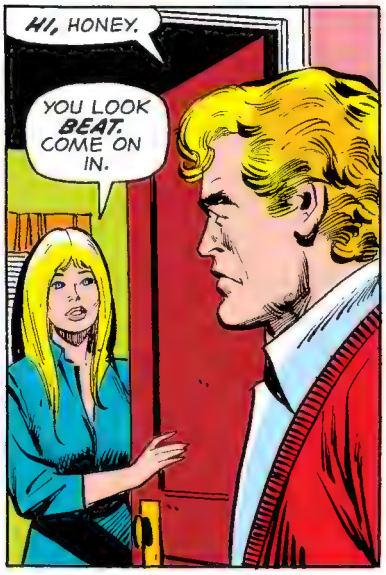

RAFE MICHEL IS NO MORE! HIS BODY NOW HOUSES THE SPIRIT OF LUCIFER--
FOOM!

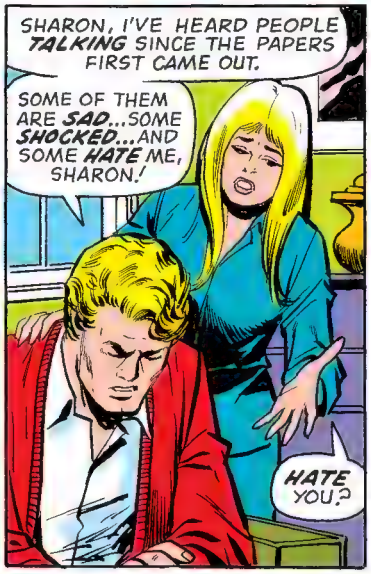
--A LUCIFER AS COMPLETELY HERE AS ANY MAN ON THIS PLANET!
FAREWELL, FALCON! FAREWELL, FOOLS!
KPOW!
YOU SHALL HEAR FROM THE NEW LUCIFER AGAIN!

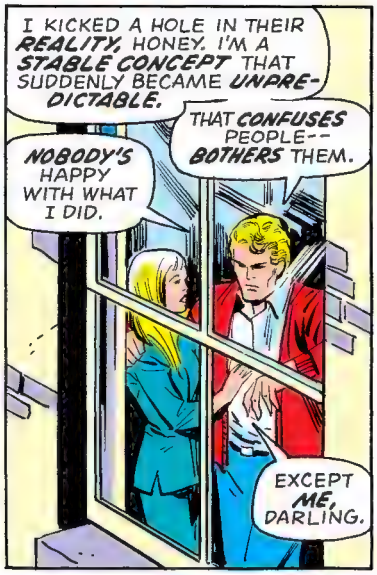
THAT MORNING: LUCIFER MAKES PAGE TWO OF THE BUGLE'S BANNER EDITION--BUT THE HEADLINES GO TO A NATIONAL SCOOP!
GETCHA PAPUH! C.A. FINISHED!
CAPT. AMERICA QUITS!

WALKING WITH THE CROWDS, STILL AWAKE: A MAN WE KNOW WELL.
"THE AVENGERS ANNOUNCED LATE YESTERDAY THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS WITHDRAWN FROM THEIR RANKS AND ENDED HIS LONG CAREER..."

IT WAS TOM SAWYER, WASN'T IT--WHO WENT TO HIS OWN FUNERAL?
BUT HE LAUGHED.
I'VE GOT TO SEE SHARON!


HI, HONEY.
YOU LOOK BEAT. COME ON IN.


SHARON, I'VE HEARD PEOPLE TALKING SINCE THE PAPERS FIRST CAME OUT.
SOME OF THEM ARE SAD...SOME SHOCKED...AND SOME HATE ME, SHARON!
HATE YOU?


I KICKED A HOLE IN THEIR REALITY, HONEY. I'M A STABLE CONCEPT THAT SUDDENLY BECAME UNPREDICTABLE.
THAT CONFUSES PEOPLE--BOTHERS THEM.
NOBODY'S HAPPY WITH WHAT I DID.
EXCEPT ME, DARLING.

STILL AND ALL, THOUGH--THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE WHO NEITHER KNOW NOR CARE.
I FEEL--TERRIBLE! SICK!
THIS GLOW THAT SURROUNDS ME--THAT HAS SURROUNDED ME SINCE MY JOINING WITH RAFE MICHEL--
--FINALLY I KNOW ITS PURPOSE!
I SENSE THAT I HAVE ACTED--TOO MUCH IN HASTE!
THE CASADRAX-AMPLIFIED POWER OF MY INHUMAN ESSENCE--IS TOO MUCH FOR AN EARTH-FORM TO CONTAIN!
THIS BODY IS BURNING OUT!
THERE EXISTS BUT ONE HOPE: TO TRANSFER HALF OF MY POWER TO ANOTHER BODY IMMEDIATELY!
AND I SENSE--A PERFECT BODY--IN THIS BUILDING!
FOR LUCIFER, NOTHING MORE NEED BE SAID!
WHOM!
WHA--? THAT'S--
ZDAK!
LUCIFER IS MY NAME--
--AS IT SHALL BE THAT OF THE HUMAN WHOSE INNER THOUGHTS CALL OUT TO MY UNEARTHLY CONSCIOUSNESS--
--THE PRISONER CALLED--
--ARIES! *
YEAH? AN' YOU'RE LITTLE RED RIDIN' HOOD, I'LL BET!
MY FRIEND, I AM A MAN WHO CAN GIVE YOU POWER--POWER TO MATCH YOUR LUST FOR POWER--
*--ONE OF THE 12 MEMBERS OF THE INFAMOUS VILLAIN-LEAGUE KNOWN AS ZODIAC. --BOUNTY-HUNTER ROY.
--POWER SUCH AS THIS--
--AND I BELIEVE THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW!
RRIP!
MY MAN, I'VE BEEN DYIN' IN THIS CELL, CAGED UP LIKE SOME JUNGLE BEAST IN THE FREAKIN' ZOO!
I CAN'T TAKE THIS ANY MORE --SO I'M BUYIN' WHAT YOU'RE SELLIN'!

THEN BID YOURSELF GOODBYE, ARIES--AS LUCIFER--

--BECOMES TWO!

LUCIFER: THE TEMPTER! PERHAPS THAT IS WHY THE OUTWORLDER CHOSE THE NAME WHEN HE FIRST ARRIVED--

--FOR THE EARTHMEN HE LIKES ARE THOSE MOST EASILY SEDUCED TO HIS CAUSE!

LUCI: ARIES IS GONE--BUT I CANNOT MOURN! NOW I AM LUCIFER--

WE ARE BOTH LUCIFER NOW, BEARDLESS ONE! THE POWER IS IN BOTH OF US--

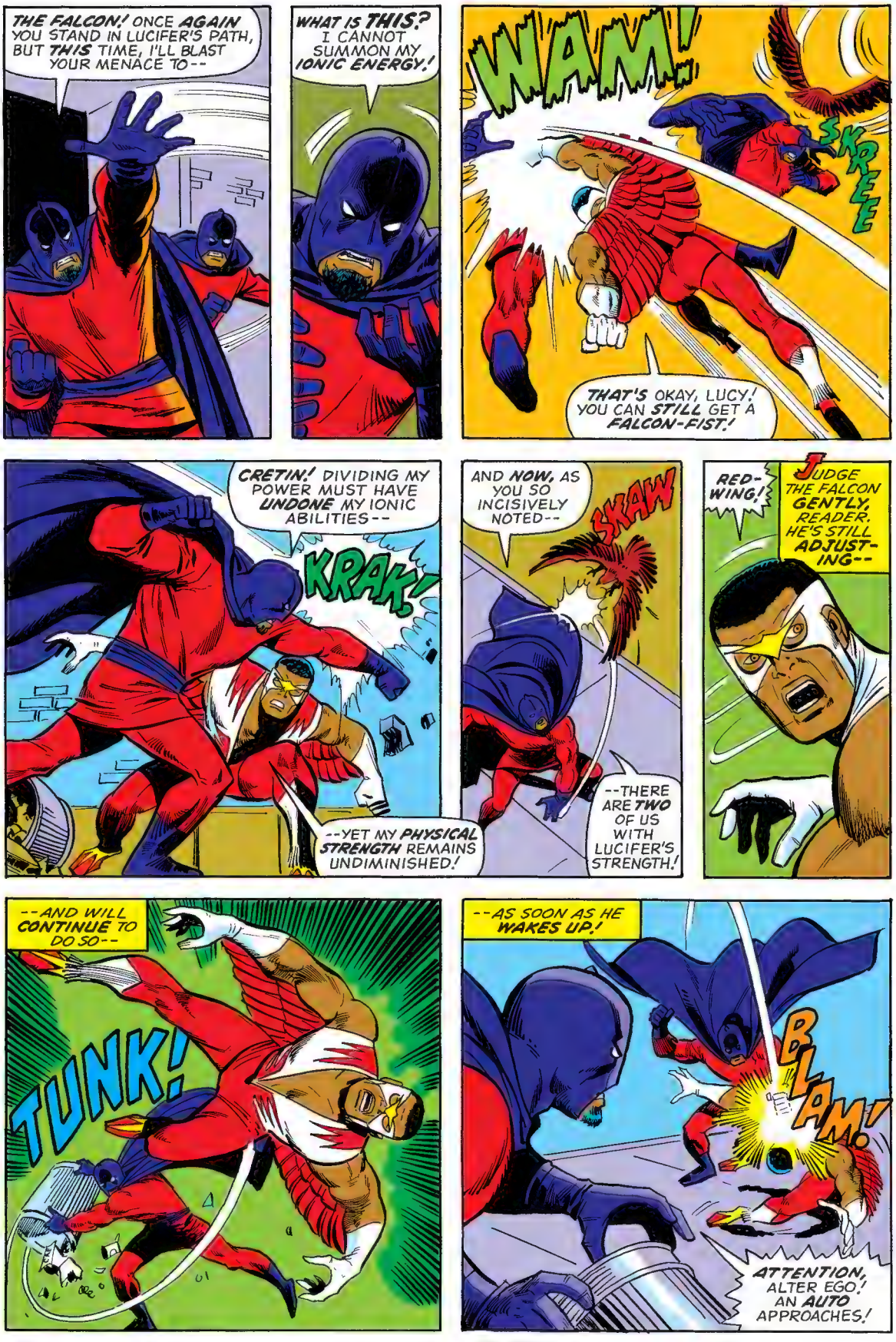
--AND LUCIFER IS ALL!

AND THE GLOW HAS VANISHED! I SUFFER NO LONGER!

WE ARE FREE!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, LUCIF--

HOLY CROW! THERE'S TWO OF 'EM!


THE FALCON! ONCE AGAIN YOU STAND IN LUCIFER'S PATH, BUT THIS TIME, I'LL BLAST YOUR MENACE TO--
WHAT IS THIS? I CANNOT SUMMON MY IONIC ENERGY!
WAM!
SKREE
THAT'S OKAY, LUCY! YOU CAN STILL GET A FALCON-FIST!
CRETIN! DIVIDING MY POWER MUST HAVE UNDONE MY IONIC ABILITIES--
KRAK!
--YET MY PHYSICAL STRENGTH REMAINS UNDIMINISHED!
AND NOW, AS YOU SO INCISIVELY NOTED--
SKAK!
--THERE ARE TWO OF US WITH LUCIFER'S STRENGTH!
RED-WING!
JUDGE THE FALCON GENTLY, READER. HE'S STILL ADJUST-ING--
--AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO--
TUNK!
--AS SOON AS HE WAKES UP!
BLAM!
ATTENTION, ALTER EGO! AN AUTO APPROACHES!

TRAFFIC IN THIS TUCKED-AWAY CORNER OF THE CITY IS ALWAYS LIGHT. THUS, THE SUDDEN INTRUSION OF THIS LONG, DARK LIMO SEEMS A NEW THREAT!
BUT, AMAZINGLY--
COP REINFORCEMENTS ARE RIGHT BEHIND ME,! GET IN, QUICK!
WELL, WHY NOT?
WHAT HAS LUCIFER TO FEAR?
AND NOW, TO MAKE OUR TALE COMPLETE--
--LOOK WHO'S HAPPENED BY!
OUT WALKING, STILL TRYING TO COME TO TERMS WITH HIS NEW ROLE, STEVE ROGERS FINDS FATE HAS PRECEDED HIM!
FALC!
BACK OFF, BUDDY! IF YOU'D BEEN HERE WHEN YOU WERE NEEDED, WE COULD'A TAKEN THOSE TWO!
BACK OFF YOURSELF, FALC! I'M JUST A BYSTANDER!
I OFFER YOU SYMPATHY-- BUT I'M NOT COMING BACK!
AH, BUT DID WE SAY THAT OUR TALE WAS COMPLETE?
WE LIED.
THERE IS ONE FINAL SCENE, TO BE PLAYED FAR AWAY--
--AND THIS IS IT.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? WHY HAVE WE BEEN BROUGHT HERE--AND BY WHOM?
YOU CAN THANK ME FOR THAT.
MY NAME IS MORGAN. I'M A BUSINESSMAN--AND MY BUSINESS IS RUNNING THE RACKETS IN HARLEM.
ONCE I HEARD OF YOUR EXPLOITS LAST NIGHT--
--I KNEW I HAD A BUSINESS PROPOSITION FOR YOU. IT'S QUITE SIMPLE, REALLY.
FIND A WAY THAT CAN'T BE TIED TO ME, AND--
KILL THE FALCON!
NEXT
MORE ON CAPTAIN AMERICA-- OR LACK OF SAME--AND THE TERRIBLE CONSEQUENCES...
IF THE FALCON FALLS!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
178
OCT
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA
AND
THE FALCON
WHERE IS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
PERHAPS THE MOST ACTION-PACKED CAP THRILLER OF 'EM ALL!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

STEVE ENGLEHART Story	SAL BUSCEMA Art	VINCE COLLETTA Inking	T. ORZECHOWSKI Lettering	P. RACHELSON Coloring	ROY THOMAS Editor

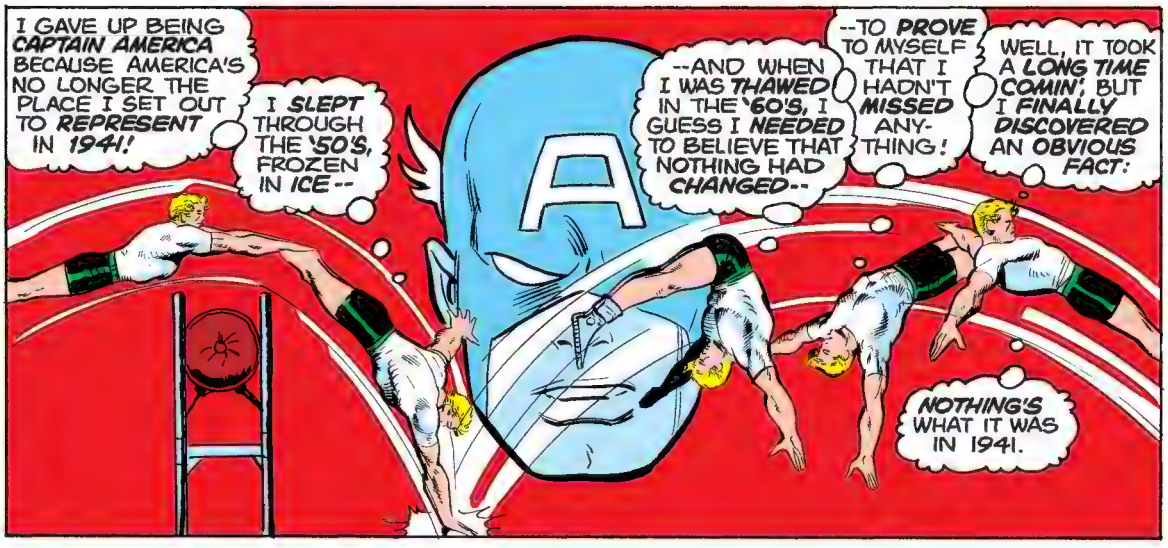
IF THE FALCON SHOULD FALL--!
HERE, REDWING-- MUNCHIES!
GO ON, EAT! QUIT ACTIN' SO SKITTISH!
THERE AIN'T NOBODY AROUND TO BOTHER US!
SKAAAA

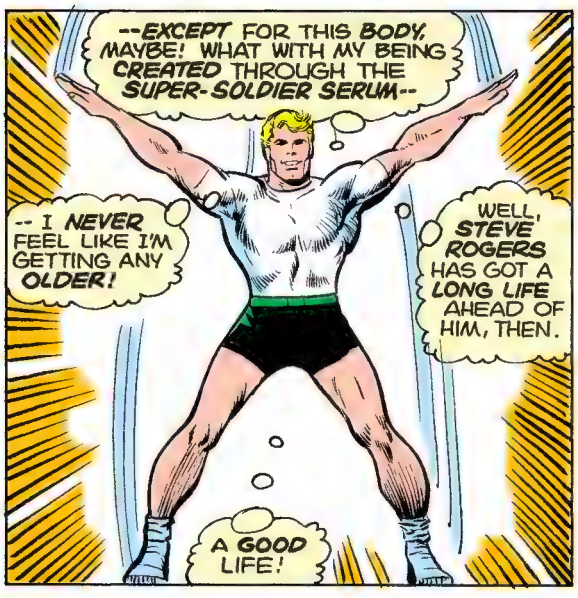
BUT THOUGH THE FALCON'S EARS HUG A HEAD FILLED WITH THE FATIGUE OF A LONG NIGHT'S PATROL, HIS PINIONED PARTNER WILL NOT BE DISSUADED!
SUDDENLY, THE BIRD TAKES WING-- AND HIS MASTER KNOWS TROUBLE IS INDEED IN THE AIR!
SKREEEE
KRAM!
LUCIFER!*
*FROM LAST ISH. --ROY.
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' FOR YOU EVER SINCE YOU 'N' YOUR LOOKALIKE RAN OVER ME AT THE JAIL, LUCY!
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN' TO GIVE YOU THIS!
PLOK!
BUT YOU CANNOT CONFRONT ONE LUCIFER WITHOUT HIS "LOOKALIKE," FOOL!
YOU MIGHT SAY WE COM-PRISE TWO PARTS OF A WHOLE-- THAT THE TWO ARE ONE!
WAM!
HOW UN-FORTUNATE THAT YOUR PARTNER, CAPTAIN AMERICA, HAS DESERTED YOU, FALCON!
YOU MUST FACE US ALONE-- AND DIE THE SAME WAY!
SKAAA
AAHHGGG!

BLAST! AN' I THOUGHT REDDY'D LEARNED SOME NEW TRICKS! I'M GONNA HAVETA TALK TO 'IM QUITE SEVERELY AFTER THIS IS OVER!
LUCY, I SAW YOU MERGE YOURSELF WITH RAFE MICHEL-- SAW WITH MY OWN STARIN' EYES! * ALONE OR NOT, I'M BRINGIN' YOU IN, BOTH OF YOU!
FOOL! YOU KNOW NOT WITH WHOM YOU DEAL!
*LAST ISH.--R.T.
I HAVE CHALLENGED THE X-MEN-- IRON MAN! I USE THIS HUMAN'S BODY SOLELY
≡UNNHH!≡
SOLELY WHATEVER, YOU CAN'T JUST USE ANYBODY'S BODY, MAN!
MAYBE YOU WERE HOT-STUFF ONCE--
WAM
--BUT YOU'RE ONLY OUT COLD NOW!
THAT IS DUE TO LUCIFER'S TRANSFERRAL OF FIFTY PERCENT OF HIS ESSENCE TO THIS FORM, FALCON--
RRIP
--THE INHERENTLY MORE POWERFUL FORM OF HIM WHO ONCE WAS ARIES, MEMBER OF THE NOTORIOUS ZODIAC CRIME CARTEL!
DESPITE MY ALTER EGO'S TENDER, BEARDED CHIN, I WON'T BE TAKEN BY ANY TERRAN!
ROKK!
WOK!
DO TELL!
KRAK!
SNAP!

AH, YOU ARE STRONG FOR A TERRAN-- BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO TRULY RENDER EITHER MY BEARDLESS SELF OR ME UNCONSCIOUS!
NOW, WE ATTACK TO-GETHER--
NO! GET BACK, YOU FOOL!
POP!
KRAK!
HE'S RIGHT, RAFE! THOSE WIRES'LL FRY YOU LIKE BACON!
I AM NOT RAFE MICHEL! I AM LUCIFER, AND--
-- AND WE SHALL MEET YOU ANOTHER PLACE, ANOTHER TIME, FALCON!
WE GO, ALTER EGO!
THEN, LIKE SOME SORT OF VISUAL ECHO--
--THE LUCIFERS VAULT INTO THE SMOGGY NEW YORK NIGHT...
...LEAVING THE FALCON TO FUME IN FURIOUS FRUSTRATION!
OKAY, MAYBE YOU'RE STRONGER'N ME, BUT YOU'RE NOT INVULNERABLE!
COUNT ON THIS, TWEEDLEDUM AND 'DEE:
THE FALCON WILL FIND A WAY TO TAKE YOU!
SKAAA
RIGHT ON, REDDY! THE FALCON CAN MAKE IT ALONE!
HE CAN DO WHAT-EVER HE PUTS HIS MIND TO--
--EVEN IF CAP NEVER COMES BACK!
BUT FOR NOW-- HE SURE IS BEAT!

SO IT IS THAT SAM WILSON WENDS HIS WAY TO THE LADY IN HIS LIFE --
LEILA-- MIND IF I COME IN?
FALCON!
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?
AHH, JUST A LITTLE SCUFFLE. THOSE LUCIFER GUYS AGAIN.
"LITTLE SCUFFLE" MY EYE! DIDJA TRASH 'EM?
NAH... I WAS, UNTIL I KNOCKED ONE OF 'EM INTO A CONED POLE AND SOME LIVE WIRES CUT ME OFF FROM 'EM.
THEY ONLY GOT TO ME ONCE, LEILA...
...WHEN RAFE TAUNTED ME WITH THE ONE THING I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF: THAT THE FALCON IS TOO MUCH CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CREATION TO FLY ON HIS OWN!
HEY! HEY, DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! YOU CRAZY OR SOMETHIN'?
WAY I LOOK AT IT, YOU'RE TOP DOG NOW, BABY! WHO NEEDS THAT FUNKY WHITE CAT?
THE FALCON'S THE MAN, NOW!
BUGLE FINAL
PTAIN AMERICA RETIRES
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!
--SO STEVE ROGERS SHOULDN'T GO TO SEED JUST BECAUSE HE'S DROPPED OFF THE PRO CIRCUIT!
I PUT IN TOO MUCH TIME BEING AWARE OF HOW FIT I WAS TO EVER JUST LIE AROUND!
BOOM

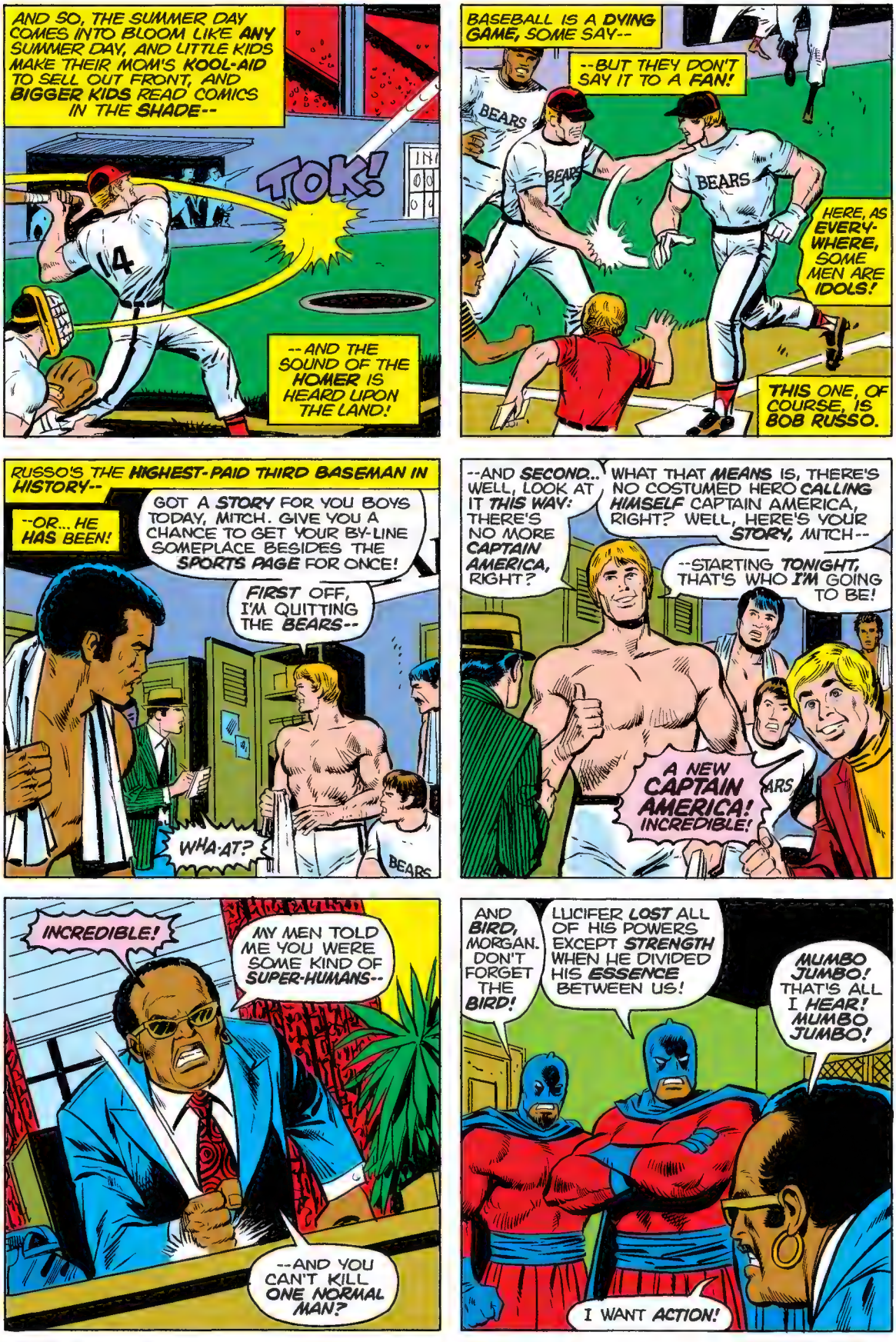

I GAVE UP BEING CAPTAIN AMERICA BECAUSE AMERICA'S NO LONGER THE PLACE I SET OUT TO REPRESENT IN 1941!
I SLEPT THROUGH THE '50'S, FROZEN IN ICE--
--AND WHEN I WAS THAWED IN THE '60'S, I GUESS I NEEDED TO BELIEVE THAT NOTHING HAD CHANGED--
--TO PROVE TO MYSELF THAT I HADN'T MISSED ANY-THING!
WELL, IT TOOK A LONG TIME COMIN', BUT I FINALLY DISCOVERED AN OBVIOUS FACT:
NOTHING'S WHAT IT WAS IN 1941.


--EXCEPT FOR THIS BODY, MAYBE! WHAT WITH MY BEING CREATED THROUGH THE SUPER-SOLDIER SERUM--
-- I NEVER FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING ANY OLDER!
WELL, STEVE ROGERS HAS GOT A LONG LIFE AHEAD OF HIM, THEN.
A GOOD LIFE!

HERE'S YER TOWEL, MR. ROGERS!
MAN, I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYBODY WOIK OUT LIKE DAT BEFORE! NO LIE!
THANKS, ROSCOE.

BUT THIS GYM DOESN'T HAVE TOO LARGE A MEMBERSHIP, YOU KNOW. THAT'S WHY I PICKED IT.
YA DON'T FOOL ME! I WISH I WUZ AS GOOD!
HEY, WHADDAYA T'INK A DA BIG NEWS?
YOU MEAN CAPTAIN AMERICA?

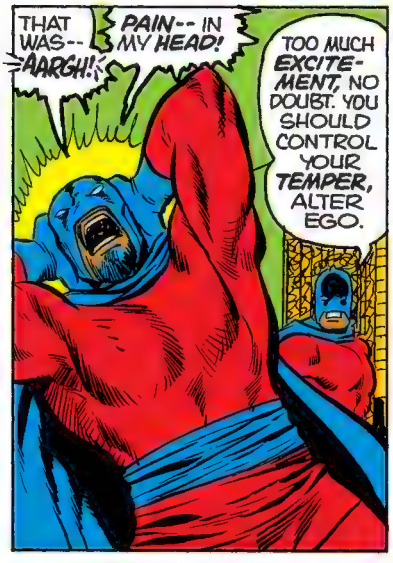
I DON'T KNOW, ROSCOE. THE AVENGERS' ANNOUNCE-MENT LEFT A LOT UNSAID.
YEAH! MAYBE HE OUGHTTA CALL A PRESS CONFERENCE TO EXPLAIN WHY HE AIN'T MAKIN' NO MORE PUBLIC APPEARANCES! HA HA HA


AND SO, THE SUMMER DAY COMES INTO BLOOM LIKE ANY SUMMER DAY, AND LITTLE KIDS MAKE THEIR MOM'S KOOL-AID TO SELL OUT FRONT, AND BIGGER KIDS READ COMICS IN THE SHADE--
TOK!
--AND THE SOUND OF THE HOMER IS HEARD UPON THE LAND!
BASEBALL IS A DYING GAME, SOME SAY--
--BUT THEY DON'T SAY IT TO A FAN!
BEARS
HERE, AS EVERY-WHERE, SOME MEN ARE IDOLS!
THIS ONE, OF COURSE, IS BOB RUSSO.
RUSSO'S THE HIGHEST-PAID THIRD BASEMAN IN HISTORY--
--OR... HE HAS BEEN!
GOT A STORY FOR YOU BOYS TODAY, MITCH. GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET YOUR BY-LINE SOMEPLACE BESIDES THE SPORTS PAGE FOR ONCE!
FIRST OFF, I'M QUITTING THE BEARS--
WHA-AT?
--AND SECOND... WELL, LOOK AT IT THIS WAY: THERE'S NO MORE CAPTAIN AMERICA, RIGHT?
WHAT THAT MEANS IS, THERE'S NO COSTUMED HERO CALLING HIMSELF CAPTAIN AMERICA, RIGHT? WELL, HERE'S YOUR STORY, MITCH--
--STARTING TONIGHT, THAT'S WHO I'M GOING TO BE!
A NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA! INCREDIBLE!
INCREDIBLE!
MY MEN TOLD ME YOU WERE SOME KIND OF SUPER-HUMANS--
--AND YOU CAN'T KILL ONE NORMAL MAN?
AND BIRD, MORGAN. DON'T FORGET THE BIRD!
LUCIFER LOST ALL OF HIS POWERS EXCEPT STRENGTH WHEN HE DIVIDED HIS ESSENCE BETWEEN US!
MUMBO JUMBO! THAT'S ALL I HEAR! MUMBO JUMBO!
I WANT ACTION!

"THE FALCON'S A THREAT TO MY OPERATION. I HAD TWO OPTIONS--
"--AND HE TURNED DOWN MY OFFER OF A JOB!
"SO I HAVE TO KILL HIM."

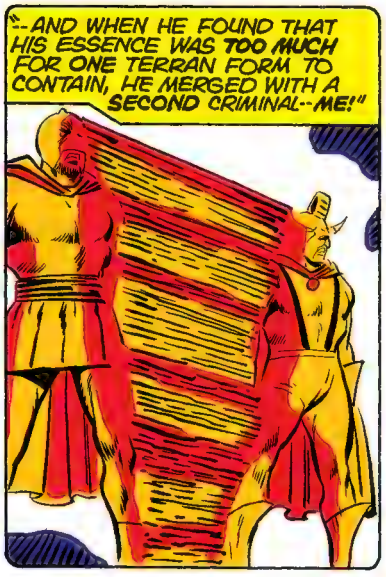
MORGAN, IF I HADN'T NEEDED TIME TO CONSIDER MY UNEXPECTED DUALITY, I WOULD NEVER HAVE ACCEPTED THE OFFER YOU MADE ME.
NEVERTHELESS, I HAVE A SOLUTION FOR YOU.

ONE MOMENT NOW! WHEN WAS IT DECIDED THAT YOU WOULD SPEAK FOR BOTH OF OUR FORMS, BEARDLESS ONE?
I WAS THE FIRST-CHOSEN OF LUCIFER!
BECAUSE YOU WERE AT HAND! I WAS THE SOLE FORM TRULY CHOSEN!


THAT WAS-- PAIN-- IN MY HEAD! AARGH!
TOO MUCH EXCITEMENT, NO DOUBT. YOU SHOULD CONTROL YOUR TEMPER, ALTER EGO.

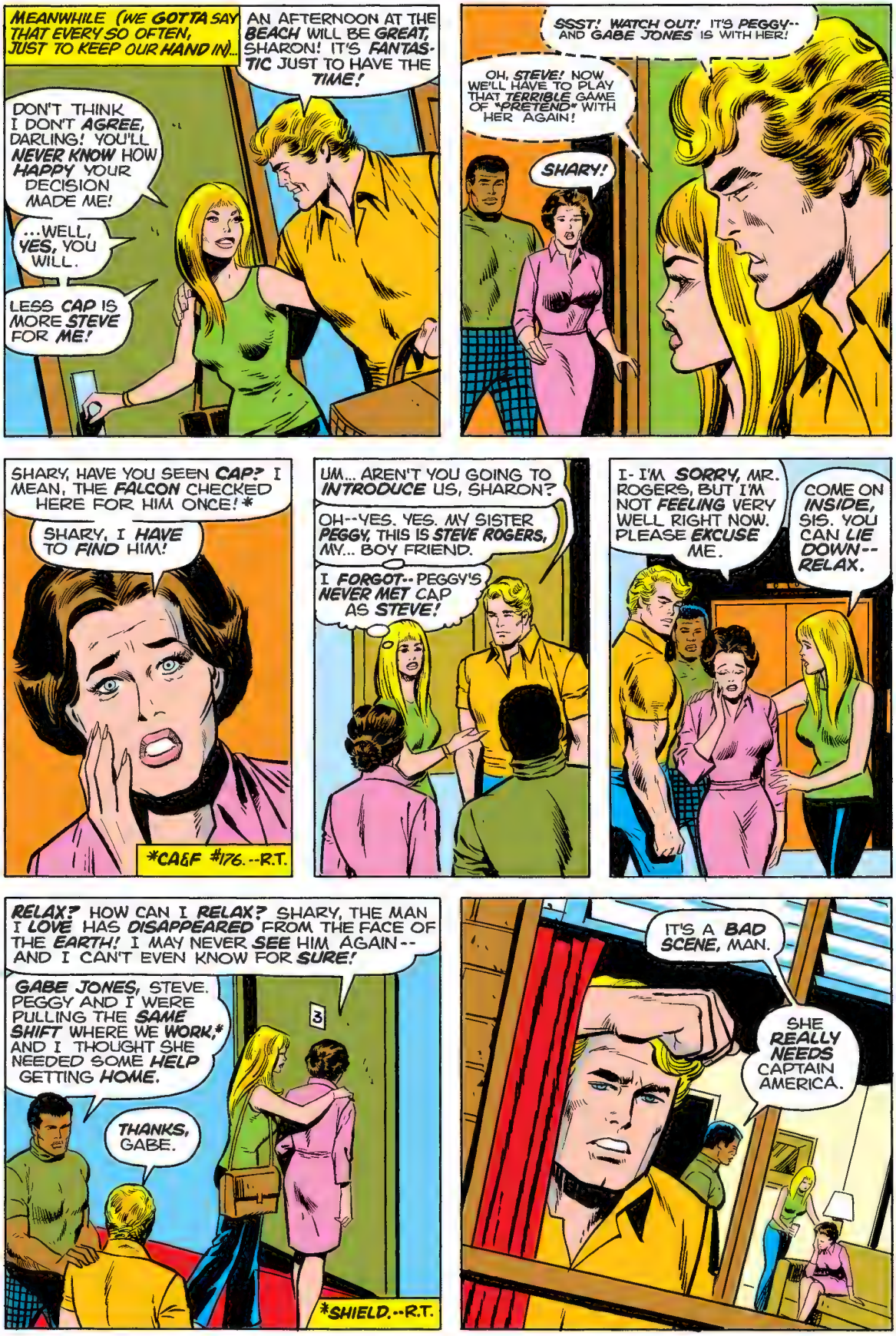
"NOW THEN, MORGAN-- LUCIFER CAME TO EARTH AS HIMSELF, TRANSMITTED FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION -- BUT HE SOON BEGAN FADING BACK!

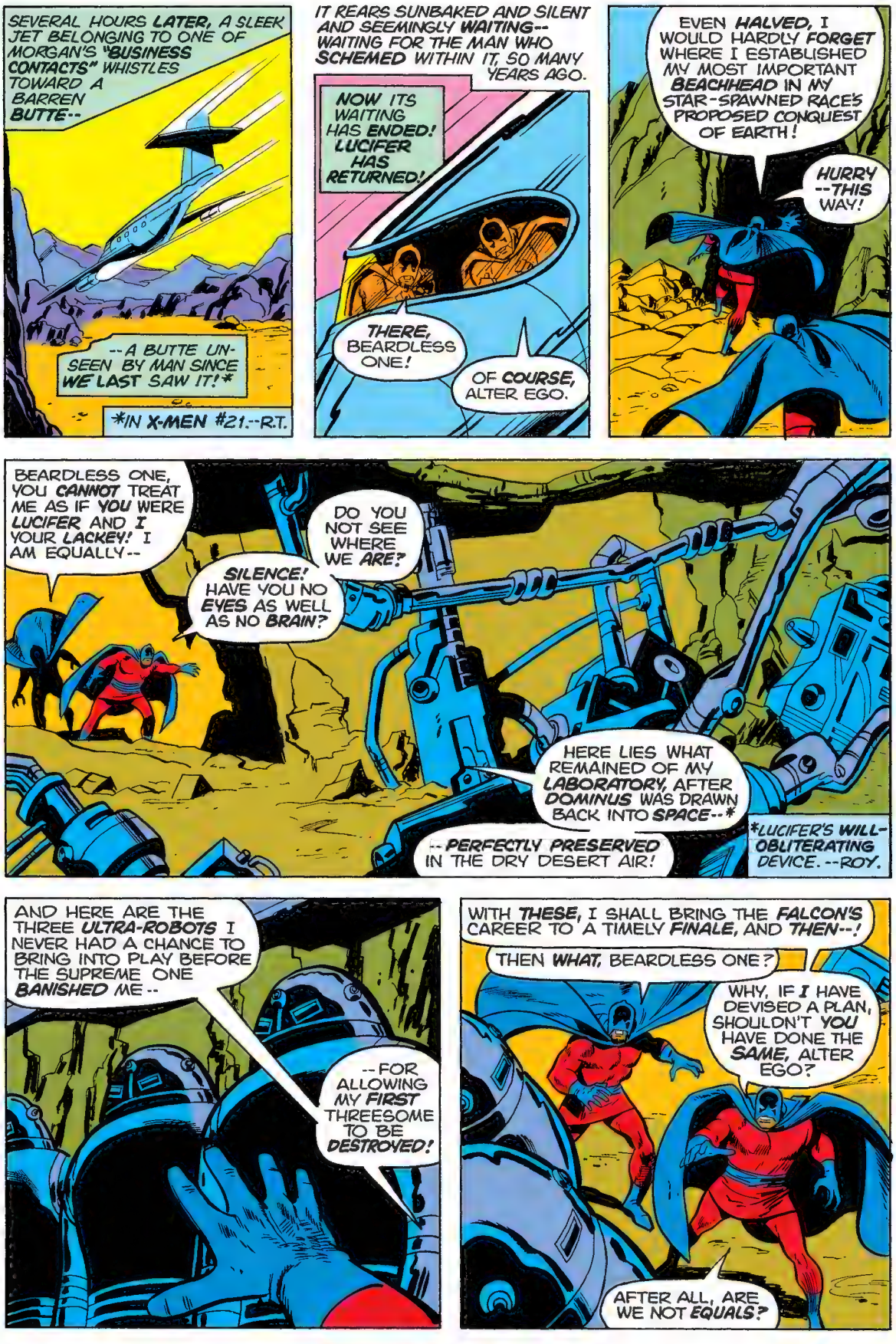
"TO MAINTAIN HIS PRESENCE ON EARTH, HE MERGED WITH A TERRAN CRIMINAL, RAFE MICHEL--


"--AND WHEN HE FOUND THAT HIS ESSENCE WAS TOO MUCH FOR ONE TERRAN FORM TO CONTAIN, HE MERGED WITH A SECOND CRIMINAL--ME!"

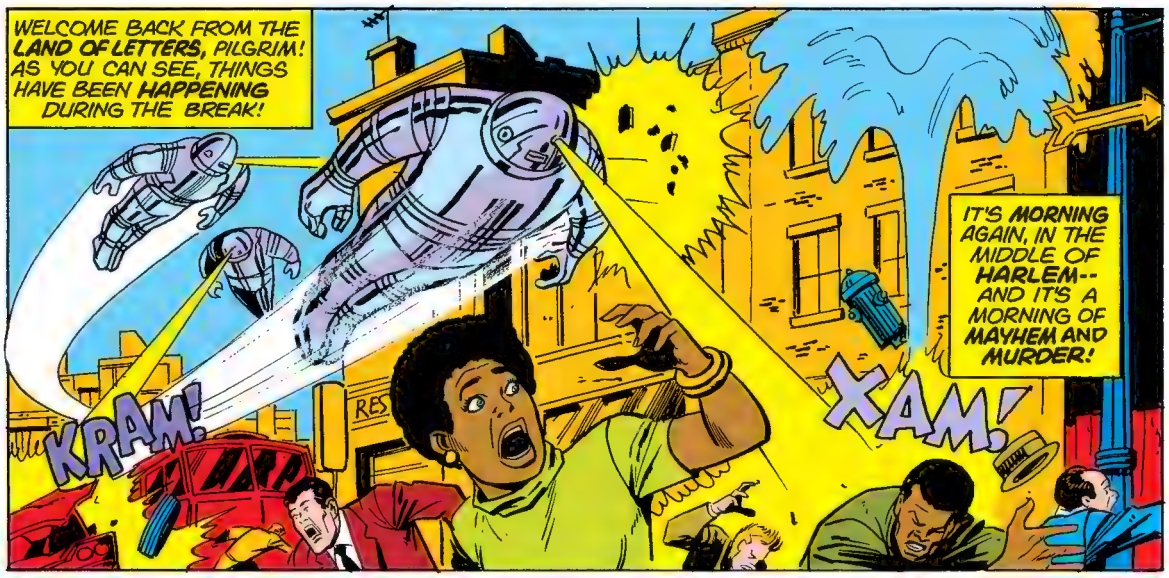
WE ARE SEPARATE, YET BOTH OF US ARE LUCIFER... AND LUCIFER HAS WALKED THIS EARTH BEFORE!
HE HAD A LABORATORY, IN THE SOUTHWEST DESERT--
--FROM WHICH I CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN ITEMS....

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU GET, OR WHAT IT TAKES TO GET THEM!
I JUST WANT RESULTS!

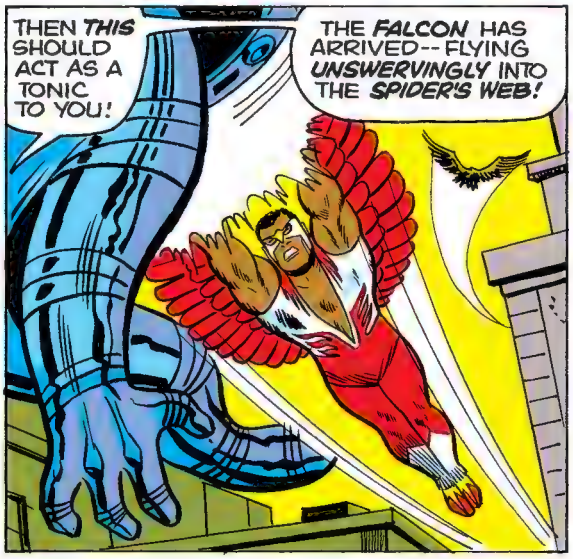

MEANWHILE (WE GOTTA SAY THAT EVERY SO OFTEN, JUST TO KEEP OUR HAND IN)...
AN AFTERNOON AT THE BEACH WILL BE GREAT, SHARON! IT'S FANTASTIC JUST TO HAVE THE TIME!
DON'T THINK I DON'T AGREE, DARLING! YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW HAPPY YOUR DECISION MADE ME!
...WELL, YES, YOU WILL.
LESS CAP IS MORE STEVE FOR ME!
SSST! WATCH OUT! IT'S PEGGY-- AND GABE JONES IS WITH HER!
OH, STEVE! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO PLAY THAT TERRIBLE GAME OF "PRETEND" WITH HER AGAIN!
SHARY!
SHARY, HAVE YOU SEEN CAP? I MEAN, THE FALCON CHECKED HERE FOR HIM ONCE! *
SHARY, I HAVE TO FIND HIM!
*C&F #176.--R.T.
UM... AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE US, SHARON?
OH--YES. YES. MY SISTER PEGGY, THIS IS STEVE ROGERS, MY... BOY FRIEND.
I FORGOT-- PEGGY'S NEVER MET CAP AS STEVE!
I- I'M SORRY, MR. ROGERS, BUT I'M NOT FEELING VERY WELL RIGHT NOW. PLEASE EXCUSE ME.
COME ON INSIDE, SIS. YOU CAN LIE DOWN-- RELAX.
RELAX? HOW CAN I RELAX? SHARY, THE MAN I LOVE HAS DISAPPEARED FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH! I MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN-- AND I CAN'T EVEN KNOW FOR SURE!
GABE JONES, STEVE. PEGGY AND I WERE PULLING THE SAME SHIFT WHERE WE WORK,* AND I THOUGHT SHE NEEDED SOME HELP GETTING HOME.
THANKS, GABE.
3
*SHIELD.--R.T.
IT'S A BAD SCENE, MAN.
SHE REALLY NEEDS CAPTAIN AMERICA.


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, A SLEEK JET BELONGING TO ONE OF MORGAN'S "BUSINESS CONTACTS" WHISTLES TOWARD A BARREN BUTTE--
--A BUTTE UNSEEN BY MAN SINCE WE LAST SAW IT!*
*IN X-MEN #21.--R.T.
IT REARS SUNBAKED AND SILENT AND SEEMINGLY WAITING--WAITING FOR THE MAN WHO SCHEMED WITHIN IT, SO MANY YEARS AGO.
NOW ITS WAITING HAS ENDED! LUCIFER HAS RETURNED!
THERE, BEARDLESS ONE!
OF COURSE, ALTER EGO.
EVEN HALVED, I WOULD HARDLY FORGET WHERE I ESTABLISHED MY MOST IMPORTANT BEACHHEAD IN MY STAR-SPAWNED RACE'S PROPOSED CONQUEST OF EARTH!
HURRY --THIS WAY!
BEARDLESS ONE, YOU CANNOT TREAT ME AS IF YOU WERE LUCIFER AND I YOUR LACKEY! I AM EQUALLY--
SILENCE! HAVE YOU NO EYES AS WELL AS NO BRAIN?
DO YOU NOT SEE WHERE WE ARE?
HERE LIES WHAT REMAINED OF MY LABORATORY, AFTER DOMINUS WAS DRAWN BACK INTO SPACE--*
--PERFECTLY PRESERVED IN THE DRY DESERT AIR!
*LUCIFER'S WILL-OBLITERATING DEVICE. --ROY.
AND HERE ARE THE THREE ULTRA-ROBOTS I NEVER HAD A CHANCE TO BRING INTO PLAY BEFORE THE SUPREME ONE BANISHED ME --
--FOR ALLOWING MY FIRST THREESOME TO BE DESTROYED!
WITH THESE, I SHALL BRING THE FALCON'S CAREER TO A TIMELY FINALE, AND THEN--!
THEN WHAT, BEARDLESS ONE?
WHY, IF I HAVE DEVISED A PLAN, SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE DONE THE SAME, ALTER EGO?
AFTER ALL, ARE WE NOT EQUALS?

LATER THAT SAME EVENING, IN A CITY WHOSE BIGGEST CLAIM TO FAME THUS FAR HAS BEEN ITS BASEBALL TEAM'S CONTRACT WITH BOB RUSSO--
--BOB RUSSO IS WEARING A NEW UNIFORM, AND BE-GINNING A NEW CAREER!
CROUCHED BENEATH AN OWL-EYE MOON, HIS GREAT, GLOVED HANDS GLEAMING RICHLY CRIMSON AS THEY TENSE IN ANTICIPATION, THE NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA SUCKS IN HIS BREATH AND PREPARES--
FUR
--TO STRIKE!
KNOCKING OVER A FUR STORE, EH? I GUESS THOSE BIRDS DON'T READ THE PAPERS, OR THEY DON'T READ, PERIOD!
SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE WARNED THEM THAT--
--CAPTAIN AMERICA LIVES AGAIN!
LOOK OUT, BOYS-- HERE I--
NO, WAIT! I MISJUDGED MY SWING!
KA-WAM!
BLAST! BLAST! BLAST! I THINK I BROKE MY ARM!
WHY IN BLAZES DIDN'T I PRACTICE BEFORE I JUMPED OFF THAT ROOF? AND HOW DID THE REAL CAP ALWAYS MAKE IT LOOK SO EASY?
OW! MY ARM!!
SO MUCH FOR THIS CAPTAIN AMERICA.

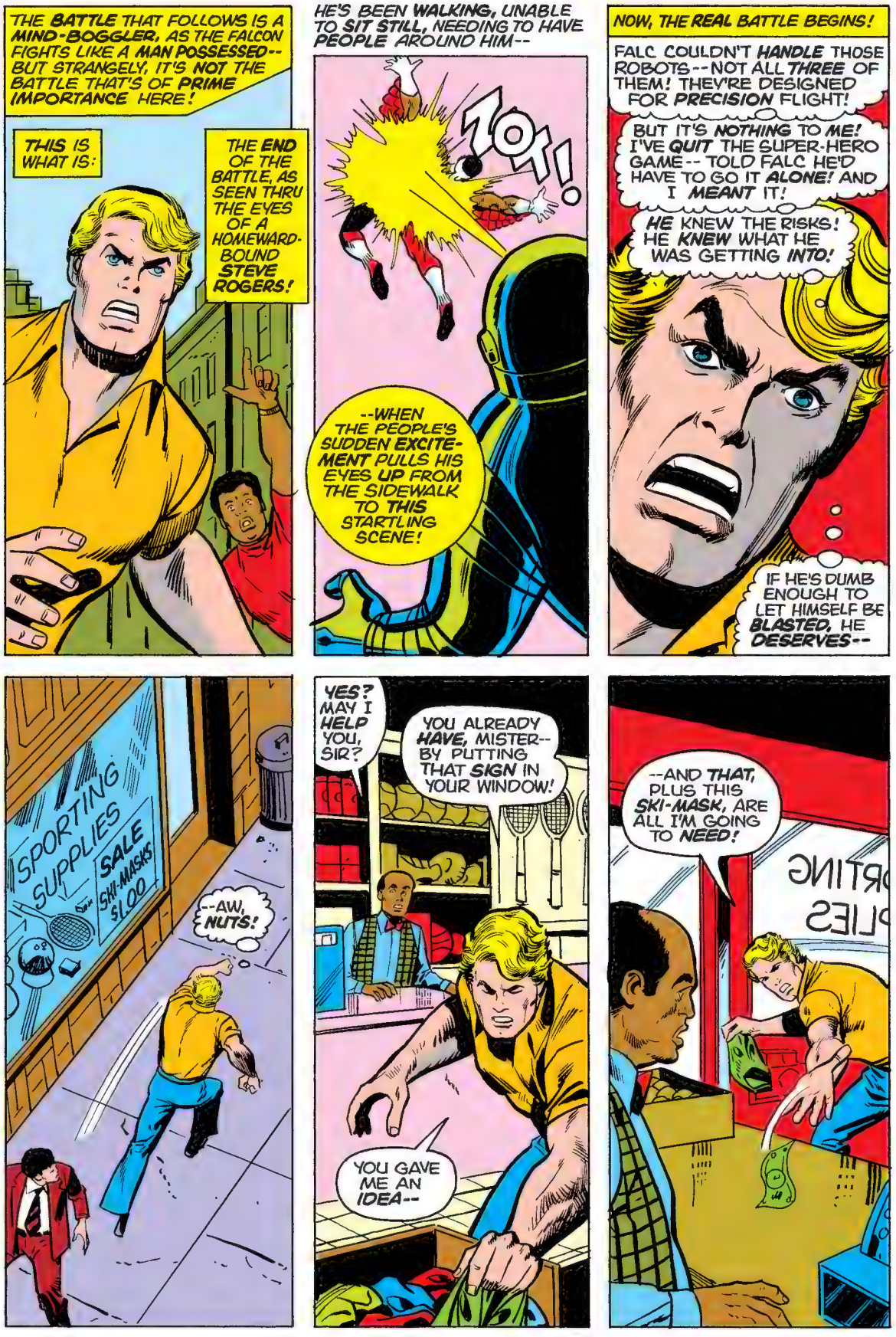

WELCOME BACK FROM THE LAND OF LETTERS, PILGRIM! AS YOU CAN SEE, THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING DURING THE BREAK!
KRAM!
IT'S MORNING AGAIN, IN THE MIDDLE OF HARLEM-- AND IT'S A MORNING OF MAYHEM AND MURDER!
XAM!

THE ULTRA-ROBS SOW DESTRUCTION MUCH BETTER THAN THEY OPERATED DOMINUS-- DON'T YOU THINK, ALTER EGO?
UH... YES! MUCH... BETTER...!
YOU MUMBLE, ALTER EGO! SURELY LUCIFER WOULD NEVER MUMBLE!
DOES YOUR HEAD ACHE AGAIN, HAIRY ONE?


THEN THIS SHOULD ACT AS A TONIC TO YOU!
THE FALCON HAS ARRIVED-- FLYING UNSWERVINGLY INTO THE SPIDER'S WEB!

IF THIS IS SOMEBODY'S IDEA OF URBAN RENEWAL--
--THEN LUCIFER MUST BE MAYOR!
YAK!
I CAN SMELL THOSE TWO DUDES' PAWS ON THIS MESS AS PLAIN AS DAY--

--AND THIS TIME, THERE'S GONNA BE NO MORE MESSIN' AROUND!
I STILL HAVEN'T COMPLETELY MASTERED MY WINGS--
--BUT THAT'S NOT ABOUT TO SLOW ME DOWN!


THE BATTLE THAT FOLLOWS IS A MIND-BOGGLER, AS THE FALCON FIGHTS LIKE A MAN POSSESSED--BUT STRANGELY, IT'S NOT THE BATTLE THAT'S OF PRIME IMPORTANCE HERE!
THIS IS WHAT IS:
THE END OF THE BATTLE, AS SEEN THRU THE EYES OF A HOMEWARD-BOUND STEVE ROGERS!
HE'S BEEN WALKING, UNABLE TO SIT STILL, NEEDING TO HAVE PEOPLE AROUND HIM--
TOK!
--WHEN THE PEOPLE'S SUDDEN EXCITEMENT PULLS HIS EYES UP FROM THE SIDEWALK TO THIS STARTLING SCENE!
NOW, THE REAL BATTLE BEGINS!
FALC COULDN'T HANDLE THOSE ROBOTS--NOT ALL THREE OF THEM! THEY'RE DESIGNED FOR PRECISION FLIGHT!
BUT IT'S NOTHING TO ME! I'VE QUIT THE SUPER-HERO GAME-- TOLD FALC HE'D HAVE TO GO IT ALONE! AND I MEANT IT!
HE KNEW THE RISKS! HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS GETTING INTO!
IF HE'S DUMB ENOUGH TO LET HIMSELF BE BLASTED, HE DESERVES--
SPORTING SUPPLIES
SALE SKI-MASKS $1.00
--AW, NUTS!
YES? MAY I HELP YOU, SIR?
YOU ALREADY HAVE, MISTER-- BY PUTTING THAT SIGN IN YOUR WINDOW!
YOU GAVE ME AN IDEA--
--AND THAT, PLUS THIS SKI-MASK, ARE ALL I'M GOING TO NEED!

AT *LEAST*, THEY'RE ALL I'M GOING TO *HAVE!*

BEHOLD HIM, HAIRY ONE! THE GREAT *FALCON*, SO *FEARED* BY THE GANGSTER, *MORGAN*--

--SO SOON TO *DIE!*

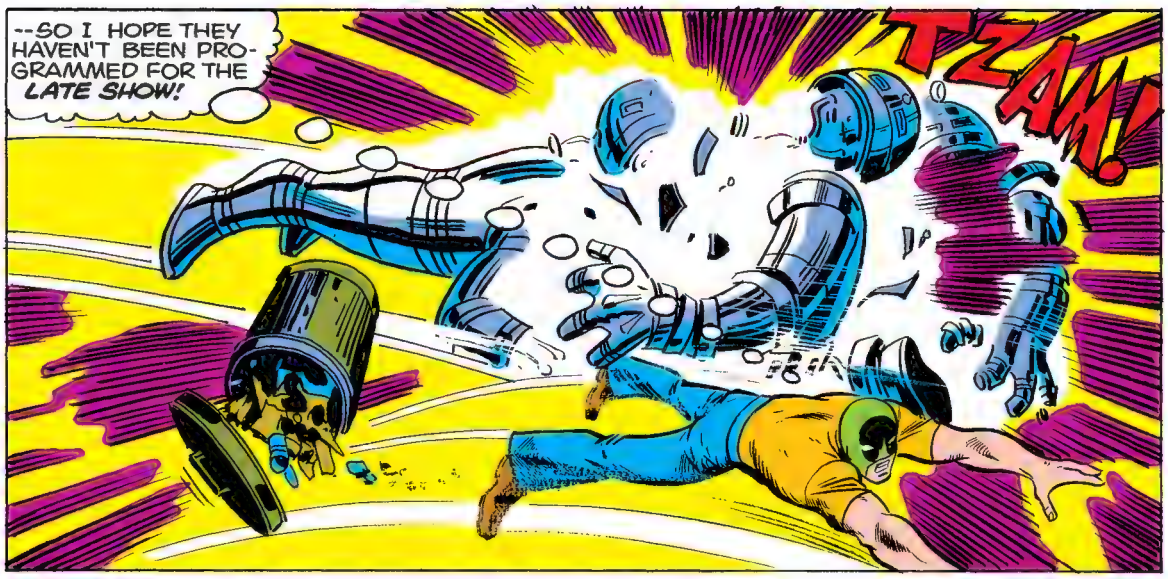
HA! WHO *ENGINEERED* THIS, ALTER EGO? WHOSE BOLD PLANS *BROUGHT* US TO THIS FELICITOUS STATE?

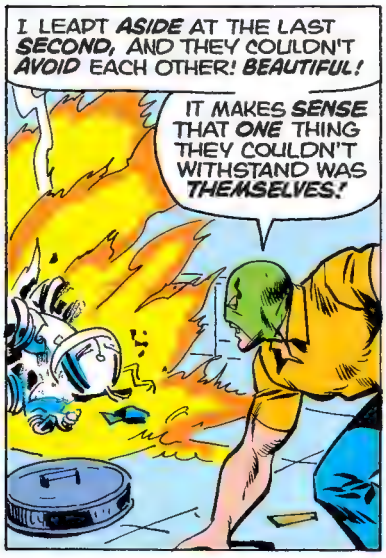
I-- I MUST *ADMIT*, BEARDLESS ONE, THAT YOU *APPEAR* MORE BOLD THAN *I*--

KA-WAM!

THAT'S WHEN THE *FREIGHT TRAIN* HITS!

IF THOSE COSTUMED CLOWNS ARE INSURED, THEY'VE GOT A DANDY CASE FOR WHIPLASH! THEY WON'T BE UP FOR A WHILE!
NO GOOD! HE TAKES HIS CHANCES LIKE THE REST OF US--
--THE REST OF THE SUPER-HEROES, I MEAN!
JUST LIKE THAT, I'M BACK IN ACTION! AFTER ALL MY SOUL-SEARCHING, I ONLY HAD TO ACTUALLY SEE FALC IN TROUBLE AND I WAS BACK AT HIS SIDE!
NO, I'M PACKING IT IN--
WHA--?
BAM!
ROBOT DELTA IS NOT PROGRAMMED TO COMBAT YOU, HUMAN, YET YOU HAVE STRUCK MY MASTERS.
IT IS MY DECISION THAT FOR THIS YOU SHALL DIE!
THE ROBOTS! I WAS SO CAUGHT UP IN TALKING TO MYSELF I LOST TRACK OF THEM FOR A MOMENT!
INEXCUSABLE! YOU CAN'T LET DOWN FOR A SECOND WHEN YOUR LIFE'S ON THE LINE!
NOW THE OTHER TWO HAVE HAD A CHANCE TO LAND BEHIND ME!
ROBOTS EPSILON AND ZETA-- BLOCK HIS PATH AT ALL COSTS!
WELL, I GOT MYSELF INTO THIS, AND I'LL HAVE TO GET MYSELF OUT OF IT!
AN OLD TRICK'S THE ONLY ONE THAT LOOKS GOOD RIGHT NOW--


--SO I HOPE THEY HAVEN'T BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR THE LATE SHOW!
TZAM!

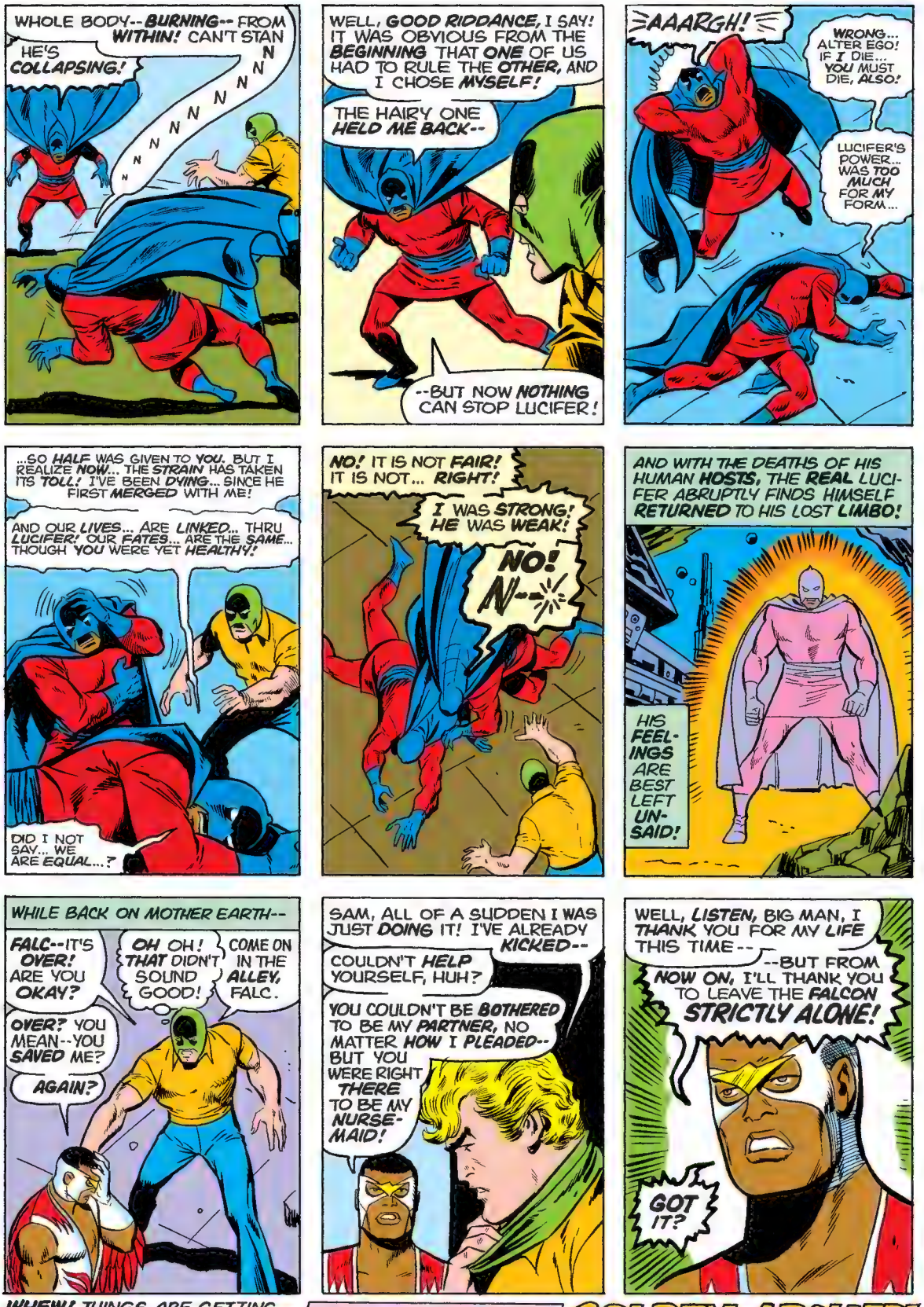

I LEAPT ASIDE AT THE LAST SECOND, AND THEY COULDN'T AVOID EACH OTHER! BEAUTIFUL!
IT MAKES SENSE THAT ONE THING THEY COULDN'T WITHSTAND WAS THEMSELVES!

VERMIN! THE ULTRA-ROBS WERE DESIGNED FOR SERVICE, NOT BATTLE! YOU REALIZED IT EXACTLY AS CYCLOPS DID!
NOW I'VE LOST ANOTHER THREE!
THEIR FORMS GAVE THEM AWAY, MISTER--

KONG!
--AND I TRY TO THINK ON MY FEET!

AS DO I, MASKED ONE! LUCIFER'S CUNNING IS LEGEND!
AGGH! STRENGTH-- INCREDIBLE--!

BUT SUDDENLY, EVEN MORE INCREDIBLY, THE IRON GRIP ON STEVE'S WINDPIPE RELAXES... THEN FALTERS... THEN FALLS AWAY ALTOGETHER!
MY HEAD! MY HEAD!


WHOLE BODY--BURNING--FROM WITHIN! CAN'T STAN
HE'S COLLAPSING!
N N N N N N N N
WELL, GOOD RIDDANCE, I SAY! IT WAS OBVIOUS FROM THE BEGINNING THAT ONE OF US HAD TO RULE THE OTHER, AND I CHOSE MYSELF!
THE HAIRY ONE HELD ME BACK--
--BUT NOW NOTHING CAN STOP LUCIFER!
AAARGH!
WRONG... ALTER EGO! IF I DIE... YOU MUST DIE, ALSO!
LUCIFER'S POWER... WAS TOO MUCH FOR MY FORM...
...SO HALF WAS GIVEN TO YOU. BUT I REALIZE NOW... THE STRAIN HAS TAKEN ITS TOLL! I'VE BEEN DYING... SINCE HE FIRST MERGED WITH ME!
AND OUR LIVES... ARE LINKED... THRU LUCIFER! OUR FATES... ARE THE SAME... THOUGH YOU WERE YET HEALTHY!
DID I NOT SAY... WE ARE EQUAL...?
NO! IT IS NOT FAIR! IT IS NOT... RIGHT!
I WAS STRONG! HE WAS WEAK!
NO! N--
AND WITH THE DEATHS OF HIS HUMAN HOSTS, THE REAL LUCIFER ABRUPTLY FINDS HIMSELF RETURNED TO HIS LOST LIMBO!
HIS FEELINGS ARE BEST LEFT UNSAID!
WHILE BACK ON MOTHER EARTH--
FALC--IT'S OVER! ARE YOU OKAY?
OH OH! THAT DIDN'T SOUND GOOD!
COME ON IN THE ALLEY, FALC.
OVER? YOU MEAN--YOU SAVED ME?
AGAIN?
SAM, ALL OF A SUDDEN I WAS JUST DOING IT! I'VE ALREADY KICKED--
COULDN'T HELP YOURSELF, HUH?
YOU COULDN'T BE BOTHERED TO BE MY PARTNER, NO MATTER HOW I PLEADED-- BUT YOU WERE RIGHT THERE TO BE MY NURSEMAID!
WELL, LISTEN, BIG MAN, I THANK YOU FOR MY LIFE THIS TIME--
--BUT FROM NOW ON, I'LL THANK YOU TO LEAVE THE FALCON STRICTLY ALONE!
GOT IT?

WHEW! THINGS ARE GETTING COMPLICATED-- AND THERE'S STILL NO CAPTAIN AMERICA! WHAT COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN NEXT?

WHEN STRIKES THE GOLDEN ARCHER!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
179
NOV
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
YOU AIN'T SO HOT WITHOUT YOUR SHIELD AN' COSTUME, ARE YOU, ROGERS?
YOU'RE JUST A SITTIN' DUCK FOR THE GOLDEN ARCHER!

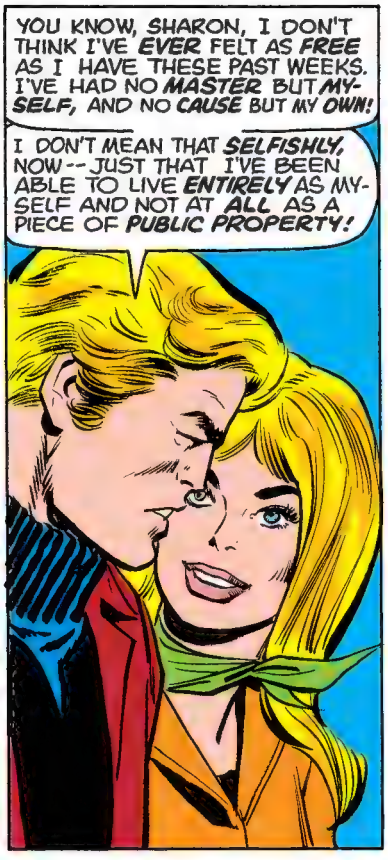
1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation...* to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

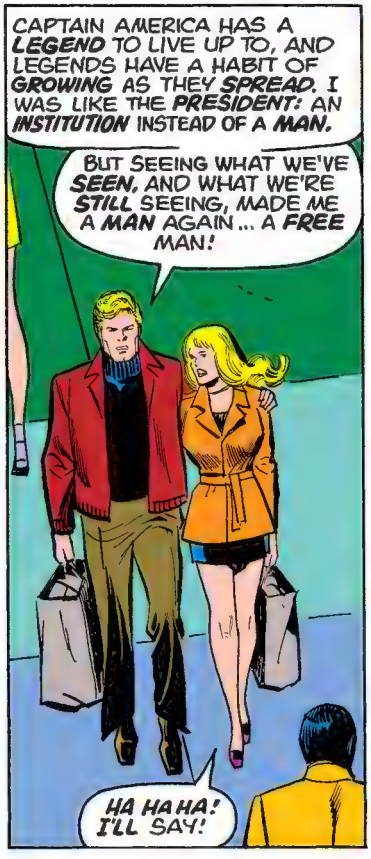
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

SLINGS AND ARROWS!

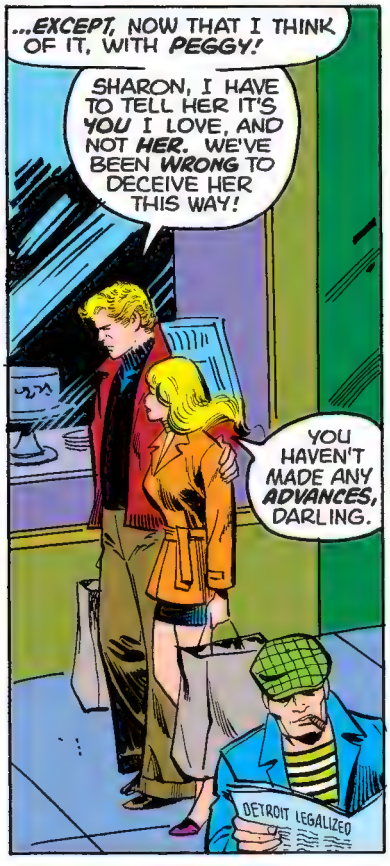
NOW, DEEPLY TROUBLED BY CURRENT **POLITICAL EVENTS**, HE HAS **ABANDONED** THE ROLE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA TO BECOME, ONCE AGAIN, PLAIN **STEVE ROGERS**.
BUT, AS HE WALKS A BUSTLING 54TH STREET WITH HIS **LADY**, SHARON CARTER, ON THIS BLESSEDLY COOL SUMMER AFTER-NOON, HE WILL FIND THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NOT AS FAR **BEHIND** HIM AS HE **THINKS**.

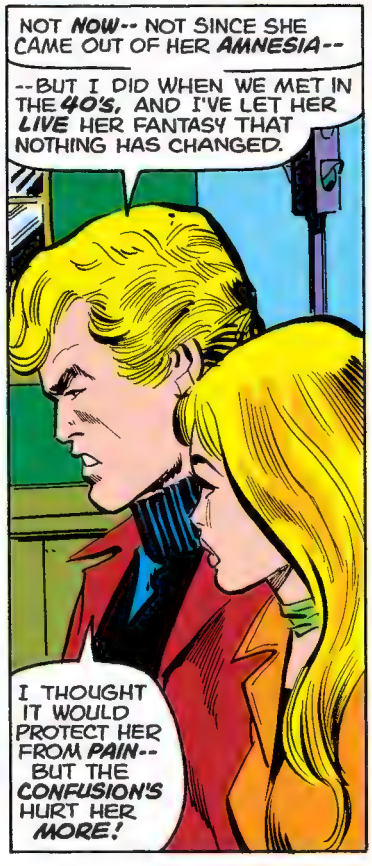
STEVE ENGLEHART Prose . **SAL BUSCEMA** Pencils . **VINCE COLLETTA** Brushes . **ORZECHOWSKI** Letters . **P. GOLDBERG** Colors . **ROY THOMAS** Editor


YOU KNOW, SHARON, I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER FELT AS FREE AS I HAVE THESE PAST WEEKS. I'VE HAD NO MASTER BUT MYSELF, AND NO CAUSE BUT MY OWN!
I DON'T MEAN THAT SELFISHLY, NOW -- JUST THAT I'VE BEEN ABLE TO LIVE ENTIRELY AS MYSELF AND NOT AT ALL AS A PIECE OF PUBLIC PROPERTY!

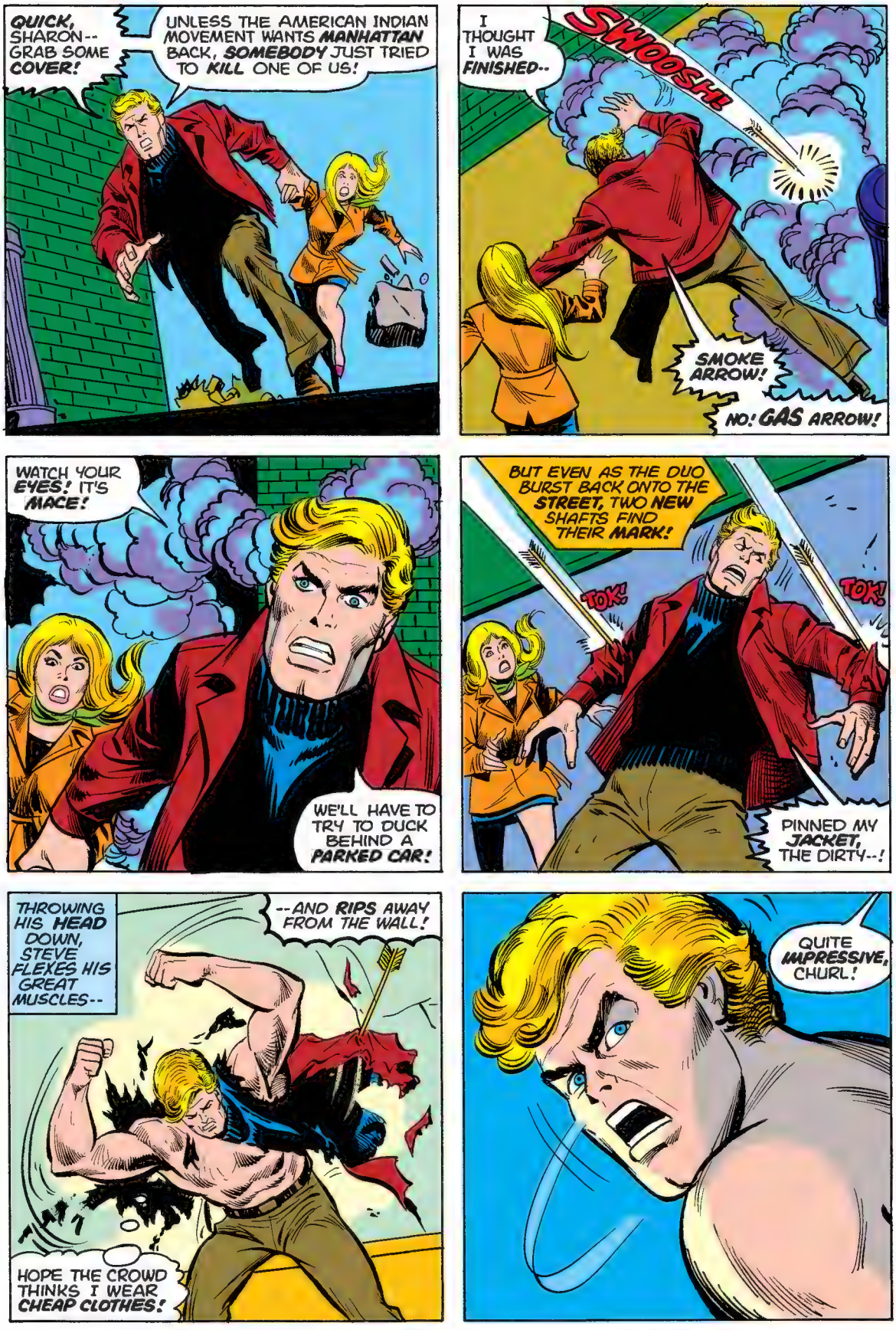

CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS A LEGEND TO LIVE UP TO, AND LEGENDS HAVE A HABIT OF GROWING AS THEY SPREAD. I WAS LIKE THE PRESIDENT: AN INSTITUTION INSTEAD OF A MAN.
BUT SEEING WHAT WE'VE SEEN, AND WHAT WE'RE STILL SEEING, MADE ME A MAN AGAIN ... A FREE MAN!
HA HA HA! I'LL SAY!

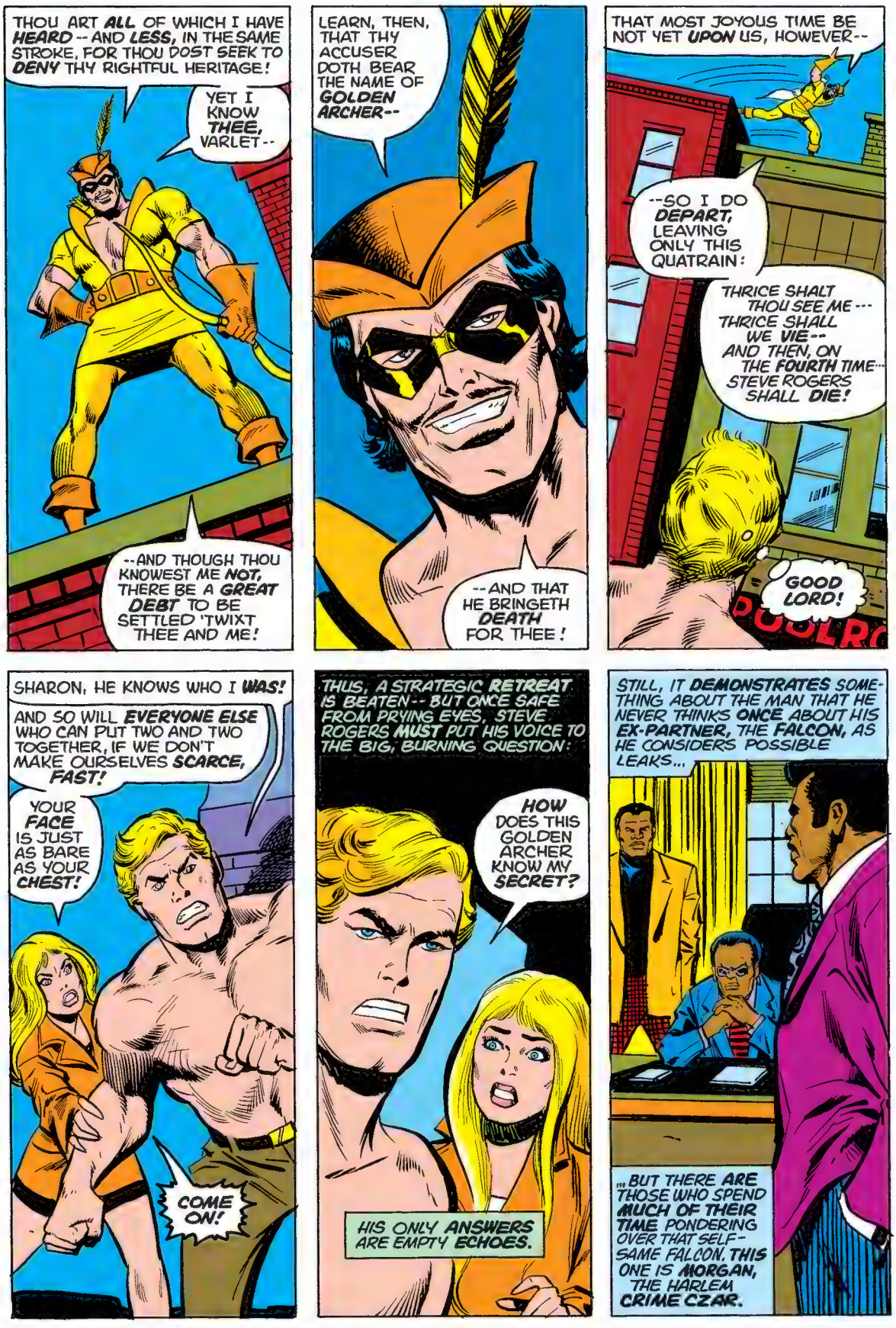
WE'VE SEEN EACH OTHER EVERY SINGLE DAY SINCE YOU HUNG UP YOUR STRIPES, AND THAT QUALIFIES FOR THE GUINESS BOOK OF WORLD RECORDS!
YES, CRIME BUSTING DID CRAMP MY STYLE...


...EXCEPT, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, WITH PEGGY!
SHARON, I HAVE TO TELL HER IT'S YOU I LOVE, AND NOT HER. WE'VE BEEN WRONG TO DECEIVE HER THIS WAY!
YOU HAVEN'T MADE ANY ADVANCES, DARLING.
DETROIT LEGALIZED


NOT NOW-- NOT SINCE SHE CAME OUT OF HER AMNESIA--
--BUT I DID WHEN WE MET IN THE 40'S, AND I'VE LET HER LIVE HER FANTASY THAT NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
I THOUGHT IT WOULD PROTECT HER FROM PAIN-- BUT THE CONFUSION'S HURT HER MORE!

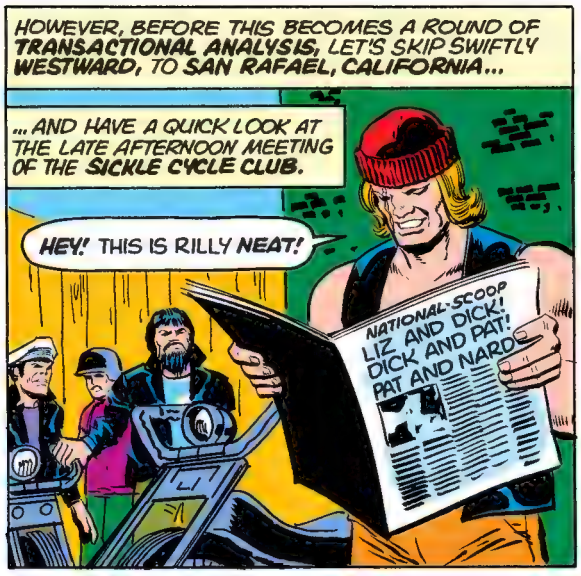
I'VE DECIDED THAT--
WHAT IN THE WORLD?!
PHOM!


QUICK, SHARON-- GRAB SOME COVER!
UNLESS THE AMERICAN INDIAN MOVEMENT WANTS MANHATTAN BACK, SOMEBODY JUST TRIED TO KILL ONE OF US!
I THOUGHT I WAS FINISHED--
SWOOSH!
SMOKE ARROW!
NO! GAS ARROW!
WATCH YOUR EYES! IT'S MACE!
WE'LL HAVE TO TRY TO DUCK BEHIND A PARKED CAR!
BUT EVEN AS THE DUO BURST BACK ONTO THE STREET, TWO NEW SHAFTS FIND THEIR MARK!
TOK!
TOK!
PINNED MY JACKET, THE DIRTY--!
THROWING HIS HEAD DOWN, STEVE FLEXES HIS GREAT MUSCLES--
--AND RIPS AWAY FROM THE WALL!
HOPE THE CROWD THINKS I WEAR CHEAP CLOTHES!
QUITE IMPRESSIVE, CHURL!


THOU ART ALL OF WHICH I HAVE HEARD -- AND LESS, IN THE SAME STROKE, FOR THOU DOST SEEK TO DENY THY RIGHTFUL HERITAGE!
YET I KNOW THEE, VARLET--
--AND THOUGH THOU KNOWEST ME NOT, THERE BE A GREAT DEBT TO BE SETTLED 'TWIXT THEE AND ME!
LEARN, THEN, THAT THY ACCUSER DOTH BEAR THE NAME OF GOLDEN ARCHER--
--AND THAT HE BRINGETH DEATH FOR THEE!
THAT MOST JOYOUS TIME BE NOT YET UPON US, HOWEVER--
--SO I DO DEPART, LEAVING ONLY THIS QUATRAIN:
THRICE SHALT THOU SEE ME --- THRICE SHALL WE VIE-- AND THEN, ON THE FOURTH TIME-- STEVE ROGERS SHALL DIE!
GOOD LORD!
SHARON, HE KNOWS WHO I WAS!
AND SO WILL EVERYONE ELSE WHO CAN PUT TWO AND TWO TOGETHER, IF WE DON'T MAKE OURSELVES SCARCE, FAST!
YOUR FACE IS JUST AS BARE AS YOUR CHEST!
COME ON!
THUS, A STRATEGIC RETREAT IS BEATEN -- BUT ONCE SAFE FROM PRYING EYES, STEVE ROGERS MUST PUT HIS VOICE TO THE BIG, BURNING QUESTION:
HOW DOES THIS GOLDEN ARCHER KNOW MY SECRET?
HIS ONLY ANSWERS ARE EMPTY ECHOES.
STILL, IT DEMONSTRATES SOMETHING ABOUT THE MAN THAT HE NEVER THINKS ONCE ABOUT HIS EX-PARTNER, THE FALCON, AS HE CONSIDERS POSSIBLE LEAKS...
... BUT THERE ARE THOSE WHO SPEND MUCH OF THEIR TIME PONDERING OVER THAT SELF-SAME FALCON. THIS ONE IS MORGAN, THE HARLEM CRIME CZAR.

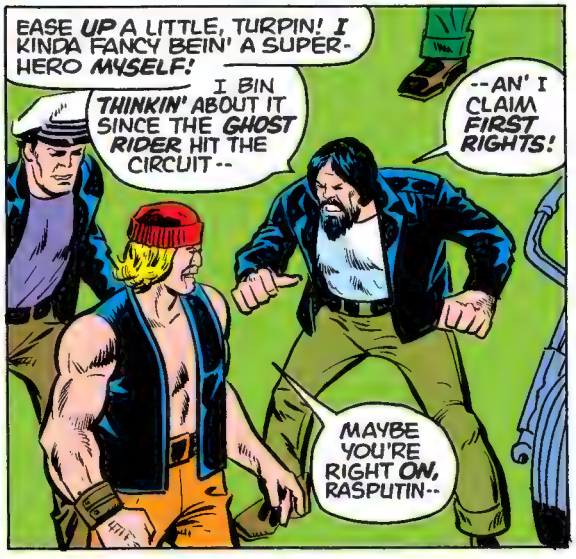
MORGAN'S THOUGHTS USUALLY RUN TO OFFING THE FALCON--
--AND NOW HIS CHICKENS HAVE COME HOME TO ROOST!
SKAAA
HOLY--!
SKREE
IT'S REDWING, THE FALCON'S FREAKIN' HAWK!
KRAK
I KNOW THAT, YOU IDIOT!
THIS IS A DIVERSION OF SOME SORT!
SPREAD OUT! SEARCH THE HOUSE!
THEY'RE NOT GONNA FIND ME, FAT MAN!
Uh?
NOBODY'LL BE LOOKIN' IN THE ROOM THEY JUST LEFT!
FALCON! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK I WANT, MORGAN?
I KNOW IT WAS YOU SENT THOSE TWO LUCIFERS AROUND TO SKRAG ME, CREEP*--AND IT'S THE LAST STRAW!
HOW--HOW DO YOU KNOW?
NEVER MIND HOW!
*#178--ROY.
JUST GET THIS STRAIGHT: MY ONLY JOB UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE IS PUTTIN' YOU AWAY, AN' I'M NOT STOPPIN FOR ANY REASON!
WOM!
--UNLESS YOU DO KILL ME!
BUT THE NEXT GUY YOU SEND AROUND BETTER BE BETTER THAN THE LUCYS, MORGAN--
--OR I'LL SEND 'IM BACK TO YOU, GIFT-WRAPPED!
I'LL BE RIGHT HERE IN HARLEM--EASY TO FIND!
ANYTIME YOU FEEL LUCKY, I'LL BE WAITIN'!

EARLY EVENING, AT THE STARLIN GYM--
WOW! DAT'S SOME PUNCH YA GOT, MR. ROGERS!
POW
FEELS LIKE YER SMACKIN' MORE'N JUST DA BAG!
BELIEVE IT, ROSCOE-- AND HIS NAME --
EEEEEEEEEEEE
KRASH
CRIPES! SIREN-- BLASTIN' MY EARS!
CAN'T STAND IT!
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE*
SO MUCH FOR THE SIREN-- BUT I WANT THE MAN WHO SENT IT!
KRASH!
SECOND TIME, ROGERS!
FARE-WELL ONCE MORE!
BLAST! I CAN'T GET TO HIM!
CHRISMAS, MR ROGERS! I AIN'T NEVER SEEN ANY-BODY MOVE LIKE YOU DO!
DIDJA HOIT YER-SELF? ARE YA OKAY?
NO, ROSCOE ... I'M ANYTHING BUT OKAY!


HOWEVER, BEFORE THIS BECOMES A ROUND OF TRANSACTIONAL ANALYSIS, LET'S SKIP SWIFTLY WESTWARD, TO SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA...
... AND HAVE A QUICK LOOK AT THE LATE AFTERNOON MEETING OF THE SICKLE CYCLE CLUB.
HEY! THIS IS RILLY NEAT!
NATIONAL SCOOP
LIZ AND DICK!
DICK AND PAT!
PAT AND NARD

IT SEZ HERE BOB RUSSO-- YA KNOW, THE THIRD SACKER FOR THE BEARS?--
--IT SEZ HE TRIED TO BE A NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND BUSTED HIS FOOL ARM! *
STRIKES OUT AS CAPTAIN AMERICA
RIPFIELD
CONT. FROM P.2
*YOU SAW IT ALL LAST ISH. --ROY.

Y'KNOW, THAT AIN'T SUCH A FUNKY IDEA! IF NOBODY'S CLAIMIN' THE NAME, ANYBODY COULD CLIMB INTO THAT COSTUME AN' RIDE!
ANYBODY-- MEANIN' MRS. TURPIN'S KID, SCAR!


EASE UP A LITTLE, TURPIN! I KINDA FANCY BEIN' A SUPER-HERO MYSELF!
I BIN THINKIN' ABOUT IT SINCE THE GHOST RIDER HIT THE CIRCUIT--
--AN' I CLAIM FIRST RIGHTS!
MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT ON, RASPUTIN--

WAM!
--SO YOU CAN HAVE MY FIRST RIGHT!

HEY HEY HEY! PRETTY SNEAKY MOVE, SCAR!
MAN, AIN'T NOBODY GONNA HASSLE THIS CAPTAIN AMERICA!
OL' RASPUTIN SHOULD'A KNOWN BETTER THAN TO TAKE YOU ON!

BUT BACK EAST, THINGS DON'T LOOK QUITE SO ROSY!
THIS MANIAC HAS ATTACKED TWICE NOW-- AND FLED BOTH TIMES! HE'S ENOUGH TO DRIVE ME CRAZY!
IF ONLY I KNEW WHY HE HATES ME-- OR HOW HE DISCOVERED MY DUAL IDENTITY!
DIDN'T YOU REVEAL YOUR SECRET ONCE, DARLING?
YES--THE OTHER TIME I QUIT BEING CAP* --
--BUT THE WHOLE WORLD HAS FORGOTTEN IT, JUST AS YOU HAVE.
*TALES OF SUSPENSE #95. --REMEMBERIN' ROY.
"IT WAS AN UNINTENTIONAL BENEFIT OF A PLOT COOKED UP BY AN ALIEN CALLED THE SPACE PHANTOM. HE NEEDED MY MIND TO BE AT PEACE IN ORDER TO EXCHANGE IT WITH THE VISION'S.*
*THIS DRAMATIC TABLEAU COURTESY AVENGERS #107.--ROY.
MY ADVANCED TECHNOLOGY WILL END THE DIFFICULTIES YOUR IDENTITY REVELATION HAS CAUSED YOU--BY ERASING YOUR PLANET'S MEMORY OF IT.
"AT LEAST, THAT'S ABOUT WHAT HE SAID."
HE ERASED MY MEMORY OF THAT MEETING AS WELL, SO I LEARNED IT ALL FROM THE ANDROID.
THE POINT IS, NO ONE--
oh oh.
IT'S PEGGY, COMING BACK FROM SHIELD.
GO ON INSIDE, SHARON. I MIGHT AS WELL GET ONE UNPLEASANT TASK OUT OF THE WAY.

PEGGY. PEGGY CARTER.
EH? WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ... CAP, MADEMOISELLE.
CAP!
OH, CAP, YOU'VE COME BACK!
JUST THIS ONCE, MADEMOISELLE--TO TELL YOU NOT TO WAIT FOR ME. I CAN'T EVEN SHOW YOU MY FACE, BECAUSE THE MAN WE BOTH KNOW AS CAPTAIN AMERICA IS NO MORE.
WHAT WE HAD WAS BEAUTIFUL, PEGGY, BUT IT CAN'T EXIST TODAY.
I SHOULD HAVE TOLD YOU SOONER...
OH, CAP! OH, CAP!
BLAST IT! WHY DIDN'T I JUST SHOOT HER AND BE DONE WITH IT?
WHY CAN'T I EVER DO THE RIGHT THING IN DEALING WITH PEOPLE?
SSZZZ
I'LL GO AFTER HER! MY SECRET IDENTITY BE DA--!

COMPLETELY **DISSOLVED** ARE ALL THOUGHTS OF **PEGGY CARTER!** NOT THAT HE WOULD HAVE **WISHED** IT THAT WAY, BUT THAT'S THE WAY IT **IS!**

THE STEVE ROGERS WHO **WOLFISHLY** WHIRLS TOWARD THE MAN HE KNOWS WILL BE WAITING ABOVE HIM IS A MAN CONSUMED WITH **ONE THOUGHT ALONE:**

COMBAT!

THOU DOST APPEAR EVEN MORE **DROLL** WITH EACH SUCCEEDING **SURPRISE,** ROGERS!

I **REJOICE** THAT I DID DECIDE **AGAINST** ENDING YOUR LIFE WHEN FIRST WE MET! REMEMBER-- **THRICE** SHALT THOU SEE ME--- THRICE SHALL WE **VIE**--- AND THEN, ON THE **NEXT** TIME--- STEVE ROGERS SHALL **DIE!**

IN HIS **CAPTAIN AMERICA** DAYS, THIS MAN **PRIDED** HIMSELF ON THE AMOUNT OF **CALM DETACHMENT** HE BROUGHT TO HIS COMBAT SKILLS--

--BUT **THOSE** DAYS AREN'T **THESE** DAYS!

NOW, HE FEELS AND **REVELS** IN A MOLTEN **RAGE** SWEEPING HIS VEINS--A RAGE BORN OF THIS **MOCKERY,** AND THIS **DISRUPTION** OF HIS NEW LIFE--

--AND LIKE A GREAT, UNCOILING **SPRING,** HE **MOVES!**

LURKING ON ROOFTOPS WON'T SAVE YOU **THIS** TIME, ARCHER!

I'M COMING **AFTER** YOU!

COME **AHEAD** THEN! 'TWILL BE A **LONG** CHASE, AND A **MERRY** ONE, VARLET!

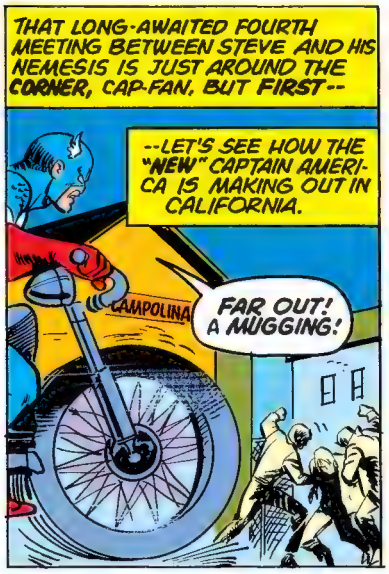
NO **CHANCE,** ARCHER! YOU'RE **MINE!**

ARROWS SNAP PAST HIM, **NARROWLY** MISSING--BUT MISSING ALL THE **SAME!** HE WOULD **REACT** ONLY TO A **DIRECT HIT!**

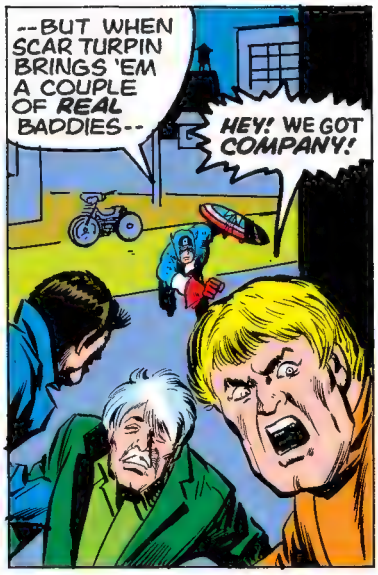
LIKE THE MECHANICAL **RABBIT** ON A DOG-RACING TRACK, **DANGER** SERVES AS A **LURE!**

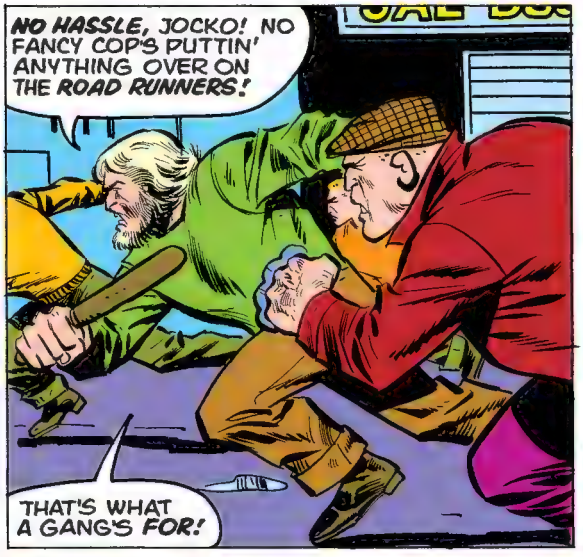
CHURL! FOLLOW ME IF THOU DAREST-- TO THY DOOM!
THY DEATH BE NOT YET ORDAINED--
--BUT I CAN BE PER-SUADED TO ACT IF FORCED TO IT!
YOU TALK A GOOD GAME, GOLDIE--
--BUT I DON'T NEED A ROPE TO SWING DOWN ON-- AND I'M NOT RUNNING FROM YOU!
AH, THOU DOST BELIEVE OUR BATTLE A GAME, ROGERS?
THEN PLAY, FOOL-- AND TO THE VICTOR, THE SPOILS!
THE ARROW FLIES--THE TARGET MOVES--
KTANG!
--AND IN THE SAME MOTION, THE TARGET GRABS A--
--SHIELD?
hmmm...
THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE AUTOMATICALLY PROTECTED MYSELF WITH A TRASH CAN LID!*
*THE FIRST BEING AGAINST THE LUCIFER MENACE LAST ISH. --ROY.
LOOKS LIKE MY RETIREMENT HASN'T PUT ANY RUST ON MY FIGHTING STYLE!
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THAT, GOLDIE?
GOLDIE RUNS.

THE CHASE POUNDS HARD DOWN THE ALLEYWAY--CLATTERS THROUGH DEBRIS-DROWNED COURTYARDS--AND THEN BURSTS FULLBLOWN INTO THE STREETS--
--WHICH IS WHEN AN INTERESTING THING OCCURS.
STEVE-- LEGGIN' IT AFTER SOME NEW COSTUMED CLOWN!
SKAAA
YEAH, REDDY: STEVE, MY COP-OUT BUDDY--
--WHO CAN'T EVEN STAY DECENTLY COPPED-OUT!
MAYBE I SHOULD LEND HIM A HAND...
...BUT I THINK I'LL JUST KEEP ON PATROLLIN'.
SO THE FALCON TURNS AWAY--
--AND STEVE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW.
I GROW WEARY OF THIS PURSUIT, ROGERS! OTHER EVENTS NOW TAKING SHAPE DO SUMMON ME--
--SO I SHALL ONCE MORE BID THEE ADIEU!
HE REALLY IS WEARY! HE MISSED ME BY A MILE!
I CAN RUN HIM DOWN WITHIN A BLOCK--
FLASH!
AND YOU BETTER BELIEVE THAT WHEN STEVE'S EYESIGHT RECOVERS FROM THE BLINDING BLAST--
--HE'S VERY ALONE!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, GOLDIE. I KNOW I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN--
--AND I'VE GOT A FEW IDEAS FOR WHEN I DO!


THAT LONG-AWAITED FOURTH MEETING BETWEEN STEVE AND HIS NEMESIS IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER, CAP-FAN. BUT FIRST--
--LET'S SEE HOW THE "NEW" CAPTAIN AMERICA IS MAKING OUT IN CALIFORNIA.
CAMPOLINA
FAR OUT! A MUGGING!

I BEEN KINDA LEARY ABOUT TROTTIN' MY COSTUMED BOD DOWN TO THE COPS, TO SHOW 'EM WHO THEY GOT WORKIN' WITH 'EM NOW--
--THEY MIGHT JUST PUT ME AWAY FOR DISRESPECTIN' THE FLAG--


--BUT WHEN SCAR TURPIN BRINGS 'EM A COUPLE OF REAL BADDIES--
HEY! WE GOT COMPANY!


NO HASSLE, JOCKO! NO FANCY COPS PUTTIN' ANYTHING OVER ON THE ROAD RUNNERS!
THAT'S WHAT A GANG'S FOR!

HOLY JOE! NOW THERE'S SIX OF 'EM--
--AN' I AIN'T EVEN BRUNG MY TIRE IRON!

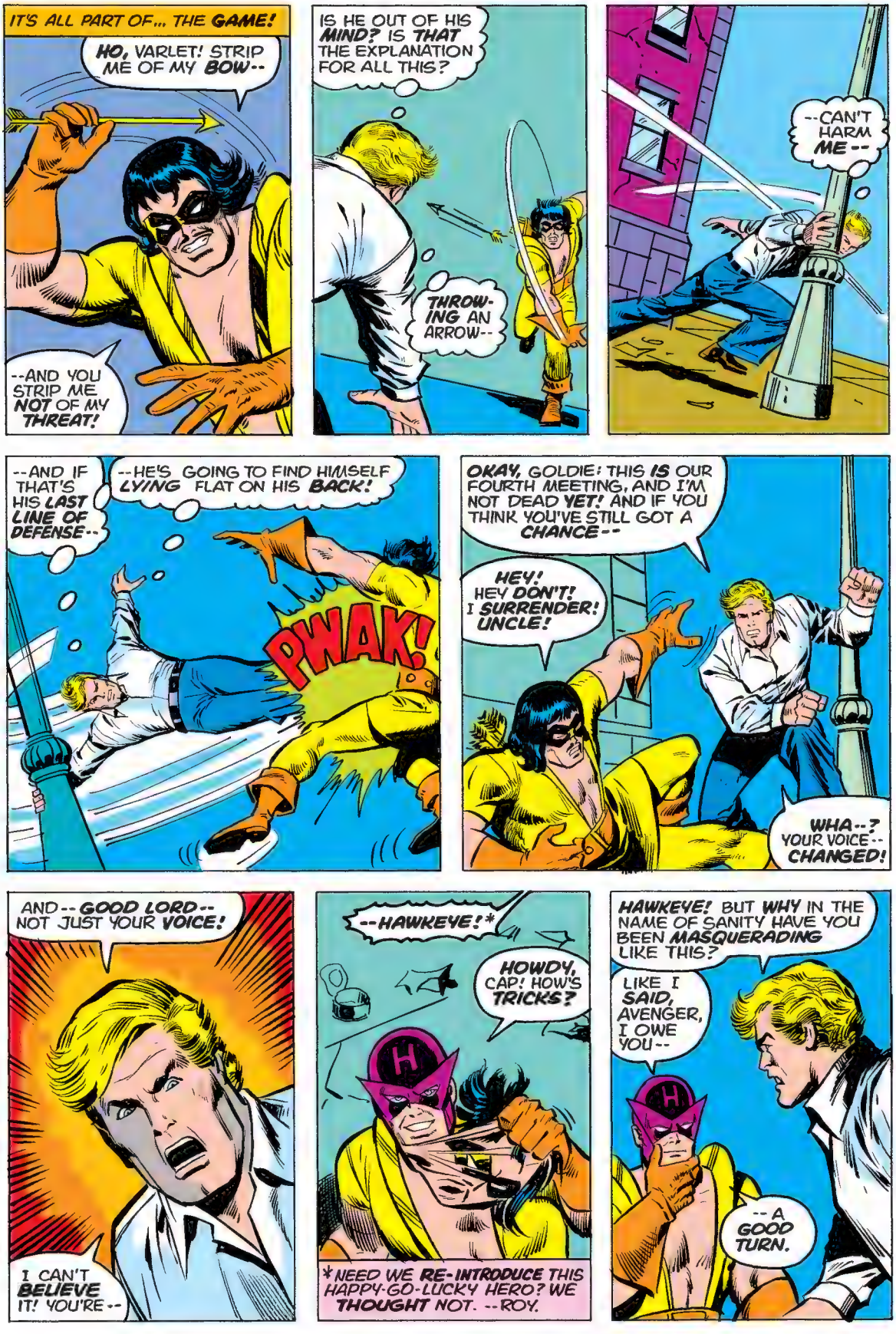
"OH MAN!"

TWO OF 'EM... EVEN THREE... OL' SCAR COULDA CRACKED THEIR SKULLS FOR 'EM...
...BUT SIX--!
THIS SUPER-HERO BIZNESS AIN'T ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE!
RILLY!

AMEN TO THAT, BR'ER SCAR.
REBOUNDING TO THE EAST COAST, WE FIND THAT PROMISED FOURTH MEETING... ALREADY IN PROGRESS...
...AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE ARRIVED NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
A LOW CHUCKLE SCUFFLES FROM THE MYSTERIOUS MARKSMAN'S THROAT AS HE SEES HIS PREY FRAMED SO INVITINGLY IN SAM WILSON'S WINDOW, WHERE STEVE ROGERS HAS TAKEN UP RESIDENCE OF LATE.
HE CHUCKLES, BECAUSE...
...HE, TOO, HAS READ THE COMPLETE SHERLOCK HOLMES.
WELFARE OFFICE · SAM WILSON
THE MASTER DETECTIVE USED THIS SAME GAMBIT -- THE DUMMY BEHIND THE SHADE -- IN "THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE." IT'S EXACTLY THE SORT OF PLOY THE GOLDEN ARCHER EXPECTED FROM HIS QUARRY --
...BUT ODDLY...
...HE CALMLY FITS AN ARROW TO HIS BOW AND AIMS AT THE SHADOW'S HEAD!
HE FIRES!
WHILE ABOVE HIM, SILENT AS A GHOST IN THE CLINGING DARKNESS, ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY POUNDS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINE --
--LAUNCHES HIMSELF IN A TIGHT TRAJECTORY, SWOOPING TOWARD A BONE-BRUISING --

IMPACT!
UNNHH

FOR THE FIRST TIME, STEVE ROGERS HAS LAID A GLOVE ON HIS ELUSIVE OPPONENT IN THIS CRAZY DUEL-- AND IT FEELS FANTASTIC!
ALL THE FAMILIAR THRILLS GO ARCING THROUGH HIM AS THE ARCHER GOES SPRAWLING--
-- YES, AND THE FAMILIAR ACHES, TOO.
AND EVEN THE ARCHER'S VIOLENT RESPONSE IS LIKE A LONG LOST FRIEND.
THEY PUT HIM IN TOUCH WITH HIMSELF, PAST AND PRESENT!


IT'S ALL PART OF... THE GAME!
HO, VARLET! STRIP ME OF MY BOW--
--AND YOU STRIP ME NOT OF MY THREAT!
IS HE OUT OF HIS MIND? IS THAT THE EXPLANATION FOR ALL THIS?
THROW-ING AN ARROW--
--CAN'T HARM ME--
--AND IF THAT'S HIS LAST LINE OF DEFENSE--
--HE'S GOING TO FIND HIMSELF LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK!
PWAK!
OKAY, GOLDIE: THIS IS OUR FOURTH MEETING, AND I'M NOT DEAD YET! AND IF YOU THINK YOU'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE--
HEY! HEY DON'T! I SURRENDER! UNCLE!
WHA--? YOUR VOICE-- CHANGED!
AND--GOOD LORD-- NOT JUST YOUR VOICE!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! YOU'RE--
--HAWKEYE!*
HOWDY, CAP! HOW'S TRICKS?
*NEED WE RE-INTRODUCE THIS HAPPY-GO-LUCKY HERO? WE THOUGHT NOT. --ROY.
HAWKEYE! BUT WHY IN THE NAME OF SANITY HAVE YOU BEEN MASQUERADING LIKE THIS?
LIKE I SAID, AVENGER, I OWE YOU--
--A GOOD TURN.

"SEE, WHEN I FIRST **HOOKED UP** WITH THE MIGHTY ASSEMBLERS, I WAS NOTHIN' BUT A HOT-HEADED **PUNK** -- BUT YOU TOOK IT ON **YOURSELF** TO MAKE ME **STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT!** I'VE NEVER **FORGOTTEN,** CAP...

"...WHICH IS WHY I KEPT MY USUALLY **OVERSIZED** MOUTH **ZIPPED** AFTER SEEIN' YOU DOIN' A **SWITCH** ONE NIGHT.*

"YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T TRY THOSE **CLARK KENT** BITS WHEN YOU HANG OUT WITH A BUNCH'A GOOFBALLS WHO DIG LURKIN' ON **ROOFTOPS,** PAL.

"ANYWAY, PRETTY SOON **AFTER,** I **WALKED OUT** ON YOU GUYS --*

*OBVIOUSLY, **AFTER** THE SPACE PHANTOM'S BLITZ. -- ROY.

*AVENGERS #109. --R.T.

"--SO YOUR BIG SECRET DIDN'T LOOM TOO **LARGE** IN MY LIFE WHILE I RAN AROUND LOOKIN' FOR MY **OWN** PLACE IN THE SUN.

"BUT **ONE** THING I NEVER **DOUBTED,** WHETHER I WAS **SOLO** OR HOOKED UP WITH SOME **OTHER** SUPER-GUYS, WAS THAT SUPER-GUYS ARE WHERE IT'S **AT--"**

--SO WHEN THE NEWS BROKE THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA HAD STASHED HIS **SHIELD,** I FIGURED I'D PLAY **GOLDEN ARCHER,** TOSS OFF SOME CORNY **THOR-TALK** --

--AND **FORCE** YOU TO BE A SUPER-GUY **AGAIN!**

I WANTED TO SHOW YOU WHAT'S **UP,** LIKE YOU SHOWED **ME,** STEVE.

THAT'S ALL **WELL AND GOOD,** MISTER, BUT YOU COULD HAVE SAVED YOURSELF THE **TROUBLE!**

THOUGH I'M THE **ONLY ONE** WHO SEEMS TO **BELIEVE** IT, CAPTAIN AMERICA IS **NOT** COMING BACK!

OH, **I** BELIEVE IT.

I KNOW HOW STUB-BORN YOU CAN **BE.**

BUT THAT'S **NOT** WHAT I'M SUGGESTING. I'M JUST SAYING YOU SHOULDN'T **WASTE** THESE POWERS OF YOURS BECAUSE OF THE CRAZINESS IN **WASHINGTON!**

WHY DON'T YOU...

...TAKE ON A **NEW** IDENTITY?

A **NEW** IDENTITY? YOU MEAN, BECOME A **WHOLE NEW SUPER-HERO?**

hmmmm...

WHY **NOT?**

ADMIT IT, MARVELITE! YOU THOUGHT STEVE'S **"IRREVOCABLE"** DECISION WAS GONNA GET REVOKED AFTER JUST **THREE ISSUES,** DIDN'T YOU? YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS JUST A **RERUN** OF A THOUSAND OLD PLOTS.

SEE WHAT YOU THINK **NEXT** ISH, WITH THE COMING OF

NOMAD

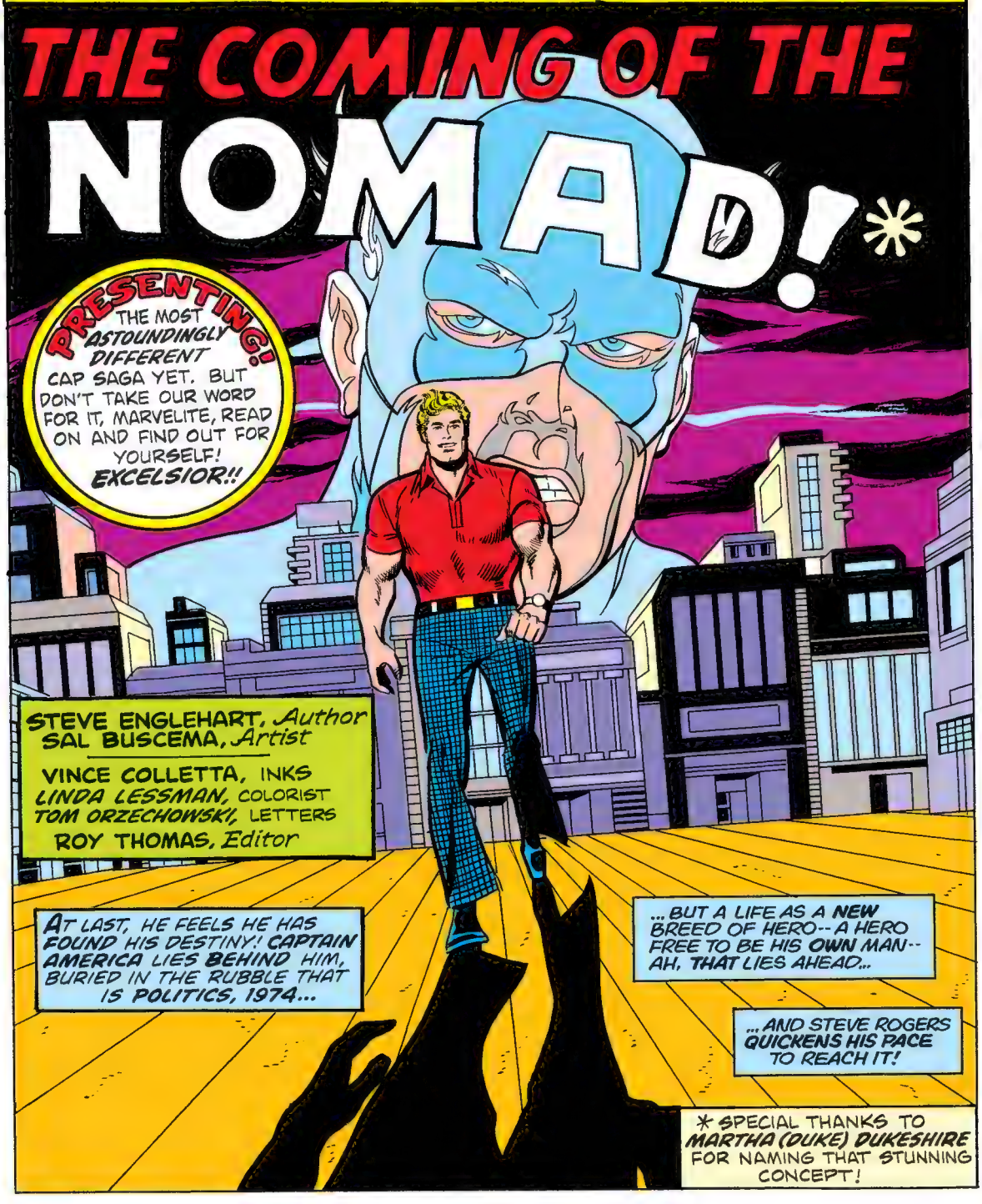
THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY!

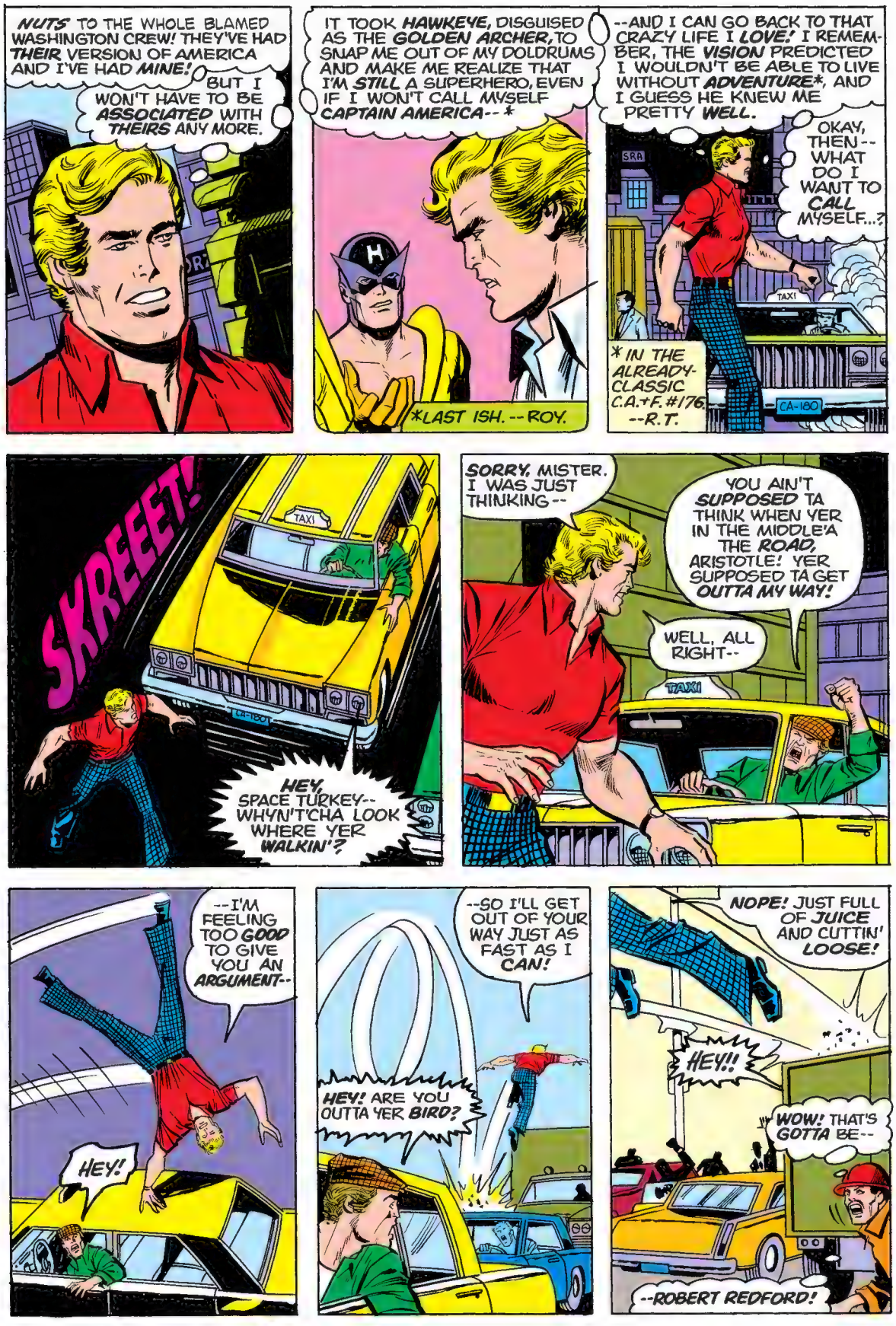
CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
180
DEC
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™
THE END OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! THE AWESOME ORIGIN OF STEVE ROGERS NEW SECRET IDENTITY!
LOOK OUT, WORLD-BEATERS! HERE COMES THE NOMAD!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

THE COMING OF THE NOMAD!*


PRESENTING! THE MOST ASTOUNDINGLY DIFFERENT CAP SAGA YET. BUT DON'T TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT, MARVELITE, READ ON AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF! EXCELSIOR!!
STEVE ENGLEHART, Author
SAL BUSCEMA, Artist
VINCE COLLETTA, INKS
LINDA LESSMAN, COLORIST
TOM ORZECHOWSKI, LETTERS
ROY THOMAS, Editor
AT LAST, HE FEELS HE HAS FOUND HIS DESTINY! CAPTAIN AMERICA LIES BEHIND HIM, BURIED IN THE RUBBLE THAT IS POLITICS, 1974...
...BUT A LIFE AS A NEW BREED OF HERO--A HERO FREE TO BE HIS OWN MAN--AH, THAT LIES AHEAD...
...AND STEVE ROGERS QUICKENS HIS PACE TO REACH IT!
* SPECIAL THANKS TO MARTHA (DUKE) DUKESHIRE FOR NAMING THAT STUNNING CONCEPT!


NUTS TO THE WHOLE BLAMED WASHINGTON CREW! THEY'VE HAD THEIR VERSION OF AMERICA AND I'VE HAD MINE!
BUT I WON'T HAVE TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH THEIRS ANY MORE.
IT TOOK HAWKEYE, DISGUISED AS THE GOLDEN ARCHER, TO SNAP ME OUT OF MY DOLDRUMS AND MAKE ME REALIZE THAT I'M STILL A SUPERHERO, EVEN IF I WON'T CALL MYSELF CAPTAIN AMERICA--*
*LAST ISH. -- ROY.
--AND I CAN GO BACK TO THAT CRAZY LIFE I LOVE! I REMEMBER, THE VISION PREDICTED I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO LIVE WITHOUT ADVENTURE*, AND I GUESS HE KNEW ME PRETTY WELL.
OKAY, THEN -- WHAT DO I WANT TO CALL MYSELF...?
* IN THE ALREADY-CLASSIC C.A.+F. #176. --R.T.
SKREEET!
HEY, SPACE TURKEY-- WHYN'T'CHA LOOK WHERE YER WALKIN'?
SORRY, MISTER. I WAS JUST THINKING--
YOU AIN'T SUPPOSED TA THINK WHEN YER IN THE MIDDLE'A THE ROAD, ARISTOTLE! YER SUPPOSED TA GET OUTTA MY WAY!
WELL, ALL RIGHT--
--I'M FEELING TOO GOOD TO GIVE YOU AN ARGUMENT--
HEY!
--SO I'LL GET OUT OF YOUR WAY JUST AS FAST AS I CAN!
HEY! ARE YOU OUTTA YER BIRD?
NOPE! JUST FULL OF JUICE AND CUTTIN' LOOSE!
HEY!!
WOW! THAT'S GOTTA BE--
--ROBERT REDFORD!

WELL, SINCE AN UPROARIOUS **STEVE ROGERS** ISN'T HANGING AROUND THAT MANHATTAN THOROUGHFARE, THERE'S NO REASON FOR **US** TO DO SO--

--PARTICULARLY NOT WHEN A MORE **SECLUDED** ROAD IN THE GREAT STATE OF **VIRGINIA** IS ABOUT TO WITNESS **THRICE** AS MUCH ACTION!

MEET: THE VILLAINOUS **VIPER** (THE MAN WHO **BEGAN** THE WHOLE **MOONSTONE CONSPIRACY**) AND THREE GRANITE-GRIM **U.S. MARSHALS.**

SO NOW IT'S **MY** TURN FOR THE GRAND JURIES AND SUBCOMMITTEES, HUH? I THINK I'D RATHER HAVE STAYED WHERE I **WAS,** ON THE **SERPENT SQUAD** RAP.*

SAY, YOUR NAME ISN'T **VIRGINIA SLIM,** BY ANY CHANCE?

YOU KNOW WHAT THEY **SAY:** "JUST LIKE A **GOOD NEIGHBOR,** THE **STATE PEN** IS THERE."

NONE OF YOUR AD-MAN **LIP,** VIPER.

*A REFERENCE TO CA&P #163.- R.T.

YOUR SNAPPY PATTER WON'T KEEP US FROM DELIVERING YOU TO THE DISTRICT IN **PLENTY** OF TIME FOR--

WASH DC 25
BALT 55

BURMA SHAVE

BOMB!

LOOK OUT!

Hmmm...

DON'T GET YOUR **HOPES** UP, CON! **WHATEVER** YOUR BUDDIES ARE TRYING TO PULL, THIS CAR WAS **SPECIALLY DESIGNED** TO WITHSTAND JUST ABOUT **ANYTHING UNDER THE SUN!**

YES **INDEED,** OFFICER: "**JUST ABOUT** ANYTHING."

THAT DART--SPRAYING **ACID** OR SOMETHING! IT SHATTERED THE **BULLET-PROOF GLASS!**

NO, NOT **ACID--!**

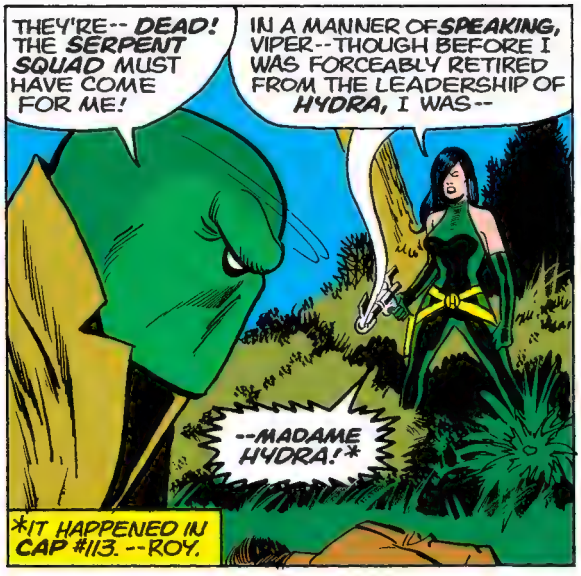
IT'S A **GAS** OF SOME SORT-- BURNING MY **FACE,** MY **EYES!**

WE HAVE TO GET **OUT!**

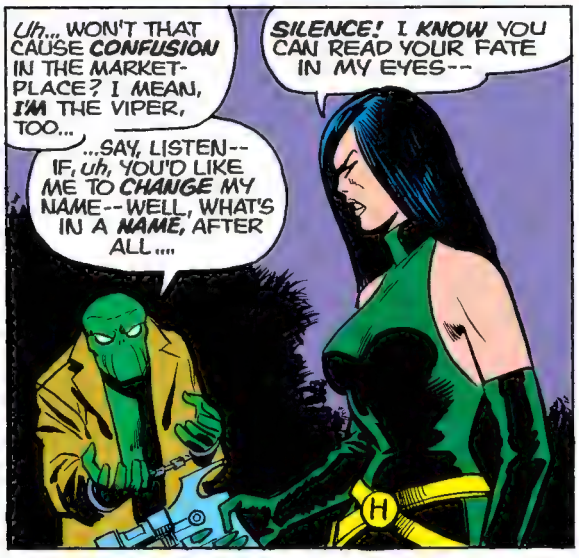
TOO **BAD,** MARSHAL-- FOR **YOU** CAN SEE THE INEVITABLE NEXT STEP AS CLEARLY AS **WE** CAN.

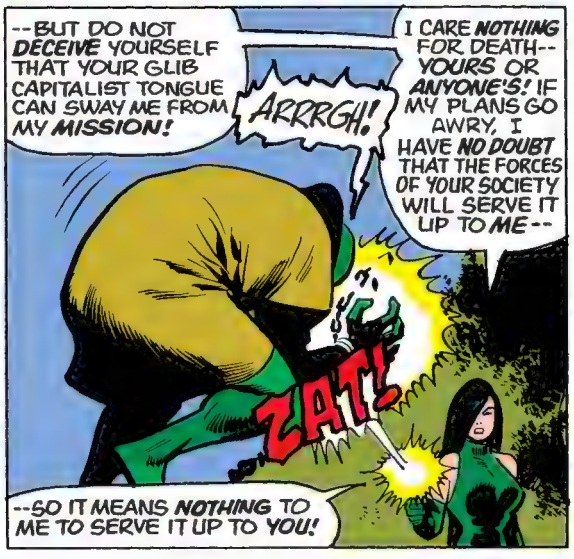
YOU KNOW THAT ONCE YOU'RE FORCED FROM YOUR **PROTECTION--**

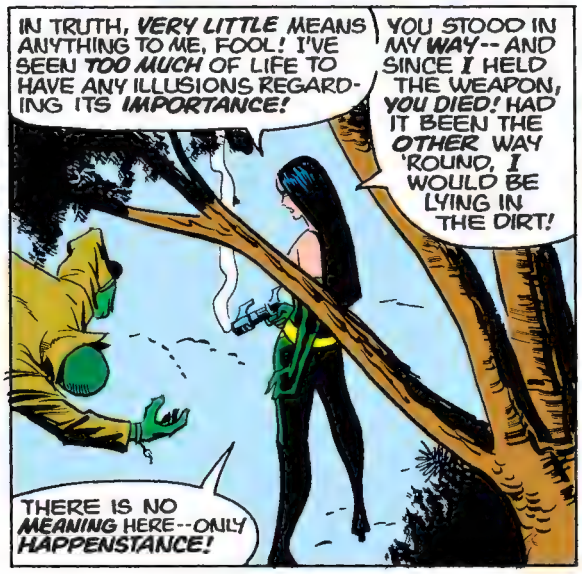
--YOUR UNSEEN ENEMY WILL PLAY THE **TRUMP!**

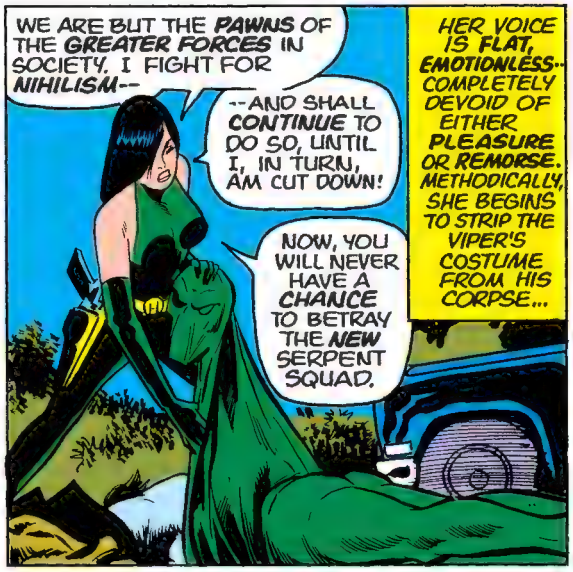

THEY'RE-- DEAD! THE SERPENT SQUAD MUST HAVE COME FOR ME!
IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING, VIPER--THOUGH BEFORE I WAS FORCEABLY RETIRED FROM THE LEADERSHIP OF HYDRA, I WAS--
--MADAME HYDRA!*
*IT HAPPENED IN CAP #113. --ROY.

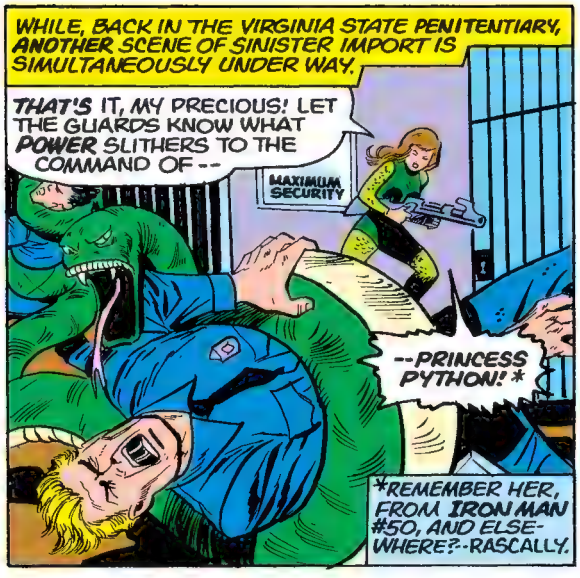
BUT NOW I REJECT MY PREVIOUS NAME, TO TAKE UP THE STRUGGLE FOR SERPENT SUPREMACY-- FOR THE TRIUMPH OF TERROR OVER THE FORCES OF SO-CALLED CIVILIZATION!
NOW, I TAKE THE NOM DE GUERRE OF-- VIPER!


Uh... WON'T THAT CAUSE CONFUSION IN THE MARKET-PLACE? I MEAN, I'M THE VIPER, TOO...
...SAY, LISTEN-- IF, uh, YOU'D LIKE ME TO CHANGE MY NAME--WELL, WHAT'S IN A NAME, AFTER ALL....
SILENCE! I KNOW YOU CAN READ YOUR FATE IN MY EYES--

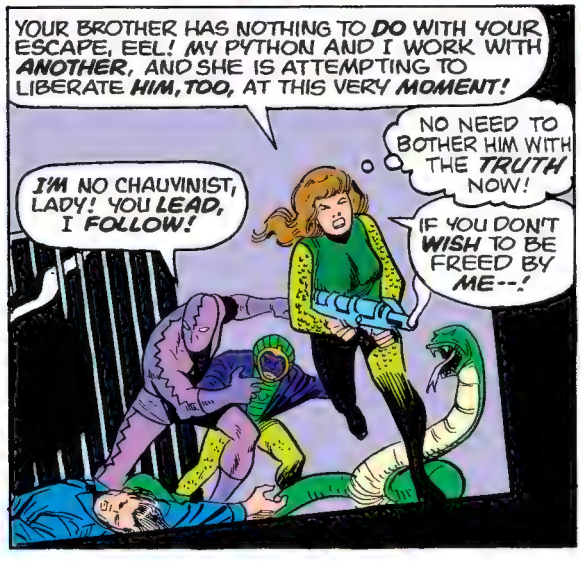

--BUT DO NOT DECEIVE YOURSELF THAT YOUR GLIB CAPITALIST TONGUE CAN SWAY ME FROM MY MISSION!
ARRRGH!
I CARE NOTHING FOR DEATH-- YOURS OR ANYONE'S! IF MY PLANS GO AWRY, I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT THE FORCES OF YOUR SOCIETY WILL SERVE IT UP TO ME--
ZAT!
--SO IT MEANS NOTHING TO ME TO SERVE IT UP TO YOU!


IN TRUTH, VERY LITTLE MEANS ANYTHING TO ME, FOOL! I'VE SEEN TOO MUCH OF LIFE TO HAVE ANY ILLUSIONS REGARDING ITS IMPORTANCE!
YOU STOOD IN MY WAY-- AND SINCE I HELD THE WEAPON, YOU DIED! HAD IT BEEN THE OTHER WAY 'ROUND, I WOULD BE LYING IN THE DIRT!
THERE IS NO MEANING HERE--ONLY HAPPENSTANCE!

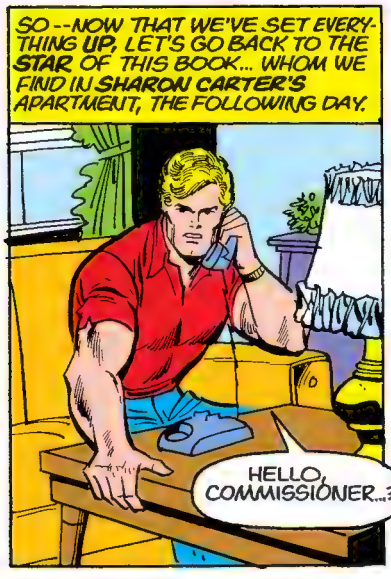

WE ARE BUT THE PAWNS OF THE GREATER FORCES IN SOCIETY. I FIGHT FOR NIHILISM--
--AND SHALL CONTINUE TO DO SO, UNTIL I, IN TURN, AM CUT DOWN!
NOW, YOU WILL NEVER HAVE A CHANCE TO BETRAY THE NEW SERPENT SQUAD.
HER VOICE IS FLAT, EMOTIONLESS.. COMPLETELY DEVOID OF EITHER PLEASURE OR REMORSE. METHODICALLY, SHE BEGINS TO STRIP THE VIPER'S COSTUME FROM HIS CORPSE...


WHILE, BACK IN THE VIRGINIA STATE PENITENTIARY, ANOTHER SCENE OF SINISTER IMPORT IS SIMULTANEOUSLY UNDER WAY.
THAT'S IT, MY PRECIOUS! LET THE GUARDS KNOW WHAT POWER SLITHERS TO THE COMMAND OF --
MAXIMUM SECURITY
--PRINCESS PYTHON! *
*REMEMBER HER, FROM IRON MAN #50, AND ELSEWHERE?--RASCALLY.

PRINCESS PYTHON? HEY, EEL, CAN THIS BE WHAT I THINK IT IS?
YES, COBRA-- YOU TWO ARE TO BE LIBERATED IN THE NAME OF THE REBORN SERPENT SQUAD!
FAR OUT! I TOLD YOU MY BROTHER WOULD COME UP WITH SOMETHING WHEN THEY TOOK HIM TO WASHINGTON!
ZAM!

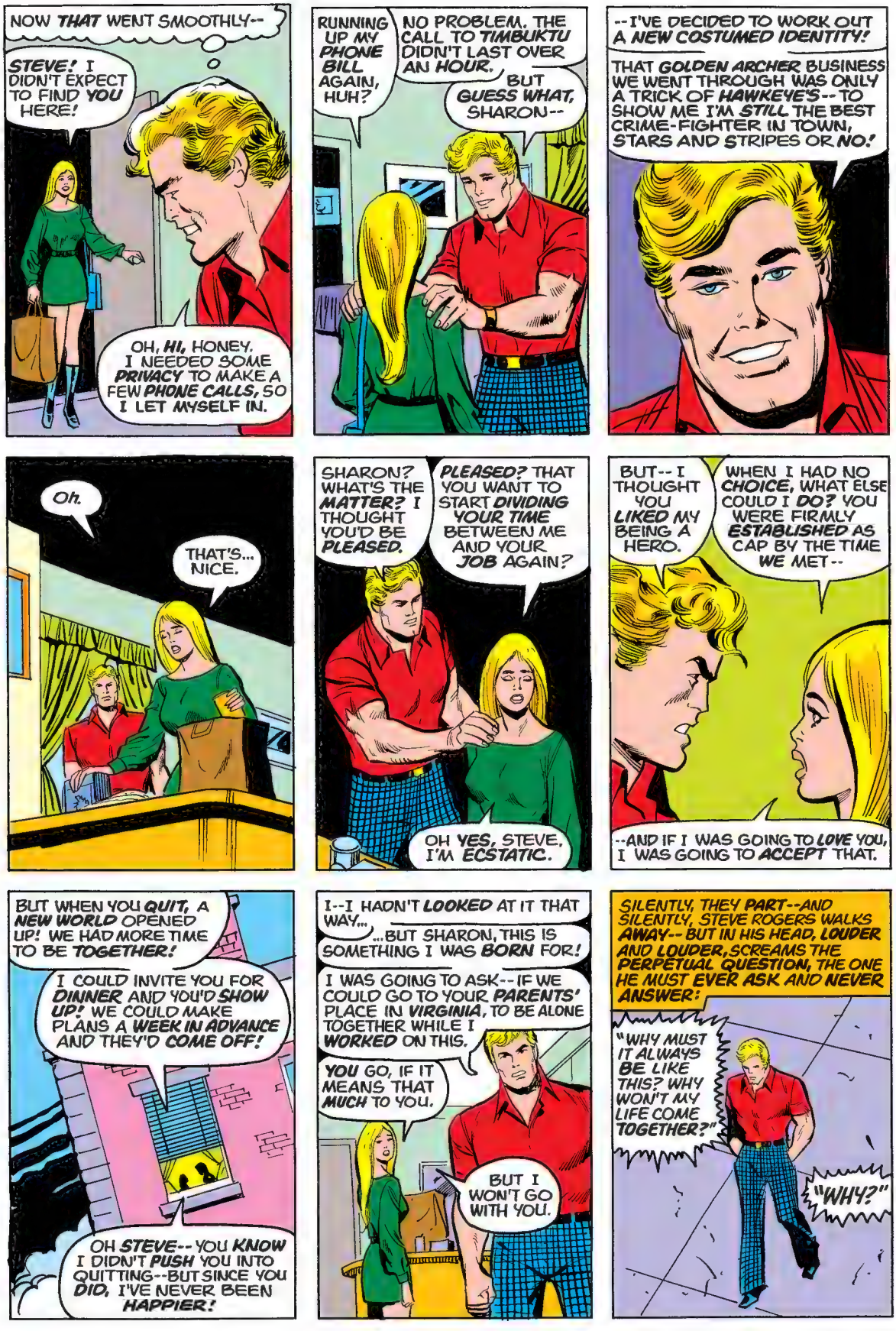

YOUR BROTHER HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR ESCAPE, EEL! MY PYTHON AND I WORK WITH ANOTHER, AND SHE IS ATTEMPTING TO LIBERATE HIM, TOO, AT THIS VERY MOMENT!
NO NEED TO BOTHER HIM WITH THE TRUTH NOW!
I'M NO CHAUVINIST, LADY! YOU LEAD, I FOLLOW!
IF YOU DON'T WISH TO BE FREED BY ME--!

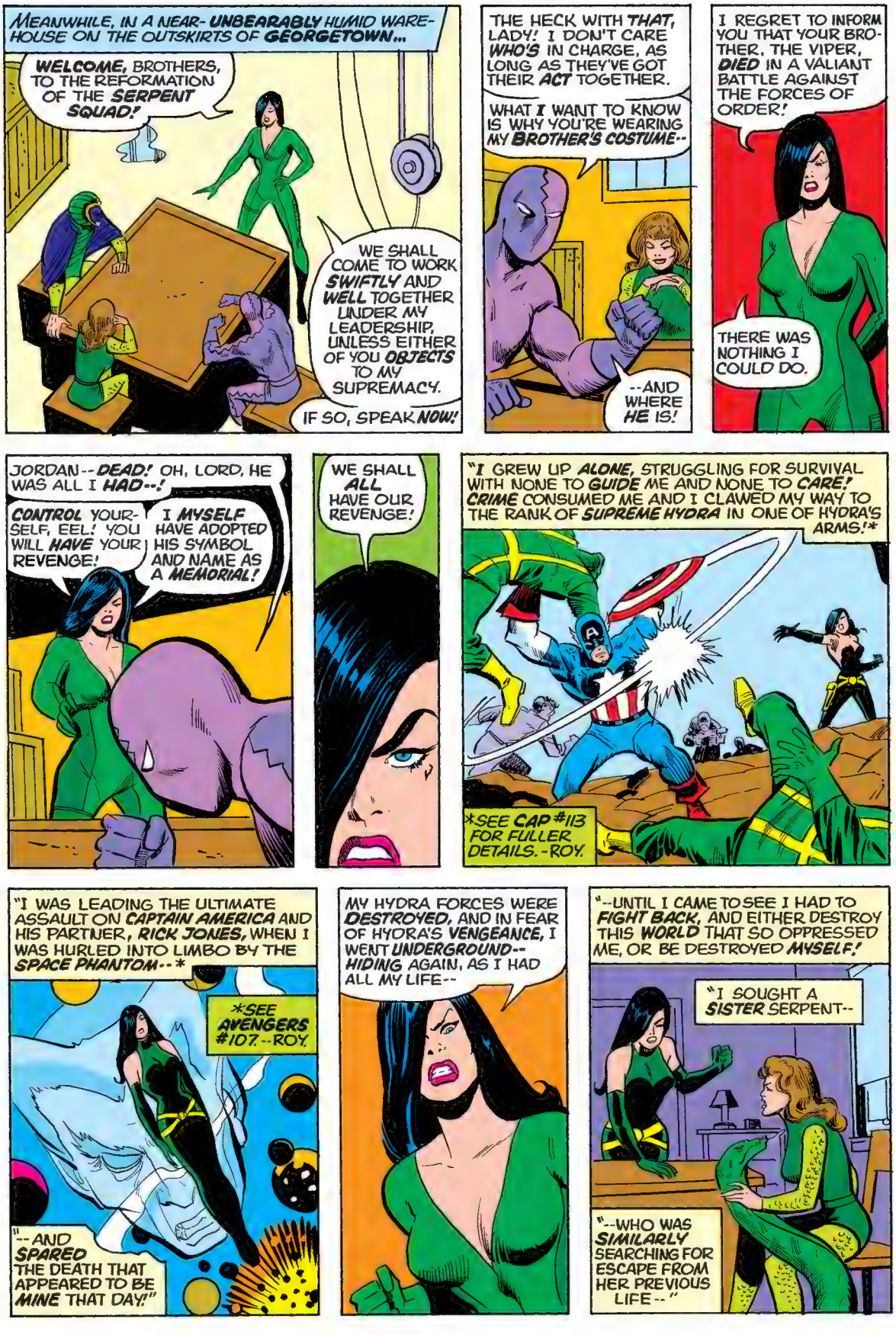
GOOD! REMEMBER THAT!
THEN BEWARE, WORLD--
--THE SERPENT SQUAD LIVES AGAIN!


SO--NOW THAT WE'VE SET EVERYTHING UP, LET'S GO BACK TO THE STAR OF THIS BOOK... WHOM WE FIND IN SHARON CARTER'S APARTMENT, THE FOLLOWING DAY.
HELLO, COMMISSIONER...?

SIR, I'M TYING UP THE LOOSE THREADS FROM MY LIFE AS CAPTAIN AMERICA, AND I SUDDENLY REALIZED--
--THAT YOU'D NEVER FORMALLY QUIT THE POLICE FORCE!
CAP... STEVE...

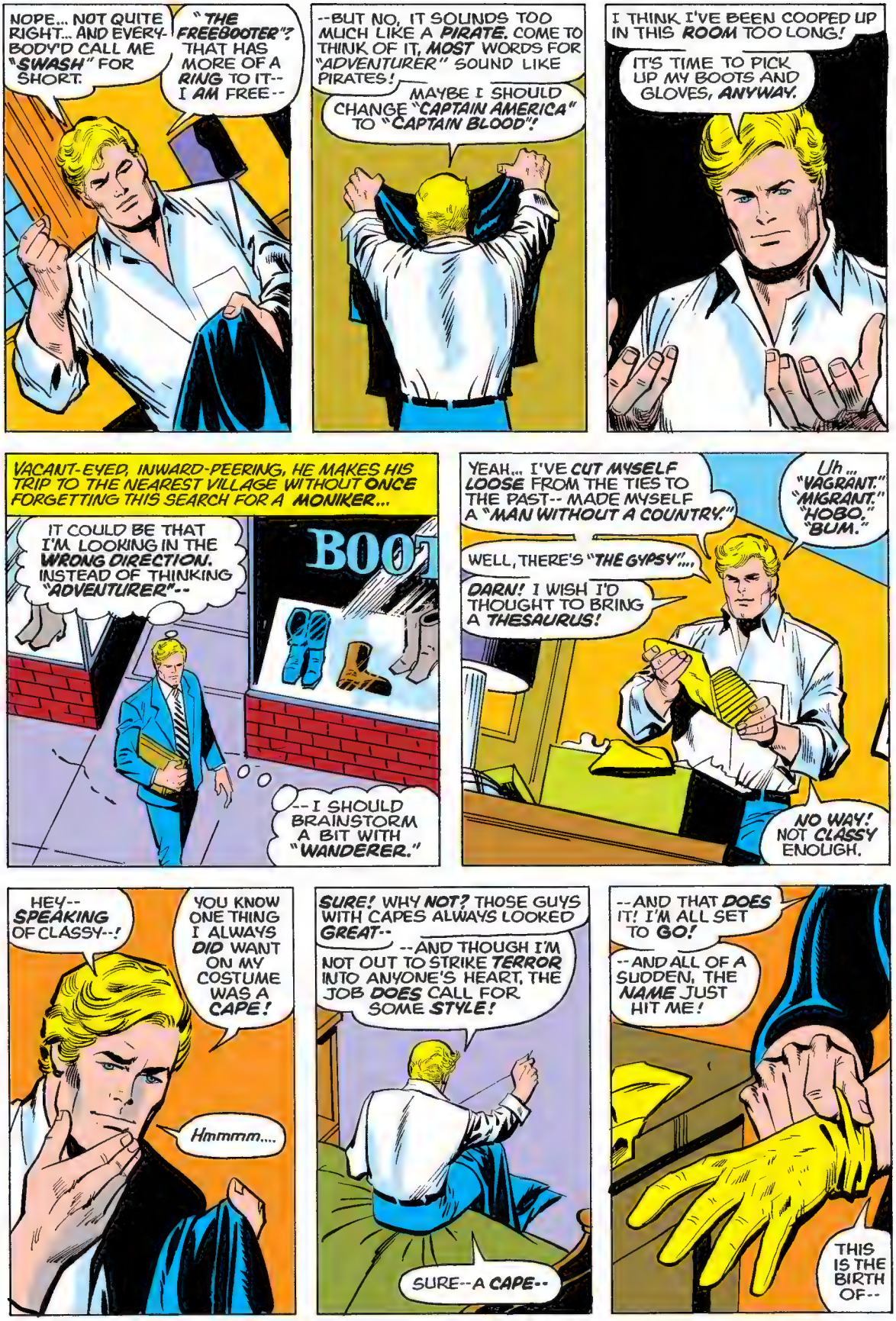
...YOU DID YOUR JOB, AND MUCH, MUCH MORE FOR US. I NEVER EXPECTED YOU TO STAY AROUND AS LONG AS YOU DID! GOOD LUCK, SON. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING!
THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER.

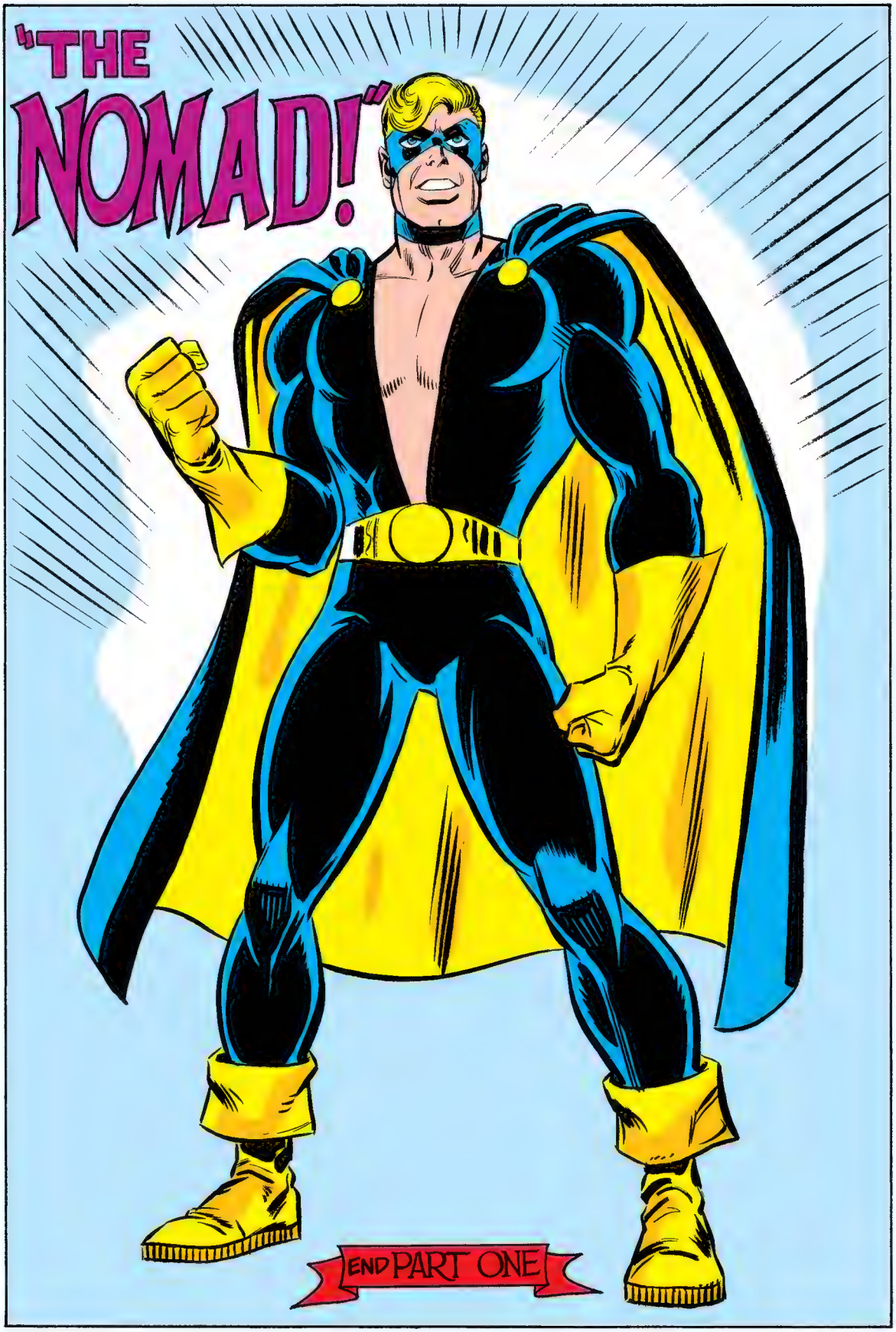

NOW THAT WENT SMOOTHLY--
STEVE! I DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU HERE!
OH, HI, HONEY. I NEEDED SOME PRIVACY TO MAKE A FEW PHONE CALLS, SO I LET MYSELF IN.
RUNNING UP MY PHONE BILL AGAIN, HUH?
NO PROBLEM. THE CALL TO TIMBUKTU DIDN'T LAST OVER AN HOUR.
BUT GUESS WHAT, SHARON--
--I'VE DECIDED TO WORK OUT A NEW COSTUMED IDENTITY!
THAT GOLDEN ARCHER BUSINESS WE WENT THROUGH WAS ONLY A TRICK OF HAWKEYE'S--TO SHOW ME I'M STILL THE BEST CRIME-FIGHTER IN TOWN, STARS AND STRIPES OR NO!
Oh.
THAT'S... NICE.
SHARON? WHAT'S THE MATTER? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE PLEASED.
PLEASED? THAT YOU WANT TO START DIVIDING YOUR TIME BETWEEN ME AND YOUR JOB AGAIN?
OH YES, STEVE, I'M ECSTATIC.
BUT-- I THOUGHT YOU LIKED MY BEING A HERO.
WHEN I HAD NO CHOICE, WHAT ELSE COULD I DO? YOU WERE FIRMLY ESTABLISHED AS CAP BY THE TIME WE MET--
--AND IF I WAS GOING TO LOVE YOU, I WAS GOING TO ACCEPT THAT.
BUT WHEN YOU QUIT, A NEW WORLD OPENED UP! WE HAD MORE TIME TO BE TOGETHER!
I COULD INVITE YOU FOR DINNER AND YOU'D SHOW UP! WE COULD MAKE PLANS A WEEK IN ADVANCE AND THEY'D COME OFF!
OH STEVE-- YOU KNOW I DIDN'T PUSH YOU INTO QUITTING--BUT SINCE YOU DID, I'VE NEVER BEEN HAPPIER!
I--I HADN'T LOOKED AT IT THAT WAY...
...BUT SHARON, THIS IS SOMETHING I WAS BORN FOR!
I WAS GOING TO ASK-- IF WE COULD GO TO YOUR PARENTS' PLACE IN VIRGINIA, TO BE ALONE TOGETHER WHILE I WORKED ON THIS.
YOU GO, IF IT MEANS THAT MUCH TO YOU.
BUT I WON'T GO WITH YOU.
SILENTLY, THEY PART--AND SILENTLY, STEVE ROGERS WALKS AWAY-- BUT IN HIS HEAD, LOUDER AND LOUDER, SCREAMS THE PERPETUAL QUESTION, THE ONE HE MUST EVER ASK AND NEVER ANSWER:
"WHY MUST IT ALWAYS BE LIKE THIS? WHY WON'T MY LIFE COME TOGETHER?"
"WHY?"


MEANWHILE, IN A NEAR-UNBEARABLY HUMID WARE-HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GEORGETOWN...
WELCOME, BROTHERS, TO THE REFORMATION OF THE SERPENT SQUAD!
WE SHALL COME TO WORK SWIFTLY AND WELL TOGETHER UNDER MY LEADERSHIP, UNLESS EITHER OF YOU OBJECTS TO MY SUPREMACY.
IF SO, SPEAK NOW!
THE HECK WITH THAT, LADY! I DON'T CARE WHO'S IN CHARGE, AS LONG AS THEY'VE GOT THEIR ACT TOGETHER.
WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY YOU'RE WEARING MY BROTHER'S COSTUME--
--AND WHERE HE IS!
I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR BRO-THER, THE VIPER, DIED IN A VALIANT BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF ORDER!
THERE WAS NOTHING I COULD DO.
JORDAN--DEAD! OH, LORD, HE WAS ALL I HAD--!
CONTROL YOUR-SELF, EEL! YOU WILL HAVE YOUR REVENGE!
I MYSELF HAVE ADOPTED HIS SYMBOL AND NAME AS A MEMORIAL!
WE SHALL ALL HAVE OUR REVENGE!
"I GREW UP ALONE, STRUGGLING FOR SURVIVAL WITH NONE TO GUIDE ME AND NONE TO CARE! CRIME CONSUMED ME AND I CLAWED MY WAY TO THE RANK OF SUPREME HYDRA IN ONE OF HYDRA'S ARMS!*
*SEE CAP #113 FOR FULLER DETAILS.-ROY.
"I WAS LEADING THE ULTIMATE ASSAULT ON CAPTAIN AMERICA AND HIS PARTNER, RICK JONES, WHEN I WAS HURLED INTO LIMBO BY THE SPACE PHANTOM--*
*SEE AVENGERS #107.--ROY.
"--AND SPARED THE DEATH THAT APPEARED TO BE MINE THAT DAY!"
MY HYDRA FORCES WERE DESTROYED, AND IN FEAR OF HYDRA'S VENGEANCE, I WENT UNDERGROUND--HIDING AGAIN, AS I HAD ALL MY LIFE--
"--UNTIL I CAME TO SEE I HAD TO FIGHT BACK, AND EITHER DESTROY THIS WORLD THAT SO OPPRESSED ME, OR BE DESTROYED MYSELF!
"I SOUGHT A SISTER SERPENT--
"--WHO WAS SIMILARLY SEARCHING FOR ESCAPE FROM HER PREVIOUS LIFE--"

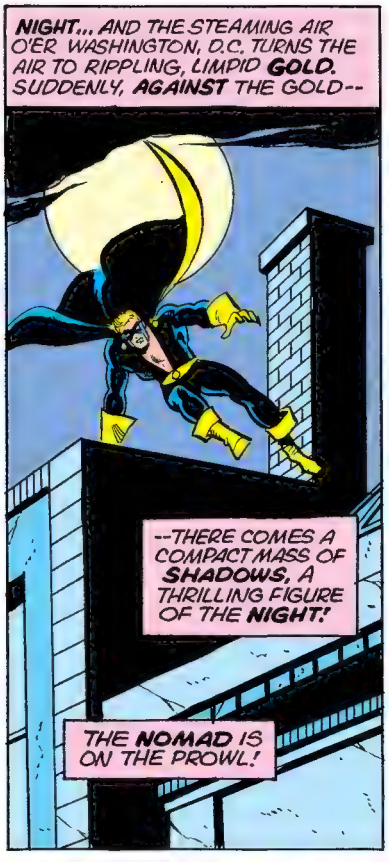
--AND THEN I SOUGHT THE SERPENT SQUAD!
TO ACT AS YOUR TROOPS--YOUR PAWNS?
HARDLY, WOMAN! THE HUMAN COBRA IS HIS OWN MAN!
MEANING THAT YOU ARE THE NATURAL LEADER FOR THIS SQUAD?
MEANING EXACTLY THAT, FEMALE! DESPITE MY NAME, I AM NOT ENTIRELY HUMAN--
--AND I STRIKE WITH THE SPEED AND SURETY OF THE KING COBRA HIMSELF!
BUT THE VIPER IS NO LESS QUICK, YOU FOOL--
--AND SHE IS EVERY BIT AS DEADLY!
TLOK!
HAD I MY FANGS, YOU'D NOT HAVE LIVED TO STRIKE THE FLOOR--!
AS IT IS, ONLY MY EXTREME DESIRE TO SEE YOU ADMIT YOUR ERROR KEEPS ME FROM USING A LETHAL DART ON YOU--
--INSTEAD OF ONE DIPPED IN PARALYSIS VENOM!
THE VIPER RULES THIS NEST OF SNAKES, COBRA! THE EEL AND THE PYTHON AGREE! DO YOU?
DO YOU?
Y...YES...
GOOD! THEN LISTEN: WE HAVE A MISSION! I'LL TELL YOU NO MORE ABOUT IT NOW... IN CASE YOUR CONVERSION MIGHT CRUMBLE AND LEAD YOU TO THE LAW...
...BUT YOU MAY BELIEVE YOU WILL NEVER REGRET JOINING US!

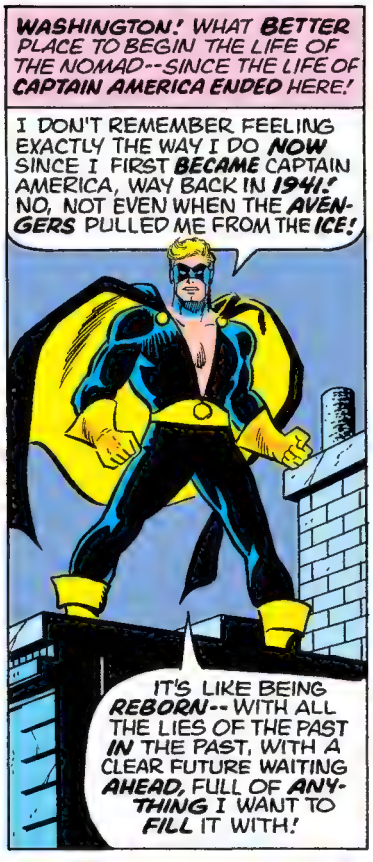
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS PASS. STEVE ROGERS HAS LEFT NEW YORK AND ALL ITS CONFUSION FOR THE QUIET GREEN OF THE VIRGINIA HILLS... AND A MOST IMPORTANT TIME IN HIS TUMULTUOUS LIFE.
MR. CARTER? I'M ---
OF COURSE, STEVE. SHARY'S SPOKEN OF YOU OFTEN!*
WELCOME TO OUR HOME!
*STEVE'S ONLY BEEN HERE AS CAP BEFORE. --ROY
SHE'S TOLD YOU, THEN, THAT I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG PROJECT?
CERTAINLY-- AND THAT YOU TAKE YOUR WORK VERY SERIOUSLY.
GO ON UP, MY BOY. NONE OF US WILL BOTHER YOU.
THE CARTERS ARE A GREAT FAMILY-- AND AFTER BOTH SHARON AND PEGGY'S JOBS AS SECRET AGENTS, THEY MUST BE USED TO THEIR DAUGHTERS' STRANGE FRIENDS.
THIS IS GOING TO BE FINE!
NOW I HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO WORK OUT MY NEW ALTER EGO--AND THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO HOLD ME BACK!
SO HE GETS DOWN TO IT...
HOURS COME AND GO... AS DO THREE PADS OF PAPER.
NEVER REALIZED BEFORE HOW MUCH EFFORT I WAS SPARED THROUGH THE GOVERNMENT'S GIVING ME MY COSTUME.
I KEEP TRYING TO DESIGN SOMETHING FANTASTIC--
--BUT I'M JUST KIDDING MYSELF! IF I HADN'T LIKED THE BASIC CUT OF MY CAP-SUIT, I HAD OVER A DECADE TO CHANGE IT-- AND I DIDN'T!
THIS IS THE DESIGN I WANT-- NOT MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE OLD ONE!
STILL, I'M PRETTY DIFFERENT FROM WHAT I WAS, AND I'LL NEED A NAME THAT REFLECTS IT.
SINCE I'M GETTING AWAY FROM RED, WHITE, AND BLUE--
--I'VE ALREADY PICKED THIS ALL-WEATHER FABRIC IN SOMBER TONES--
--SO THE NAME SHOULD BE SOMETHING DARK-- MYSTERIOUS.
I HOPE A BAT DOESN'T FLY IN MY WINDOW--
--OR I'LL BE IN BIG TROUBLE!
NO--SOMETHING THAT MEANS "ADVENTURER"-- LIKE "DAREDEVIL!"
WHAT ABOUT-- "THE PRIVATEER"? "THE SWASHBUCKLER?"

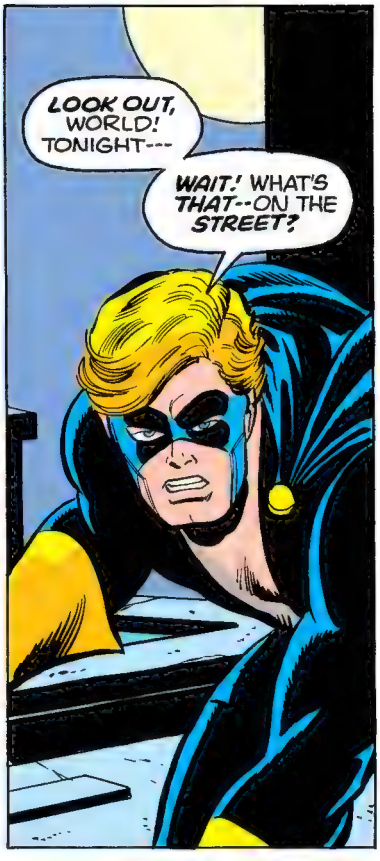

NOPE... NOT QUITE RIGHT... AND EVERYBODY'D CALL ME "SWASH" FOR SHORT.
"THE FREEBOOTER"? THAT HAS MORE OF A RING TO IT-- I AM FREE--
--BUT NO, IT SOUNDS TOO MUCH LIKE A PIRATE. COME TO THINK OF IT, MOST WORDS FOR "ADVENTURER" SOUND LIKE PIRATES!
MAYBE I SHOULD CHANGE "CAPTAIN AMERICA" TO "CAPTAIN BLOOD"!
I THINK I'VE BEEN COOPED UP IN THIS ROOM TOO LONG!
IT'S TIME TO PICK UP MY BOOTS AND GLOVES, ANYWAY.
VACANT-EYED, INWARD-PEERING, HE MAKES HIS TRIP TO THE NEAREST VILLAGE WITHOUT ONCE FORGETTING THIS SEARCH FOR A MONIKER...
IT COULD BE THAT I'M LOOKING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. INSTEAD OF THINKING "ADVENTURER"--
BOOT
--I SHOULD BRAINSTORM A BIT WITH "WANDERER."
YEAH... I'VE CUT MYSELF LOOSE FROM THE TIES TO THE PAST-- MADE MYSELF A "MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY."
Uh... "VAGRANT." "MIGRANT." "HOBO." "BUM."
WELL, THERE'S "THE GYPSY"...
DARN! I WISH I'D THOUGHT TO BRING A THESAURUS!
NO WAY! NOT CLASSY ENOUGH.
HEY-- SPEAKING OF CLASSY--!
YOU KNOW ONE THING I ALWAYS DID WANT ON MY COSTUME WAS A CAPE!
Hmmmm....
SURE! WHY NOT? THOSE GUYS WITH CAPES ALWAYS LOOKED GREAT--
--AND THOUGH I'M NOT OUT TO STRIKE TERROR INTO ANYONE'S HEART, THE JOB DOES CALL FOR SOME STYLE!
SURE--A CAPE--
--AND THAT DOES IT! I'M ALL SET TO GO!
--AND ALL OF A SUDDEN, THE NAME JUST HIT ME!
THIS IS THE BIRTH OF--


"THE NOMAD!"
END PART ONE

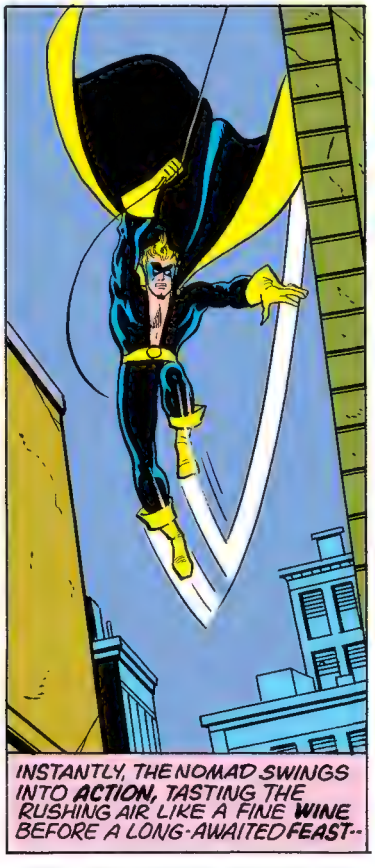
PART TWO
TIME: THAT EVENING.
PLACE: READ THE SIGN.
PERSON: A GUY CALLED ROSCOE.
AIN'T DIS A KICK INNA TEET'? I BEND DA RULES TA SCAM MR. ROGERS' ADDRESS IN DA GYM REGISTRY--*
WELFARE OFFICE
SAM WILSON
*WHERE ROSCOE WORKS AND STEVE WORKED OUT.
--AND DEN HE AIN'T HOME! BUT HECK, IF I LIVED INNA WELFARE OFFICE, I'D TRAVEL A LOT, TOO! I DIDN'T KNOW T'INGS WAS SO BAD FOR 'IM.
SURE WISH I COULDA FOUND 'IM! HE'S DA POIFECT CHOICE.
WELFARE OFFICE SAM WILSON
LOOK WHAT HE'S READIN'!
CAP QUITS
PERFECT CHOICE FOR WHAT, KID?
Huh? WHO? WHA--?
HOLY CROW! THE FALCON! WHAT KINDA LUCK IS DAT?
LUCK? WHAT ARE YOU TALKIN' ABOUT, MY MAN?
WHY, I WAS JUST T'INKIN' ABOUT CAP'N AMERICA, AN' UP POPS 'IS PARTNER!
WELL... I PATROL THIS SECTION O' TOWN PRETTY THOROUGHLY. IT'S NOT HARD TO RUN INTO ME UP HERE.
BUT THERE'S ONE MISTAKE YOU'VE MADE, AMIGO...
WELFARE OFFICE SAM WILSON
THE FALCON HAS NOTHIN' TO DO WITH CAPTAIN AMERICA ANY MORE!
OH, YEAH, I KNOW. HE'S QUIT. BUT DAT'S JUST DA POINT!
YA KNOW ALL DESE GUYS DAT'VE BEEN TRYIN' TA BECOME DA NEW C.A.? WELL, I'M GONNA DO IT!
DAT'S WHERE MR. ROGERS COMES IN! HE'S DA BEST GYMNIST I EVER SEEN--
--SO IF I CAN GET 'IM TA BE MY TRAINER--
WHA-AT? YOU WANT STEVE TO TRAIN YOU TO BE CAPTAIN AMERICA? THAT'S THE CRAZIEST THING I'VE EVER HEARD!
WHY DON'T YOU GO ON HOME, KID? IT'S GETTIN' LATE, AND IF YOU'RE GONNA DREAM, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE IN BED!
YEAH? AN' WHY DON'T YOU GO SUCK A PEACH, BIRD-BRAIN?
WE'LL SEE WHO'S DREAMIN'!


NIGHT... AND THE STEAMING AIR O'ER WASHINGTON, D.C. TURNS THE AIR TO RIPPLING, LIMPID GOLD. SUDDENLY, AGAINST THE GOLD--
--THERE COMES A COMPACT MASS OF SHADOWS, A THRILLING FIGURE OF THE NIGHT!
THE NOMAD IS ON THE PROWL!


WASHINGTON! WHAT BETTER PLACE TO BEGIN THE LIFE OF THE NOMAD--SINCE THE LIFE OF CAPTAIN AMERICA ENDED HERE!
I DON'T REMEMBER FEELING EXACTLY THE WAY I DO NOW SINCE I FIRST BECAME CAPTAIN AMERICA, WAY BACK IN 1941! NO, NOT EVEN WHEN THE AVENGERS PULLED ME FROM THE ICE!
IT'S LIKE BEING REBORN-- WITH ALL THE LIES OF THE PAST IN THE PAST, WITH A CLEAR FUTURE WAITING AHEAD, FULL OF ANYTHING I WANT TO FILL IT WITH!


LOOK OUT, WORLD! TONIGHT---
WAIT! WHAT'S THAT--ON THE STREET?

SOMEBODY'S BEING KIDNAPPED-- BY A LOT OF OLD SUPER-VILLAINS!
STRAND
RLD PREMIERE APTAIN AMERICA
STOP THEM! STOP THEM! DON'T LET THEM TAKE MY HUSBAND!


INSTANTLY, THE NOMAD SWINGS INTO ACTION, TASTING THE RUSHING AIR LIKE A FINE WINE BEFORE A LONG-AWAITED FEAST--

--AND IT'S NOT TO BE WONDERED AT THAT HE'S OVERLOOKED THE TITLE OF THE MOVIE HE'S ABOUT TO SEE!
AMERICA
WHO IN BLUE BLAZES IS THIS GUY?
DON'T STAND THERE GAWKING! INTO THE THEATRE, NOW!

NO ONE TAKES OUR PRIZE FROM US! NO ONE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA IN ACTION
NOW PLAYING
HEY! YOU CAN'T
UUMPH!
TELL THE POLICE I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU, LACKEY-- BUT THE SERPENT SQUAD TREATS THE PEOPLE WELL!
CAN
"RECENTLY, THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA SUFFERED A GREAT LOSS, WITH THE RETIREMENT OF THE MOST IMPRESSIVE SYMBOL OF LIBERTY EVER CONCEIVED--
"--CAPTAIN AMERICA!
LOOK OUT! SOMETHING CRAZY'S GOING ON!
"THIS FILM, A COMPILIZATION OF NEWSREEL FOOTAGE SHOT OVER THE PAST THIRTY YEARS--
"--WILL ATTEMPT TO SHOW WHAT MADE THIS ETERNALLY-YOUNG MAN THE LIVING LEGEND HE STILL IS--
WUMP
"--AND IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO HIM, WHEREVER HE MAY NOW BE!
NOW THAT'S AN IRONIC COMMENT TO MAKE MY NEW ENTRANCE ON.
YOU GOT THE COBRA, SMART GUY--BUT NEXT, YOU'RE GONNA GET CREAMED!

"CRIMINALS EVERYWHERE, ON THE STREETS OR IN HIGH OFFICE, TREMBLED AT HIS NAME...
YOU PIGS KILLED MY BROTHER-- BUT MY ELECTRI-BLAST WILL GET YOU!
NO THANKS, MISTER-- AND BY THE WAY--
"... THE NAME OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!
--THE NAME'S NOMAD!
BLAM
NOMAD!
"WHAT ARE THE THINGS THAT KEEP A MAN GOING, YEAR IN AND YEAR OUT, AGAINST IMPOSSIBLE ODDS?
"IN AN INTERVIEW WITH CAP, MADE SEVERAL YEARS AGO, HE SAID--
"--'MY WORK IS BOTH EXCITING AND NEVER DONE.
MADAME HYDRA!
NO LONGER, NOMAD! NOW I AM THE VIPER-- AND YOUR DEATH!
I NEVER SAW A MORE COCK-SURE CREW OF KILLERS!
"'NO MATTER HOW OFTEN I RING THE CURTAIN DOWN ON ONE MENACE--
"'--ANOTHER ALWAYS REARS ITS UGLY HEAD BEFORE I CAN EVEN CATCH MY BREATH!
STRIKE, PRECIOUS! STRIKE!
"'ALL I CAN DO IS STAND FIRM, TRY TO TAKE THINGS AS THEY COME--
"'--AND BELIEVE WHAT I'M DOING IS RIGHT!

BLUMP

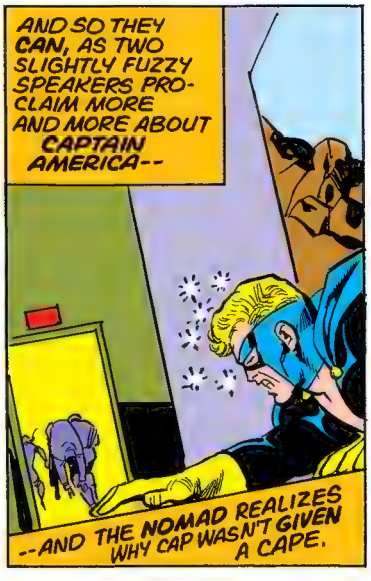
ARROGANT FOOL! DID YOU THINK ONE KICK COULD FELL THE COBRA?
YOU HAVE MUCH TO LEARN!

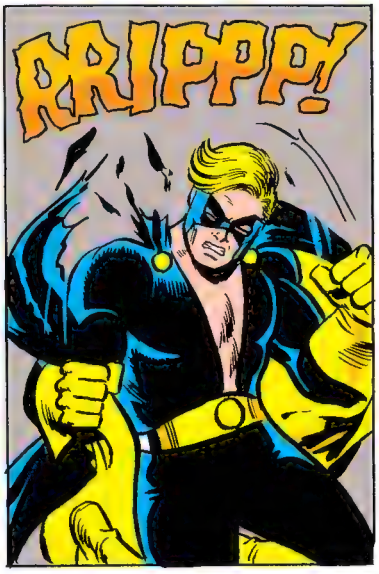
ACTUALLY, COBE, I KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT YOU THAN YOU THINK!

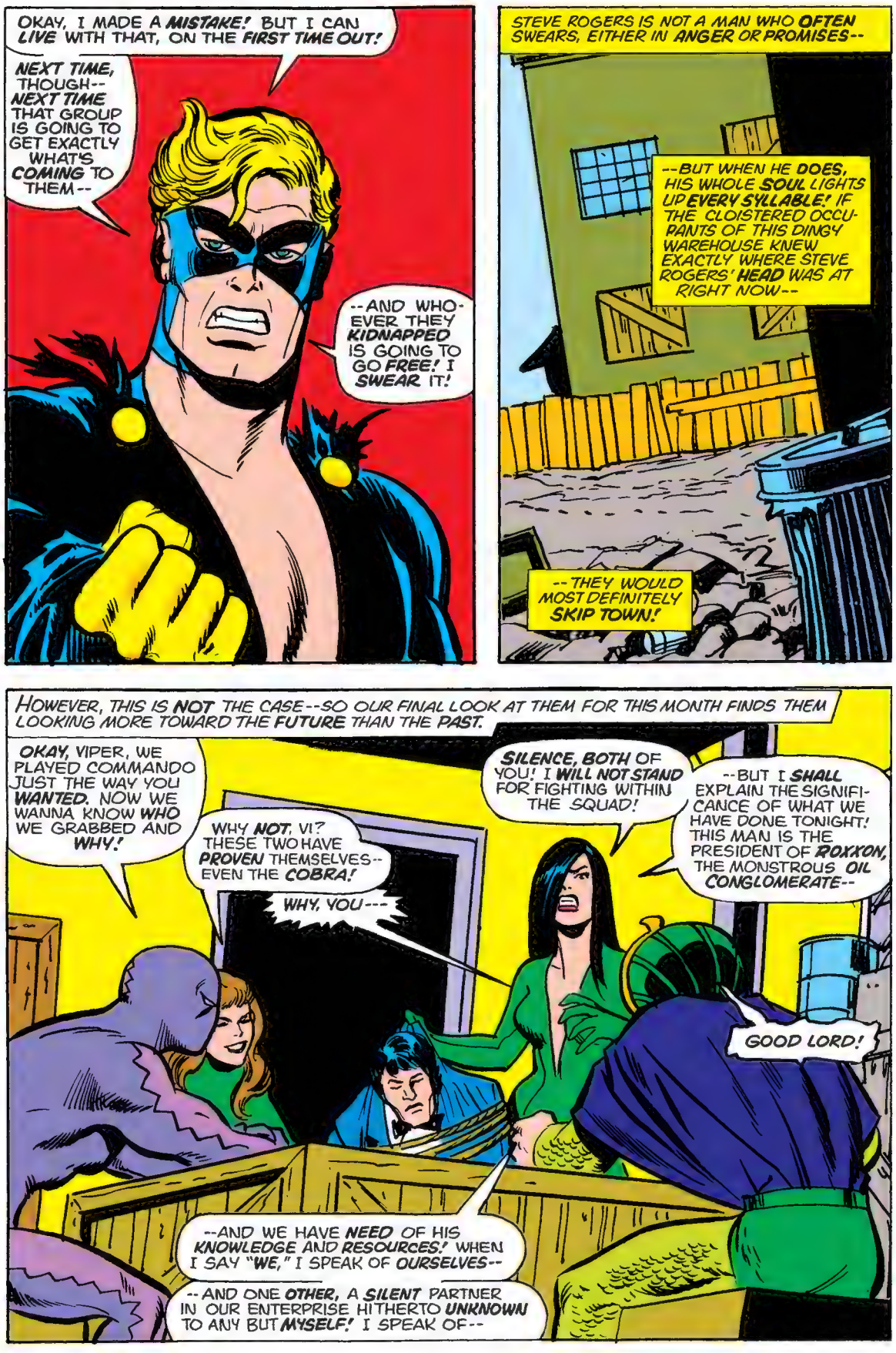
YOU'LL HAVE TO WONDER ABOUT WHEN, BUT WE HAVE MET BEFORE, AND---

WHAM

HE TRIPPED OVER HIS CAPE! I ALWAYS KNEW I'D SEE SOMEONE DO THAT SOMEDAY!
QUICKLY--WHILE HE'S DAZED--
--WE CAN ESCAPE!


AND SO THEY CAN, AS TWO SLIGHTLY FUZZY SPEAKERS PROCLAIM MORE AND MORE ABOUT CAPTAIN AMERICA--
--AND THE NOMAD REALIZES WHY CAP WASN'T GIVEN A CAPE.


RRIPPP!


OKAY, I MADE A MISTAKE! BUT I CAN LIVE WITH THAT, ON THE FIRST TIME OUT!
NEXT TIME, THOUGH-- NEXT TIME THAT GROUP IS GOING TO GET EXACTLY WHAT'S COMING TO THEM--
--AND WHO-EVER THEY KIDNAPPED IS GOING TO GO FREE! I SWEAR IT!
STEVE ROGERS IS NOT A MAN WHO OFTEN SWEARS, EITHER IN ANGER OR PROMISES--
--BUT WHEN HE DOES, HIS WHOLE SOUL LIGHTS UP EVERY SYLLABLE! IF THE CLOISTERED OCCU-PANTS OF THIS DINGY WAREHOUSE KNEW EXACTLY WHERE STEVE ROGERS' HEAD WAS AT RIGHT NOW--
--THEY WOULD MOST DEFINITELY SKIP TOWN!
HOWEVER, THIS IS NOT THE CASE--SO OUR FINAL LOOK AT THEM FOR THIS MONTH FINDS THEM LOOKING MORE TOWARD THE FUTURE THAN THE PAST.
OKAY, VIPER, WE PLAYED COMMANDO JUST THE WAY YOU WANTED. NOW WE WANNA KNOW WHO WE GRABBED AND WHY!
WHY NOT, VI? THESE TWO HAVE PROVEN THEMSELVES-- EVEN THE COBRA!
WHY, YOU---
SILENCE, BOTH OF YOU! I WILL NOT STAND FOR FIGHTING WITHIN THE SQUAD!
--BUT I SHALL EXPLAIN THE SIGNIFI-CANCE OF WHAT WE HAVE DONE TONIGHT! THIS MAN IS THE PRESIDENT OF ROXXON, THE MONSTROUS OIL CONGLOMERATE--
GOOD LORD!
--AND WE HAVE NEED OF HIS KNOWLEDGE AND RESOURCES! WHEN I SAY "WE," I SPEAK OF OURSELVES--
--AND ONE OTHER, A SILENT PARTNER IN OUR ENTERPRISE HITHERTO UNKNOWN TO ANY BUT MYSELF! I SPEAK OF--

--THE WARLORD KRANG, MY DEAR!
KRANG, EXILED NOBLE OF FABLED ATLANTIS HERSELF, WHO SHALL ACHIEVE HIS MOST STUNNING TRIUMPH THROUGH THE AID OF YOUR INDUSTRIALIST, YOURSELVES--
--AND THE SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT CROWN OF LOST LEMURIA!
IN BUT A FEW DAYS, MY FRIENDS--
--WE SHALL RULE THE WORLD!
PHEW! KRANG-- AND STEVE AND SAL JUST GOT THROUGH WITH KANG, OVER IN THE AVENGERS! BUT DON'T GET CONFUSED, PILGRIM--THE NEXT ISH IS LIKE NOTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN BEFORE! BE HERE FOR--
NO LONGER ASLEEP IN THE DEEP!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
CC
181
JAN
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND THE FALCON™
OUT OF MY WAY, YOU CHEAP HOODS!
YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THE NEW CAPTAIN AMERICA!!
STAY BACK, NOMAD! YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO BE CAPTAIN AMERICA!
NOW IT'S HIS TURN!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

STEVE ENGLEHART *STORY*	SAL BUSCEMA *ART*	VINNIE COLLETTA *INKS*	ARTIE SIMEK, *LETTERING* L. LESSMANN, *COLORING*	ROY THOMAS *EDITOR*

THE MARK OF MADNESS!

"I HAVE NEVER HAD A FEELING, POLITICALLY, THAT DID NOT SPRING FROM THE SENTIMENTS EMBODIED IN THE **DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.**"

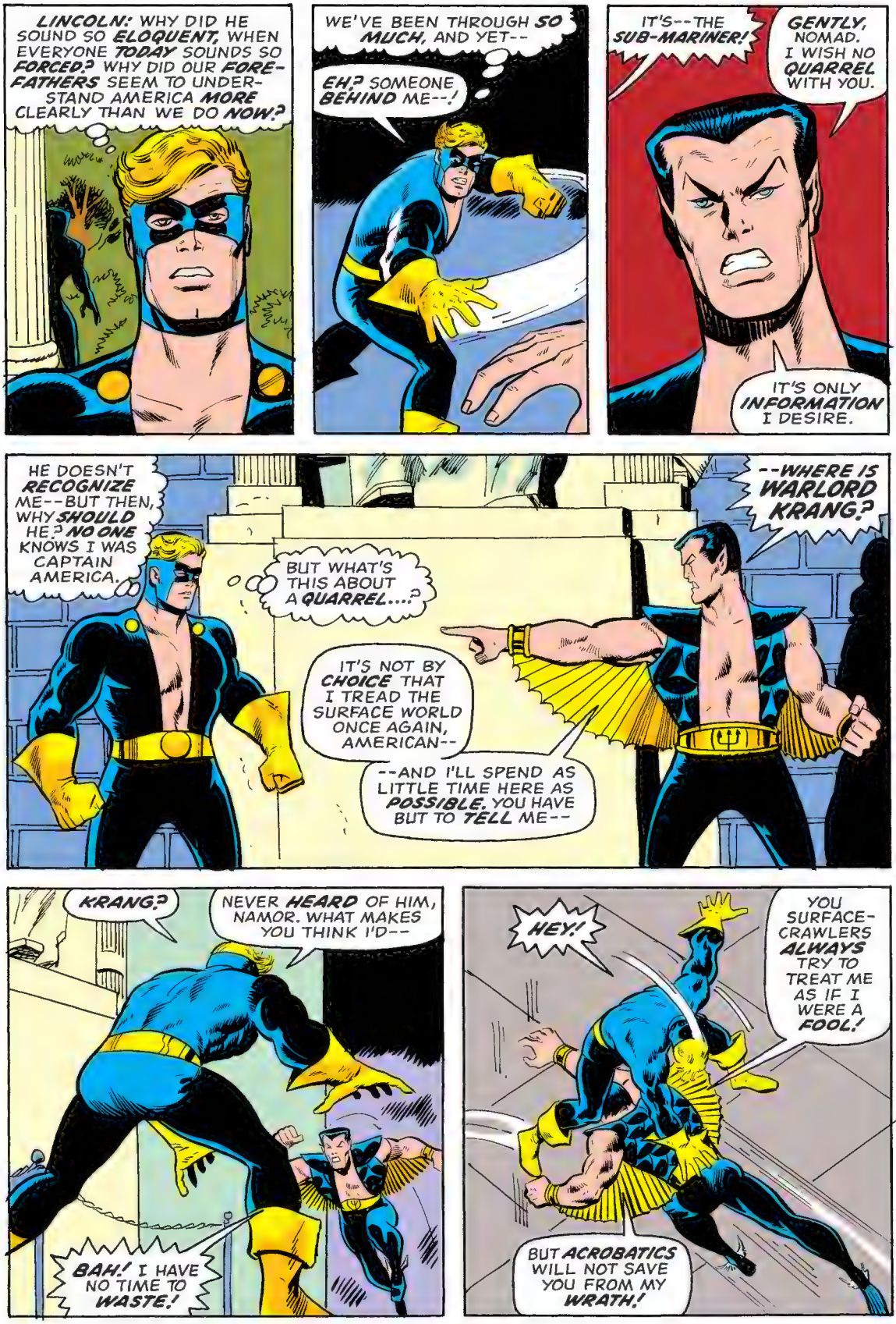
"WHAT CONSTITUTES THE BULWARK OF OUR **OWN** LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE? IT IS NOT OUR FROWNING **BATTLEMENTS,** OUR BRISTLING **SEA COASTS,** OUR **ARMY** AND OUR **NAVY. THESE** ARE NOT OUR RELIANCE AGAINST TYRANNY. ALL OF THOSE MAY BE TURNED **AGAINST** US WITHOUT MAKING US WEAKER FOR THE **STRUGGLE.**

"OUR RELIANCE IS IN THE **LOVE** OF LIBERTY WHICH GOD HAS PLANTED IN US. OUR DEFENSE IS IN THE SPIRIT WHICH **PRIZED** LIBERTY AS THE HERITAGE OF **ALL** MEN, IN **ALL** LANDS **EVERYWHERE.** DESTROY THIS **SPIRIT,** AND YOU HAVE PLANTED THE SEEDS OF DESPOTISM AT YOUR **OWN DOORS.**

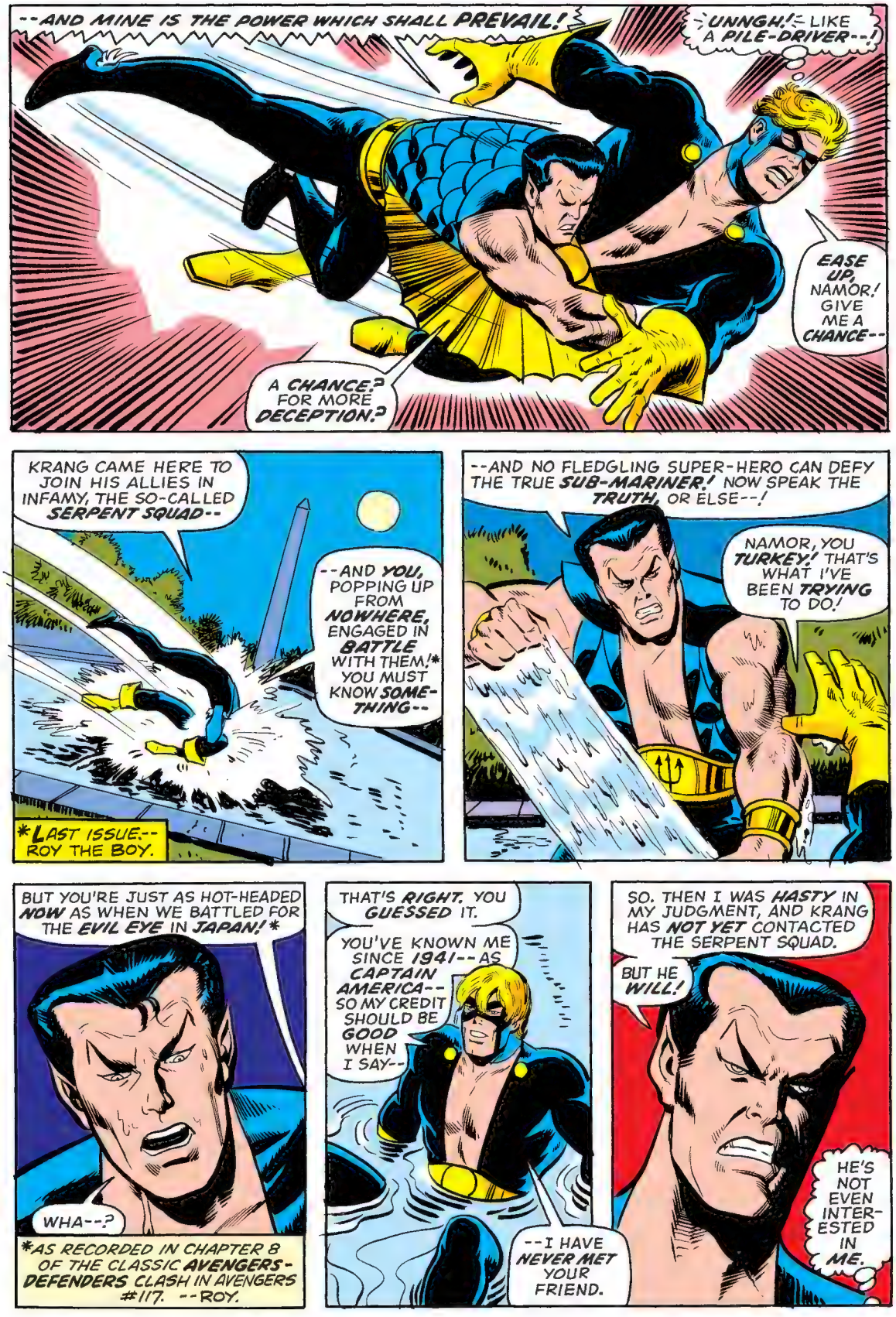
"FAMILIARIZE YOURSELVES WITH THE CHAINS OF **BONDAGE** AND YOU PREPARE YOUR OWN LIMBS TO **WEAR** THEM. ACCUSTOMED TO TRAMPLE ON THE RIGHTS OF **OTHERS,** YOU HAVE LOST THE GENIUS OF YOUR OWN INDEPENDENCE AND BECOME FIT SUBJECTS OF THE FIRST **CUNNING TYRANT** WHO RISES AMONG YOU."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN SAID ALL THAT... BUT **STEVE ROGERS**--ONCE CALLED **CAPTAIN AMERICA,** NOW CALLED **NOMAD**--HAS OFTEN THOUGHT THE SAME. HE IS THINKING IT **NOW,** HERE IN WASHINGTON'S **LINCOLN MEMORIAL...**

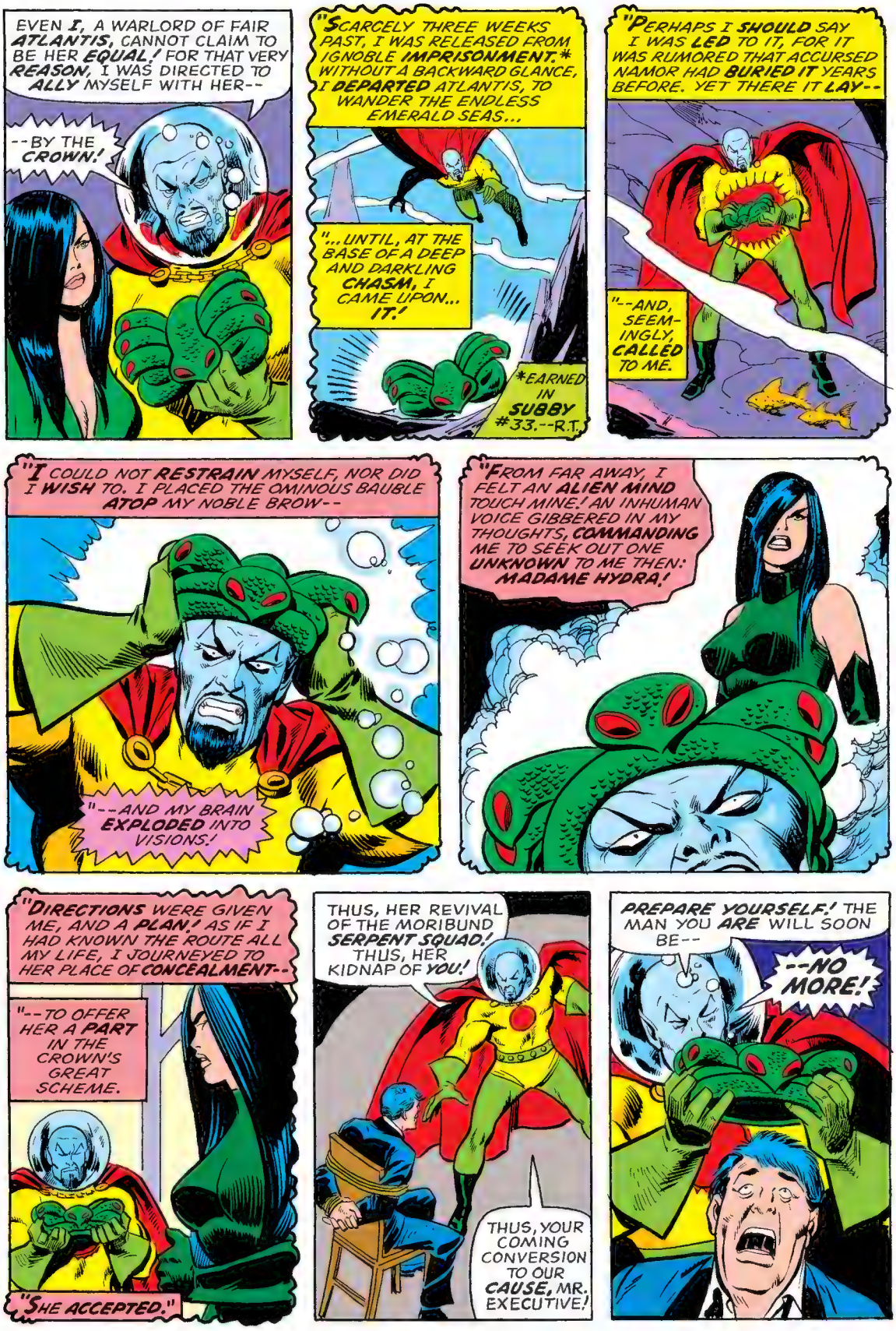
...WHICH IS WHY HE'S OBLIVIOUS TO...**THIS!**

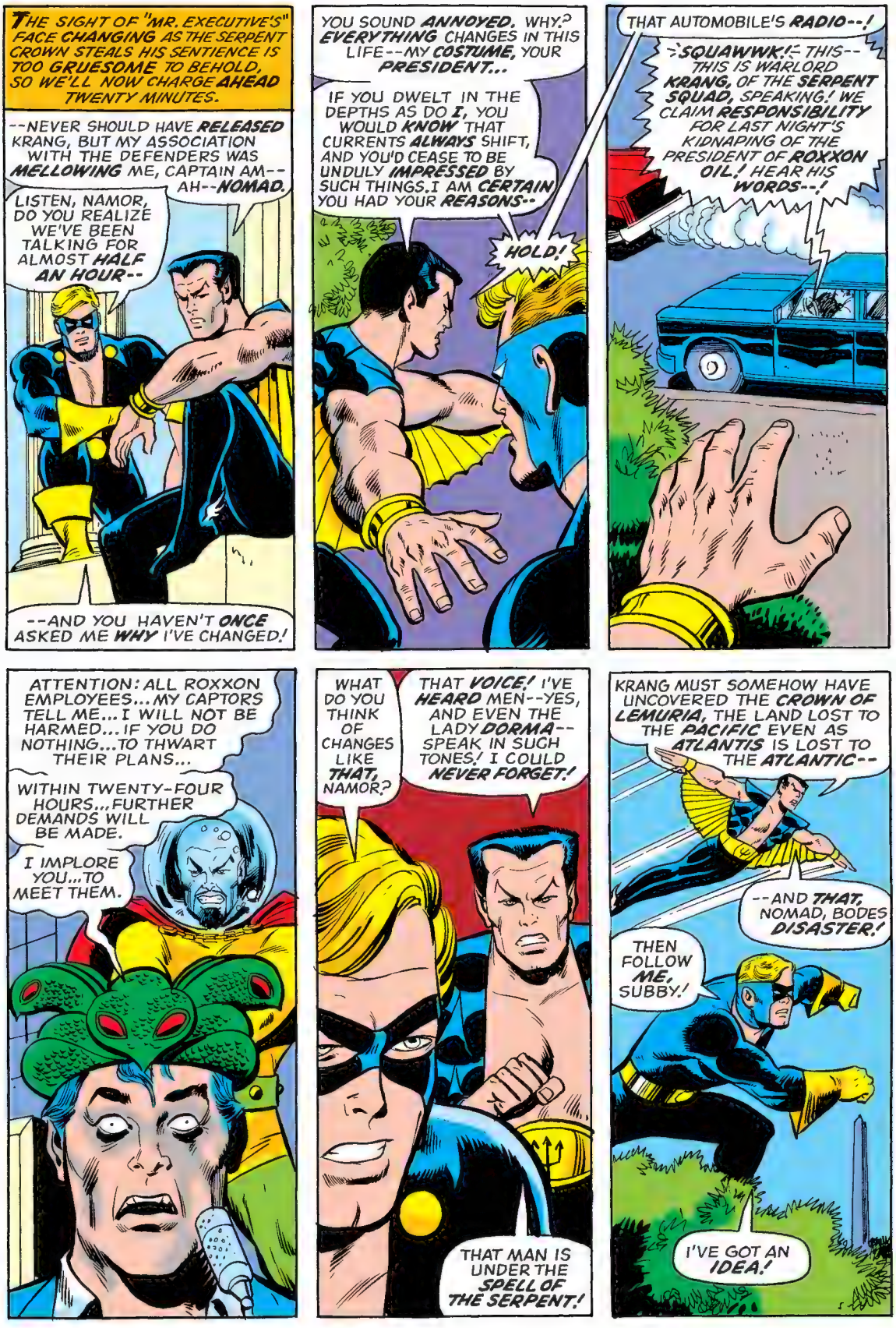

LINCOLN: WHY DID HE SOUND SO ELOQUENT, WHEN EVERYONE TODAY SOUNDS SO FORCED? WHY DID OUR FOREFATHERS SEEM TO UNDERSTAND AMERICA MORE CLEARLY THAN WE DO NOW?
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH SO MUCH, AND YET--
EH? SOMEONE BEHIND ME--!
IT'S--THE SUB-MARINER!
GENTLY, NOMAD. I WISH NO QUARREL WITH YOU.
IT'S ONLY INFORMATION I DESIRE.
HE DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME--BUT THEN, WHY SHOULD HE? NO ONE KNOWS I WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA.
BUT WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A QUARREL...?
--WHERE IS WARLORD KRANG?
IT'S NOT BY CHOICE THAT I TREAD THE SURFACE WORLD ONCE AGAIN, AMERICAN--
--AND I'LL SPEND AS LITTLE TIME HERE AS POSSIBLE. YOU HAVE BUT TO TELL ME--
KRANG?
NEVER HEARD OF HIM, NAMOR. WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I'D--
BAH! I HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!
HEY!
YOU SURFACE-CRAWLERS ALWAYS TRY TO TREAT ME AS IF I WERE A FOOL!
BUT ACROBATICS WILL NOT SAVE YOU FROM MY WRATH!

MISTER, THEY SHOULD PUT YOU IN A CAGE!
WHOP!
IT IS A MIGHTY BLOW, DELIVERED WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH BY ONE WHO KNOWS WELL THE NEAR LIMITLESS POWER OF THE ATLANTEAN!
YET THE SUB-MARINER IS NOT SLOWED.
THERE IS MUCH YOU MUST LEARN, NOMAD--
--FOR IF YOU WISH TO SURVIVE THIS PATH OF ADVENTURE UPON WHICH YOU HAVE SET YOUR FEET, YOU MUST RECOGNIZE YOUR BETTERS!
BA-LAM!
UNDERSTAND?
YOU ARE EXTRAORDINARILY VIGOROUS FOR A SURFACE-MAN, BUT YOU ARE AS NOTHING TO ME!
MINE IS THE POWER OF THE SEAS THEM-SELVES--

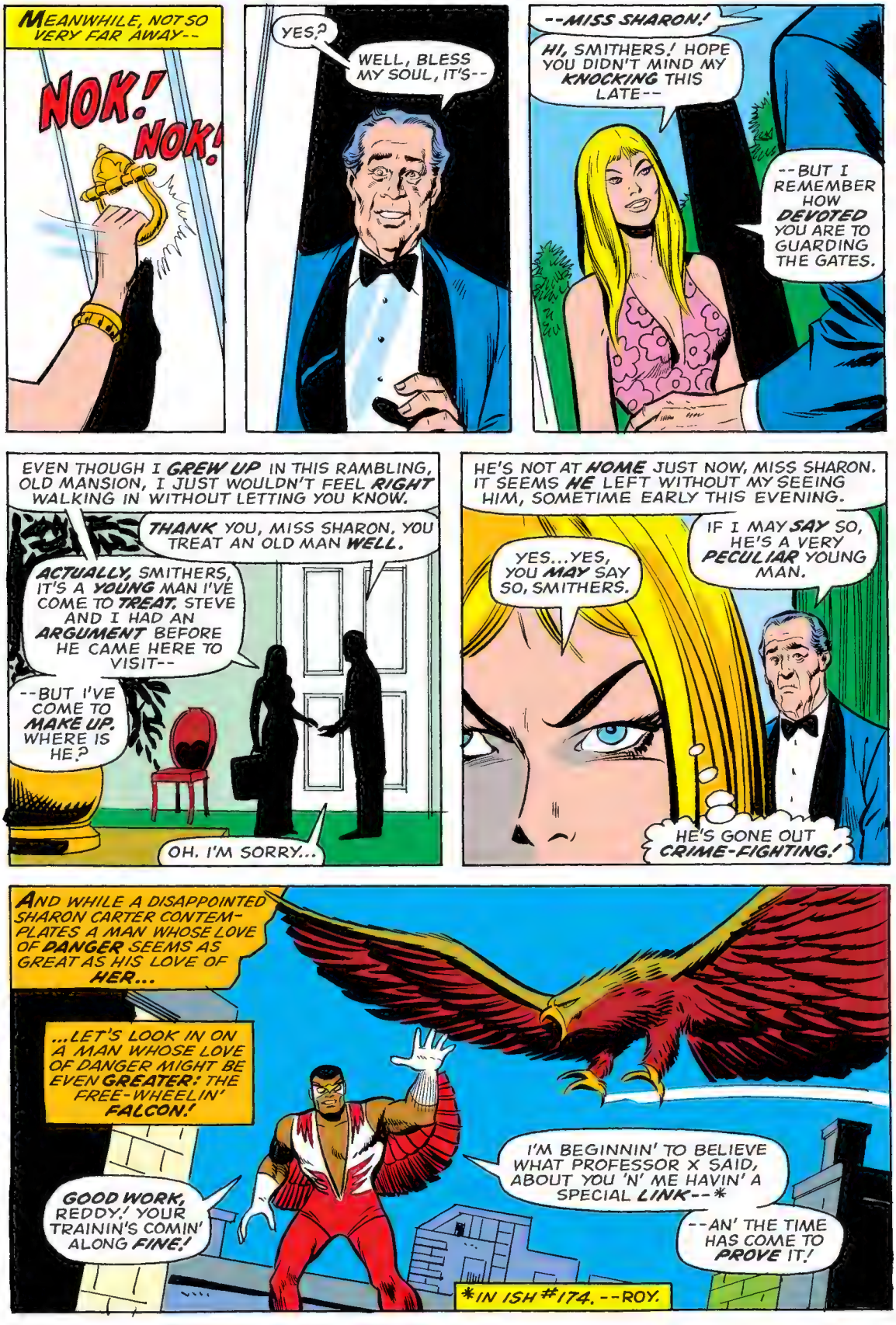

--AND MINE IS THE POWER WHICH SHALL PREVAIL!
-UNNGH!- LIKE A PILE-DRIVER--!
EASE UP, NAMOR! GIVE ME A CHANCE--
A CHANCE? FOR MORE DECEPTION?
KRANG CAME HERE TO JOIN HIS ALLIES IN INFAMY, THE SO-CALLED SERPENT SQUAD--
--AND YOU, POPPING UP FROM NOWHERE, ENGAGED IN BATTLE WITH THEM!* YOU MUST KNOW SOMETHING--
*LAST ISSUE.-- ROY THE BOY.
--AND NO FLEDGLING SUPER-HERO CAN DEFY THE TRUE SUB-MARINER! NOW SPEAK THE TRUTH, OR ELSE--!
NAMOR, YOU TURKEY! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO!
BUT YOU'RE JUST AS HOT-HEADED NOW AS WHEN WE BATTLED FOR THE EVIL EYE IN JAPAN!*
WHA--?
*AS RECORDED IN CHAPTER 8 OF THE CLASSIC AVENGERS-DEFENDERS CLASH IN AVENGERS #117. --ROY.
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU GUESSED IT.
YOU'VE KNOWN ME SINCE 1941--AS CAPTAIN AMERICA-- SO MY CREDIT SHOULD BE GOOD WHEN I SAY--
--I HAVE NEVER MET YOUR FRIEND.
SO. THEN I WAS HASTY IN MY JUDGMENT, AND KRANG HAS NOT YET CONTACTED THE SERPENT SQUAD.
BUT HE WILL!
HE'S NOT EVEN INTERESTED IN ME.

ACTUALLY, NAMOR, THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS THAT KRANG HAS JUST CONTACTED HIS ALLIES--AND IT'S A MEETING WE DON'T WANT TO MISS!
ALL IS IN READINESS, I SEE!
YES, KRANG! AFTER SLOUGHING OFF MY PREVIOUS IDENTITY OF MADAME HYDRA--LIKE A SNAKE SHEDS HER SKIN--
--I BECAME THE NEW VIPER, AND REBUILT THE SERPENT SQUAD WITH PRINCESS PYTHON, THE EEL, AND THE COBRA.
DESPITE A RUN-IN WITH SOMEONE CALLED THE NOMAD, WE HAD LITTLE DIFFICULTY IN KIDNAPING OUR PRIZE!*
THE PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST OIL CONGLOMERATE--
--SOON TO BE OUR WILLING PAWN--
*ALL LAST ISH.--ROY.
--FOR I HAVE BROUGHT THAT WHICH HOLDS POWER NO BRAIN CAN WITHSTAND--THE SYMBOL OF THE REBORN SERPENT SQUAD--
--THE SEVEN-HEADED SERPENT CROWN OF LOST LEMURIA!*
*IT WAS LAST SEEN IN SUB-MARINER #13.--RASCALLY.
KNOW YOU, MR. EXECUTIVE, THAT ANY WHO DON THIS SINISTER HEADPIECE BECOME THRALLS OF THE INCREDIBLY ANCIENT, INCREDIBLY EVIL INTELLIGENCE WITHIN!
NO! NO!
VIPER--YOU'RE A WOMAN! YOU WOULDN'T--YOU COULDN'T--LET THIS HAPPEN!
PIG! YOU THINK MY SEX MAKES ME SOFT?
YOU ARE WRONG, MR. EXECUTIVE!
I AM THE HARDEST PERSON YOU WILL EVER ENCOUNTER!


EVEN I, A WARLORD OF FAIR ATLANTIS, CANNOT CLAIM TO BE HER EQUAL! FOR THAT VERY REASON, I WAS DIRECTED TO ALLY MYSELF WITH HER--
--BY THE CROWN!
"SCARCELY THREE WEEKS PAST, I WAS RELEASED FROM IGNOBLE IMPRISONMENT.* WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, I DEPARTED ATLANTIS, TO WANDER THE ENDLESS EMERALD SEAS...
"...UNTIL, AT THE BASE OF A DEEP AND DARKLING CHASM, I CAME UPON... IT!
*EARNED IN SUBBY #33.--R.T.
"PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY I WAS LED TO IT, FOR IT WAS RUMORED THAT ACCURSED NAMOR HAD BURIED IT YEARS BEFORE. YET THERE IT LAY--
"--AND, SEEMINGLY, CALLED TO ME.
"I COULD NOT RESTRAIN MYSELF, NOR DID I WISH TO. I PLACED THE OMINOUS BAUBLE ATOP MY NOBLE BROW--
"--AND MY BRAIN EXPLODED INTO VISIONS!
"FROM FAR AWAY, I FELT AN ALIEN MIND TOUCH MINE! AN INHUMAN VOICE GIBBERED IN MY THOUGHTS, COMMANDING ME TO SEEK OUT ONE UNKNOWN TO ME THEN: MADAME HYDRA!
"DIRECTIONS WERE GIVEN ME, AND A PLAN! AS IF I HAD KNOWN THE ROUTE ALL MY LIFE, I JOURNEYED TO HER PLACE OF CONCEALMENT--
"--TO OFFER HER A PART IN THE CROWN'S GREAT SCHEME.
"SHE ACCEPTED."
THUS, HER REVIVAL OF THE MORIBUND SERPENT SQUAD! THUS, HER KIDNAP OF YOU!
THUS, YOUR COMING CONVERSION TO OUR CAUSE, MR. EXECUTIVE!
PREPARE YOURSELF! THE MAN YOU ARE WILL SOON BE--
--NO MORE!

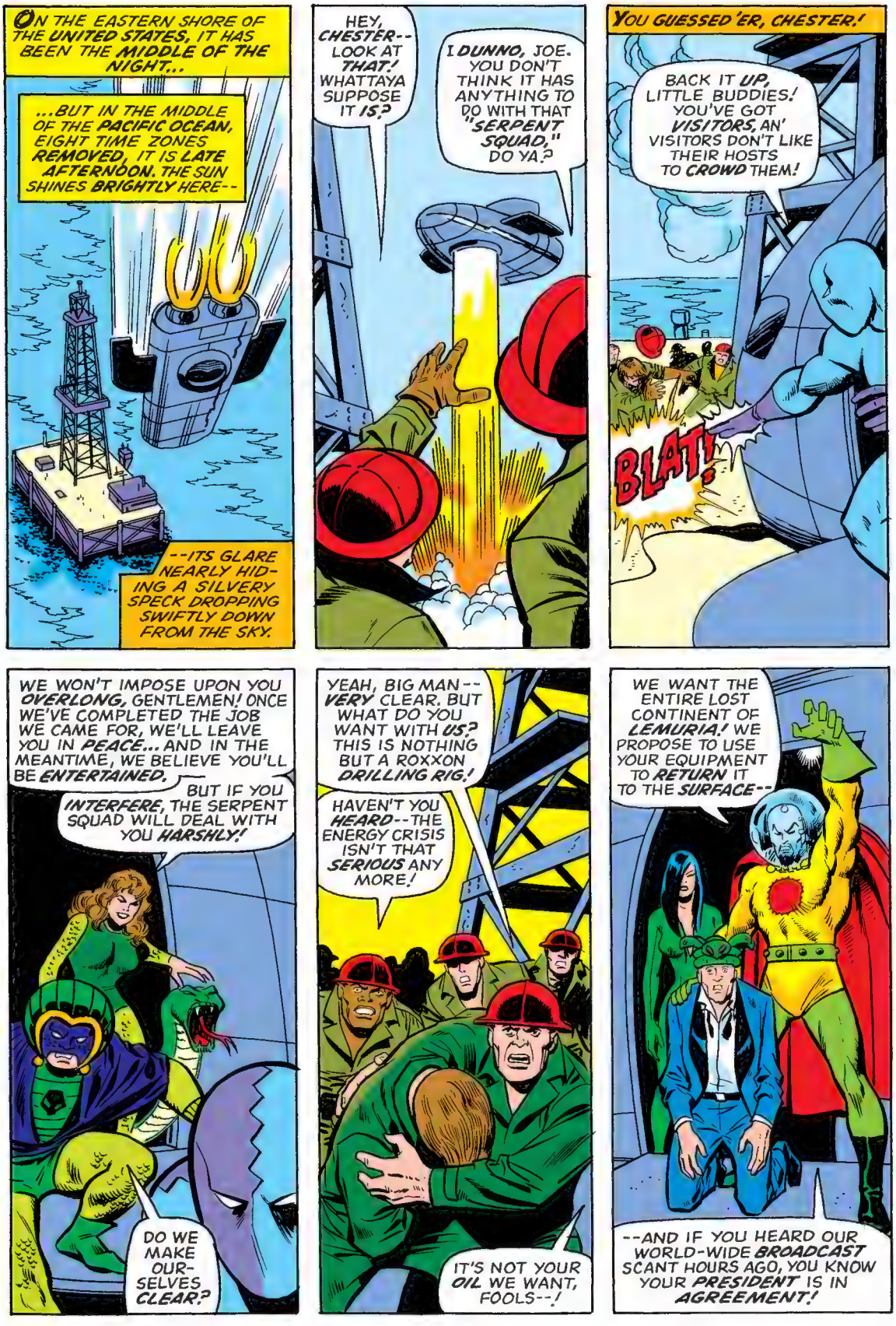

THE SIGHT OF "MR. EXECUTIVE'S" FACE CHANGING AS THE SERPENT CROWN STEALS HIS SENTIENCE IS TOO GRUESOME TO BEHOLD, SO WE'LL NOW CHARGE AHEAD TWENTY MINUTES.
--NEVER SHOULD HAVE RELEASED KRANG, BUT MY ASSOCIATION WITH THE DEFENDERS WAS MELLOWING ME, CAPTAIN AM--AH--NOMAD.
LISTEN, NAMOR, DO YOU REALIZE WE'VE BEEN TALKING FOR ALMOST HALF AN HOUR--
--AND YOU HAVEN'T ONCE ASKED ME WHY I'VE CHANGED!
YOU SOUND ANNOYED. WHY? EVERYTHING CHANGES IN THIS LIFE--MY COSTUME, YOUR PRESIDENT...
IF YOU DWELT IN THE DEPTHS AS DO I, YOU WOULD KNOW THAT CURRENTS ALWAYS SHIFT, AND YOU'D CEASE TO BE UNDULY IMPRESSED BY SUCH THINGS. I AM CERTAIN YOU HAD YOUR REASONS--
HOLD!
THAT AUTOMOBILE'S RADIO--!
-SQUAWWK!- THIS--THIS IS WARLORD KRANG, OF THE SERPENT SQUAD, SPEAKING! WE CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY FOR LAST NIGHT'S KIDNAPING OF THE PRESIDENT OF ROXXON OIL! HEAR HIS WORDS--!
ATTENTION: ALL ROXXON EMPLOYEES... MY CAPTORS TELL ME... I WILL NOT BE HARMED... IF YOU DO NOTHING... TO THWART THEIR PLANS...
WITHIN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS... FURTHER DEMANDS WILL BE MADE.
I IMPLORE YOU... TO MEET THEM.
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CHANGES LIKE THAT, NAMOR?
THAT VOICE! I'VE HEARD MEN--YES, AND EVEN THE LADY DORMA--SPEAK IN SUCH TONES! I COULD NEVER FORGET!
THAT MAN IS UNDER THE SPELL OF THE SERPENT!
KRANG MUST SOMEHOW HAVE UNCOVERED THE CROWN OF LEMURIA, THE LAND LOST TO THE PACIFIC EVEN AS ATLANTIS IS LOST TO THE ATLANTIC--
--AND THAT, NOMAD, BODES DISASTER!
THEN FOLLOW ME, SUBBY!
I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

THE NOMAD ASKS NAMOR ONE QUESTION THEN, AND TWO MINUTES LATER...
THAT'S RIGHT, COL. FURY PERSONALLY!
THIS IS...UM... AVENGERS PRIORITY! CHECK MY VOICE PRINT!
NOBODY THERE KNOWS THE NAME "NOMAD," AND CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CLEARANCE WAS SHOT DURING THE SECRET EMPIRE THING!
WHO--? OH, IT'S YOU, CAP--OR WHOEVER YA ARE THESE DAYS!
OIL DRILLING PLATFORMS NEAR ATLANTIS? HECK NO! THE SUB-MAREENER'D KICK UP A RUCKUS FOR SURE! IT'S NOT ALLOWED.
LE-MU-RIA...? LEMME CHECK.
IT FITS, NAMOR! AS I SUSPECTED, ROXXON HAS A RIG CLOSE BY THE SITE YOU NAMED AS LEMURIA'S!
THEN WE MUST HURRY!
SWIFTLY, THE ATLANTEAN LEADS HIS SURFACE-BORN BENEFACTOR TO A SMALL UNDERSEA CRAFT MOORED IN THE SHADOWS OF THE POTOMAC.
I BROUGHT THIS VESSEL BECAUSE IT'S FASTER THAN I--
--YET IT WILL SERVE EQUALLY AS WELL TO CARRY US ON TO LEMURIA!
THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE WARLORD KRANG, THE CROWN OF LEMURIA, AND THAT SELFSAME, SINISTER LAND RAISES MANY QUESTIONS--
--AND THERE IN THAT SUNKEN REALM SHALL WE FIND THE ANSWERS!

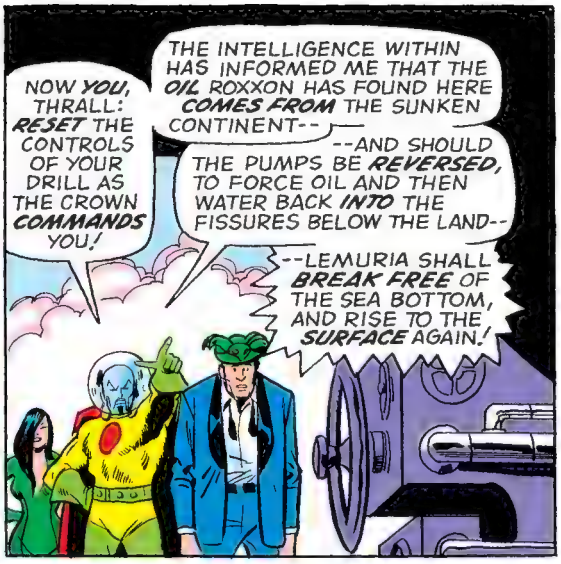

MEANWHILE, NOT SO VERY FAR AWAY--
NOK! NOK!
YES?
WELL, BLESS MY SOUL, IT'S--
--MISS SHARON!
HI, SMITHERS! HOPE YOU DIDN'T MIND MY KNOCKING THIS LATE--
--BUT I REMEMBER HOW DEVOTED YOU ARE TO GUARDING THE GATES.
EVEN THOUGH I GREW UP IN THIS RAMBLING, OLD MANSION, I JUST WOULDN'T FEEL RIGHT WALKING IN WITHOUT LETTING YOU KNOW.
THANK YOU, MISS SHARON, YOU TREAT AN OLD MAN WELL.
ACTUALLY, SMITHERS, IT'S A YOUNG MAN I'VE COME TO TREAT. STEVE AND I HAD AN ARGUMENT BEFORE HE CAME HERE TO VISIT--
--BUT I'VE COME TO MAKE UP. WHERE IS HE?
OH. I'M SORRY...
HE'S NOT AT HOME JUST NOW, MISS SHARON. IT SEEMS HE LEFT WITHOUT MY SEEING HIM, SOMETIME EARLY THIS EVENING.
YES...YES, YOU MAY SAY SO, SMITHERS.
IF I MAY SAY SO, HE'S A VERY PECULIAR YOUNG MAN.
HE'S GONE OUT CRIME-FIGHTING!
AND WHILE A DISAPPOINTED SHARON CARTER CONTEMPLATES A MAN WHOSE LOVE OF DANGER SEEMS AS GREAT AS HIS LOVE OF HER...
...LET'S LOOK IN ON A MAN WHOSE LOVE OF DANGER MIGHT BE EVEN GREATER: THE FREE-WHEELIN' FALCON!
I'M BEGINNIN' TO BELIEVE WHAT PROFESSOR X SAID, ABOUT YOU 'N' ME HAVIN' A SPECIAL LINK--*
--AN' THE TIME HAS COME TO PROVE IT!
GOOD WORK, REDDY! YOUR TRAININ'S COMIN' ALONG FINE!
*IN ISH #174. --ROY.

I'M NOT GONNA TELL YOU WHAT TO DO NEXT. I'M GONNA THINK IT--
IT'S HARD TO ESCAPE A SENSE OF SILLI-NESS IN THIS...
...BUT THE FALCON TRIES-- HARD...
...AND SUDDENLY--
SKAAA
REDDY, YOU DID IT!
HOLY CROW! OR RATHER-- HOLY HAWK!
DID WHAT, BOID-MAN.?
HUH? CAP.??
NO! IT CAN'T BE!
AN' IT AINT! DA REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA'S STILL AMONG DA MISSIN', FALCON.
IT'S ME--ROSCOE! JUS' LIKE I TOLD YA, I'M DA NEW C. A.!
AN' JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU, KID, WEARIN' THAT UNIFORM ISN'T A GAME!
YOU HAVETA BE ABLE TO DO THINGS LIKE--
--THIS!
AN' YOU'VE USUALLY GOTTA DO IT IN THE MIDDLE'A SIXTEEN DUDES WITH BAZOOKAS!
IT TAKES SKILL AND A COOL HEAD!
WELL, AS BRIAN WILSON SANG 'WAY BACK IN 1964, BOID-BRAIN--
"I'M A REAL COOL HEAD." WATCH ME!

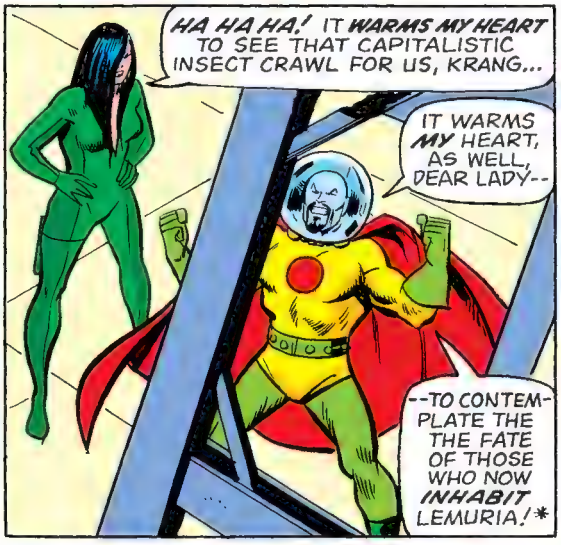
I BEEN WOIKIN' OUT FER YEARS-- EVER SINCE I WAS OLD ENOUGH TA CHIN MYSELF--
--AN' BEIN' A REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA IS DA MOST IMPOINTANT--
WHOOF!
WOMP!
YOU WERE SAYIN'...?
OKAY, OKAY! SO I'M NOT POIFECT RIGHT OFF DA BAT!
BUT THAT'S NOT GONNA STOP ME, AN NEITHER IS ANY SMART TALK FROM YOU!
LOOK, KID--
EEEAAA
WHAT DA HECK--?
CAP! GABE, IT'S CAP! HE'S COME BACK!
NO, PEGGY! DON'T YOU SEE--THAT GUY'S YOUNGER'N THE REAL CAP! HE'S ANOTHER STAND-IN!
IT--IT'S NOT CAP...!
DIS IS SOMETHIN' I DIDN'T BARGAIN FOR! DIS LADY KNEW C.A.!
UH... SORRY, LADY! YOU GOT DA WRONG GUY!
I BETTER SPLIT!
NO SWEAT, PEGGY. I CAN EXPLAIN-- I THINK.
IF SOMEBODY'LL EXPLAIN TO ME--
--WHY GABE JONES IS ALWAYS AROUND NOW.

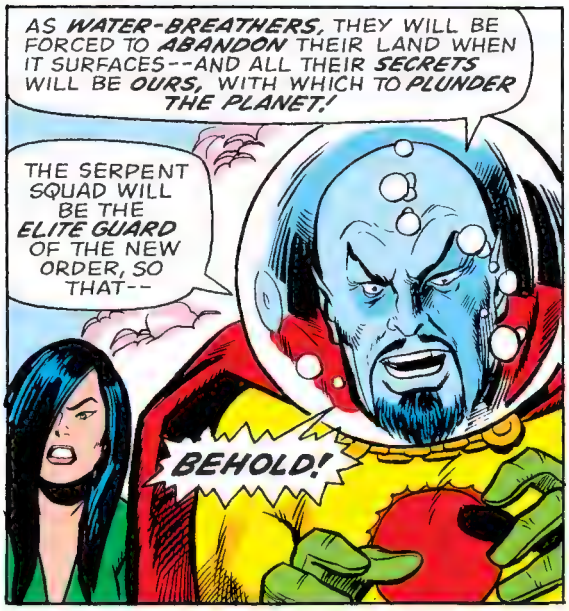

ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE UNITED STATES, IT HAS BEEN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
...BUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, EIGHT TIME ZONES REMOVED, IT IS LATE AFTERNOON. THE SUN SHINES BRIGHTLY HERE--
--ITS GLARE NEARLY HIDING A SILVERY SPECK DROPPING SWIFTLY DOWN FROM THE SKY.
HEY, CHESTER--LOOK AT THAT! WHATTAYA SUPPOSE IT IS?
I DUNNO, JOE. YOU DON'T THINK IT HAS ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT "SERPENT SQUAD," DO YA?
YOU GUESSED 'ER, CHESTER!
BACK IT UP, LITTLE BUDDIES! YOU'VE GOT VISITORS, AN' VISITORS DON'T LIKE THEIR HOSTS TO CROWD THEM!
BLAT!
WE WON'T IMPOSE UPON YOU OVERLONG, GENTLEMEN! ONCE WE'VE COMPLETED THE JOB WE CAME FOR, WE'LL LEAVE YOU IN PEACE... AND IN THE MEANTIME, WE BELIEVE YOU'LL BE ENTERTAINED.
BUT IF YOU INTERFERE, THE SERPENT SQUAD WILL DEAL WITH YOU HARSHLY!
DO WE MAKE OUR-SELVES CLEAR?
YEAH, BIG MAN--VERY CLEAR. BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH US? THIS IS NOTHING BUT A ROXXON DRILLING RIG!
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD--THE ENERGY CRISIS ISN'T THAT SERIOUS ANY MORE!
IT'S NOT YOUR OIL WE WANT, FOOLS--!
WE WANT THE ENTIRE LOST CONTINENT OF LEMURIA! WE PROPOSE TO USE YOUR EQUIPMENT TO RETURN IT TO THE SURFACE--
--AND IF YOU HEARD OUR WORLD-WIDE BROADCAST SCANT HOURS AGO, YOU KNOW YOUR PRESIDENT IS IN AGREEMENT!

OUR PRESIDENT'S IN A TRANCE, LOOKS TO ME--BUT YOU'VE GOT US OVER A BARREL, BLUE-NOSE!
YOU'RE CALLING THE SHOTS--FOR NOW.
FOREVER, LACKEY! AFTER TODAY, THE SERPENT SQUAD WILL RULE THE WORLD!


NOW YOU, THRALL: RESET THE CONTROLS OF YOUR DRILL AS THE CROWN COMMANDS YOU!
THE INTELLIGENCE WITHIN HAS INFORMED ME THAT THE OIL ROXXON HAS FOUND HERE COMES FROM THE SUNKEN CONTINENT--
--AND SHOULD THE PUMPS BE REVERSED, TO FORCE OIL AND THEN WATER BACK INTO THE FISSURES BELOW THE LAND--
--LEMURIA SHALL BREAK FREE OF THE SEA BOTTOM, AND RISE TO THE SURFACE AGAIN!

YES... I SHALL DO ...AS ORDERED.


HA HA HA! IT WARMS MY HEART TO SEE THAT CAPITALISTIC INSECT CRAWL FOR US, KRANG...
IT WARMS MY HEART, AS WELL, DEAR LADY--
--TO CONTEMPLATE THE THE FATE OF THOSE WHO NOW INHABIT LEMURIA!*

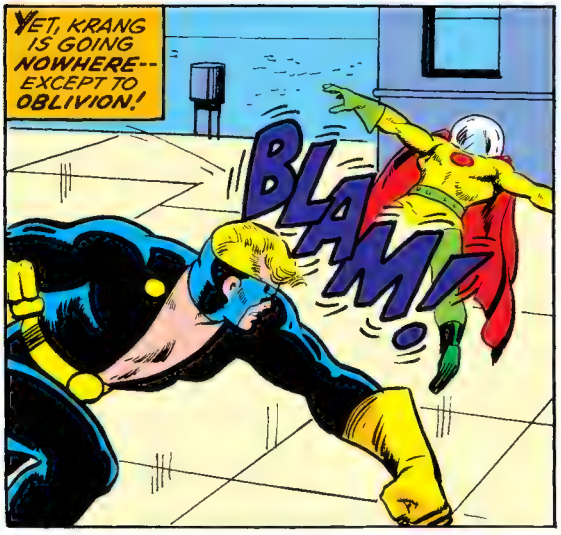

AS WATER-BREATHERS, THEY WILL BE FORCED TO ABANDON THEIR LAND WHEN IT SURFACES--AND ALL THEIR SECRETS WILL BE OURS, WITH WHICH TO PLUNDER THE PLANET!
THE SERPENT SQUAD WILL BE THE ELITE GUARD OF THE NEW ORDER, SO THAT--
BEHOLD!

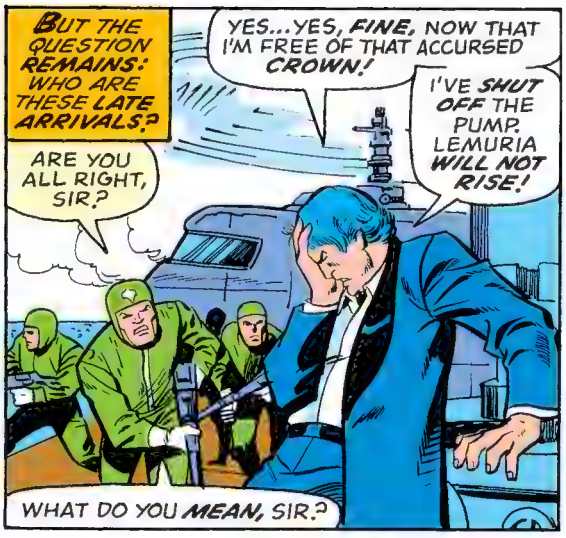
ALREADY, THERE IS MOVEMENT ON THE OCEAN FLOOR!
BUT THAT'S WHERE IT'S GOING TO END, KRANG!

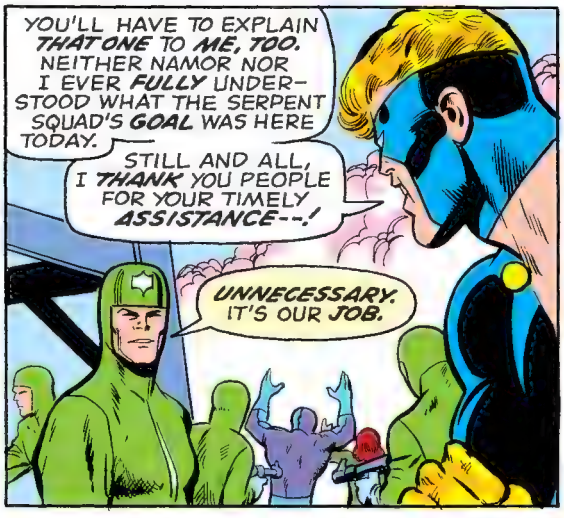
THE NOMAD'S PUTTING A STOP TO YOUR SCHEMES RIGHT NOW!
BAM!
-UNNGH!-
ONE LONE MAN-- AGAINST FIVE OF THE WORLD'S MOST DEADLY VILLAINS?!
STRIKE, PRECIOUS!
-UHH!- YOU'RE RIGHT, PRINCESS: I AM-- -UNH!- ALONE--
--BUT IT'S -UNH!- AT MY REQUEST! SEE--
--I ASKED THE SUB-MARINER TO WAIT IN THE CAR--
--BECAUSE THIS IS WHERE THE NOMAD PROVES HIMSELF!
PRECIOUS! DID HE HURT YOU, PRECIOUS?
CRIPES, THIS CHICK IS WEIRD!
C'MON, PRINCESS! DON'T JUST STAND THERE!
YEAH-- STEP RIGHT UP, AND SEE HOW YOUR SNAKE IS!
WOP!
BLITHERING TYRO! THE WORLD IS ALREADY OVERCROWDED WITH HEROES!
-AAAGH!- MY RIBS--!
NEWCOMERS MUST BE DISCOURAGED-- PERMANENTLY!

DON'T YOU REMEMBER, COBRA --I TOLD YOU LAST TIME* WE'VE ME BEFORE!
I'M STILL NOT SAYING WHEN--
POK!
TOK!
*IN LAST ISH. --ROY.
--BUT YOU MIGHT REMEMBER I DID THIS TO YOU THEN!*
BLAM!
*AND THAT WAS IN CA&F #163. --RAPIDLY RESEARCHIN' ROY.
YOU SHOULD HAVE LISTENED A MINUTE AGO, WHEN I TOLD YOU I TURNED DOWN AN OFFER OF HELP!
PLOW!
I'M NOT ABOUT TO BE STOPPED!
KA-DOW!
I LISTENED, AND HEARD YOU MENTION THE SUB-MARINER!
IF YOU HAVE BROUGHT HIM HERE--
--I SHALL KILL YOU!
WISE UP, KRANG! NAMOR WAS ONTO YOU LONG BEFORE HE MET ME--
SLAM!
--BUT HE SAID I COULD HAVE YOU!
YOU MAY BE A WARLORD IN ATLANTIS, BUT YOU'RE ONLY A CROOK UP HERE, AND THAT MAKES YOU FAIR GAME FOR THE NOMAD!
WE... SHALL... SEE...!

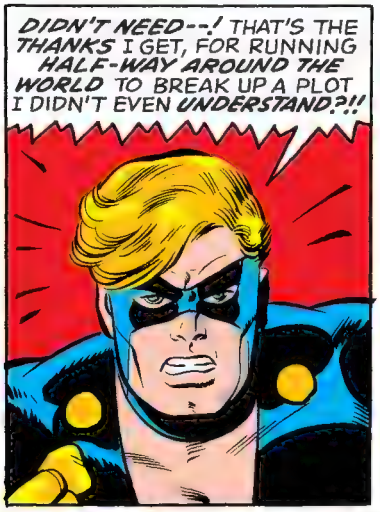
THEN, SUDDENLY--
KA-TAKA-TAKA
MACHINE GUN FIRE FROM ABOVE!
REINFORCEMENTS, EH?
IF SO, THEY'RE YOURS, NOT MINE! I DON'T RECOGNIZE THAT CRAFT!
TAKA-PANG!
THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT EVERY-BODY! TAKE COVER!
THIS MAY MEAN OUR CAPTURE OR OUR SALVATION, BUT I FEAR IT'S THE FORMER!
ABOVE ALL ELSE, THEN--
--I MUST INSURE THAT THE SERPENT CROWN REMAINS INVIOLATE!
HERE, VIPER! YOU ARE CLOSEST TO OUR ESCAPE CRAFT! USE IT!
SAVE THE SERPENTS!
I SHALL, KRANG! I SHALL!
REMEMBER MY WORDS, NOMAD: THE SPELL OF THE SERPENT SHALL YET ENSLAVE THE WORLD!
DEATH TO ALL WHO OPPOSE US!
SEND HIM A LETTER, WOMAN! THE OTHERS ARE PINNED DOWN--
--SO IT'S ONLY YOU AND I WHO CAN FLEE TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!
YES, COBRA, ANOTHER DAY--SOON!
BELOW, THE PATIENTLY-WAITING PRINCE NAMOR WATCHES THE SHIP VANISH INTO THE EAST, BUT DECIDES TO DO NOTHING. NOMAD HAS BIDDEN HIM WAIT--
--AND IT IS NOT HIS ENEMIES WHO ARE ESCAPING.

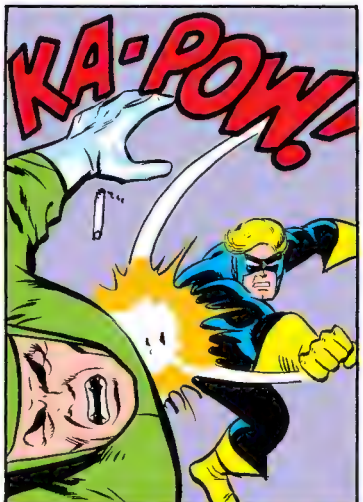



BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS: WHO ARE THESE LATE ARRIVALS?
YES...YES, FINE, NOW THAT I'M FREE OF THAT ACCURSED CROWN!
I'VE SHUT OFF THE PUMP. LEMURIA WILL NOT RISE!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, SIR?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR?


YOU'LL HAVE TO EXPLAIN THAT ONE TO ME, TOO. NEITHER NAMOR NOR I EVER FULLY UNDERSTOOD WHAT THE SERPENT SQUAD'S GOAL WAS HERE TODAY.
STILL AND ALL, I THANK YOU PEOPLE FOR YOUR TIMELY ASSISTANCE--!
UNNECESSARY. IT'S OUR JOB.

A MAN LIKE THE PRESIDENT OF ROXXON, INVOLVED WITH MEN AND GOVERNMENTS ALL ACROSS THE WORLD, NEEDS A PERSONAL TASK FORCE TO ENSURE HIS SAFETY AND SEE THAT HIS PLANS ARE CARRIED OUT.
WE'VE BEEN TURNING THE PLANET UPSIDE DOWN SINCE HE MADE HIS BROADCAST--AND FRANKLY--
--WE DIDN'T NEED YOUR HELP.



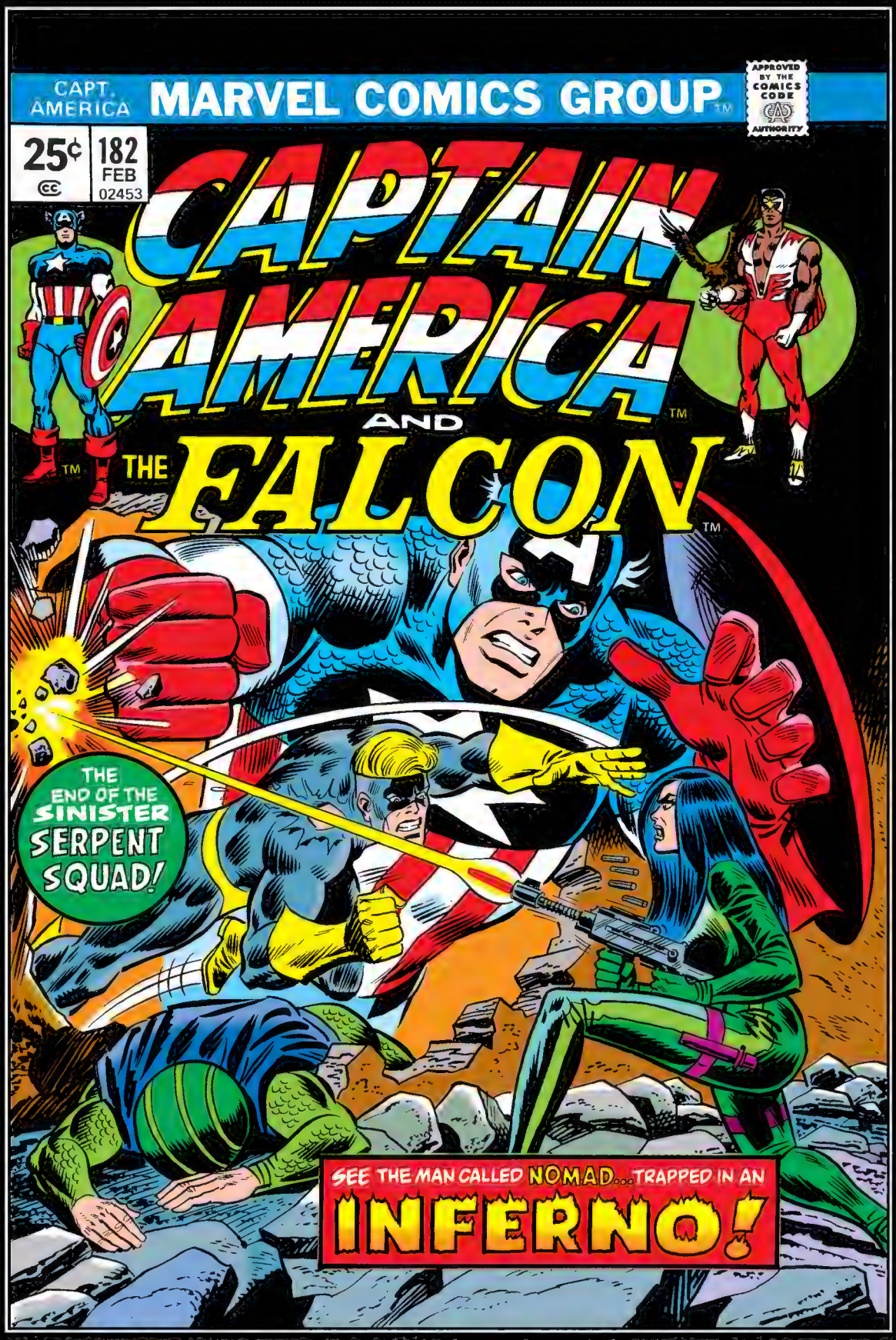


LORD, IT MAKES ME WONDER WHY I BOTHERED TO COME BACK AT ALL--
--BUT I HAVE COME BACK, AND I'M STILL GOING TO PLAY THINGS MY OWN WAY! THE NOMAD WILL GO ON!

AH, BUT IF WE MAY BE ALLOWED A SUBTLE HINT... THERE ARE FORCES AT WORK EVEN NOW WHICH MAY END THE NOMAD'S CAREER BEFORE IT'S BARELY BEGUN! DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE:

INFERNO!

(AND DON'T MISS NOMAD'S GUEST APPEARANCE IN THE AVENGERS THIS MONTH, EITHER! 'NUFF SAID!)

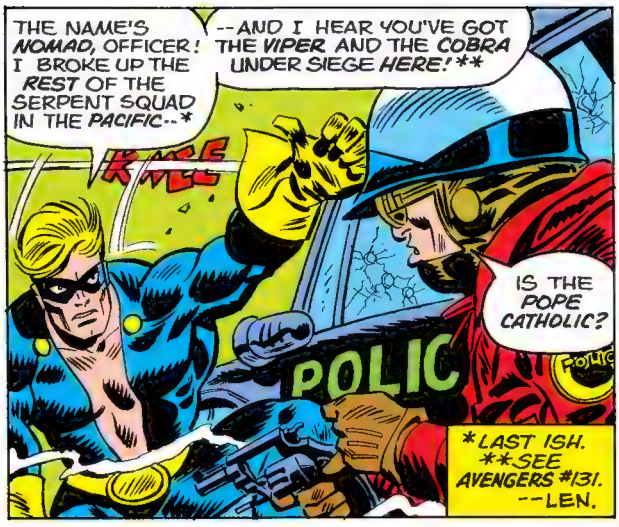

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
182
FEB
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
THE END OF THE SINISTER SERPENT SQUAD!
SEE THE MAN CALLED NOMAD... TRAPPED IN AN INFERNO!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

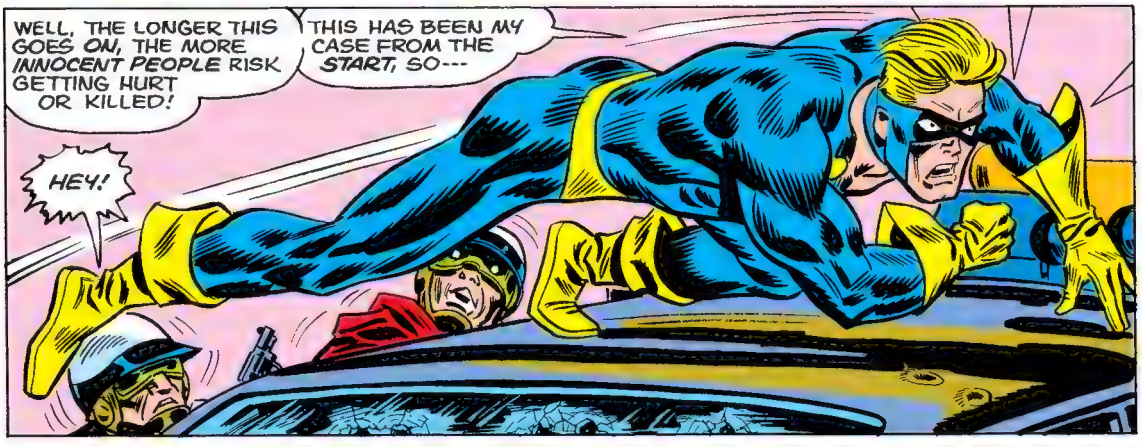
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

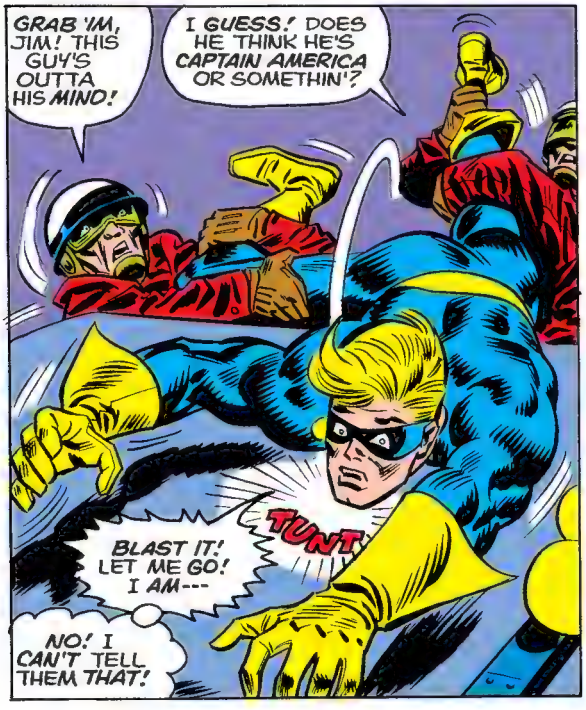
STEVE ENGLEHART *Author* | USHERS IN A NEW LOOK TO COMICS' MOST EXCITING HERO, COURTESY OF COMICS' MOST DYNAMIC TALENTS | FRANK ROBBINS *Artist*

inferno!


THE NAME'S NOMAD, OFFICER! I BROKE UP THE REST OF THE SERPENT SQUAD IN THE PACIFIC--*
--AND I HEAR YOU'VE GOT THE VIPER AND THE COBRA UNDER SIEGE HERE!**
IS THE POPE CATHOLIC?
POLIC
*LAST ISH. **SEE AVENGERS #131. --LEN.

"SEIGE' AIN'T THE WORD FOR IT, BLONDIE! WE SPOTTED 'EM AS THEY CAME WINGIN' IN FROM THAT ROXXON OIL RIG--
"--BUT THEY SPOTTED US, TOO, AND IT'S BEEN GANGBUSTERS EVER SINCE!"
BRAAP!

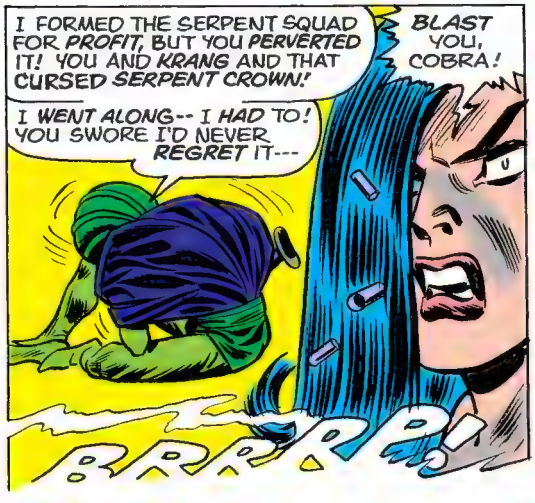

WELL, THE LONGER THIS GOES ON, THE MORE INNOCENT PEOPLE RISK GETTING HURT OR KILLED!
THIS HAS BEEN MY CASE FROM THE START, SO---
HEY!


GRAB 'IM, JIM! THIS GUY'S OUTTA HIS MIND!
I GUESS! DOES HE THINK HE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA OR SOMETHIN'?
TUNT
BLAST IT! LET ME GO! I AM---
NO! I CAN'T TELL THEM THAT!

TAKE A NAP, BLONDIE! YOU MAY THINK YOU CAN PLAY HOPSCOTCH THROUGH NO-MAN'S LAND--
--BUT WE DON'T FEEL LIKE WATCHIN' YOU PROVED WRONG!
WHAT GETS INTO THESE COSTUMED CRAZIES, ANYWAY?
WONK!
FADE OUT...

... AND FADE IN ON THE OTHER LEADS IN THIS SHOW-DOWN SHOOT-OUT!
THERE IS NO WAY OUT, VIPER! THEY HAVE US SURROUNDED!
WE ARE GOING TO DIE!
A FATE I'M FULLY PREPARED FOR, WEAKLING! TO STRIKE FOR NIHILISM IS TO COURT ANNIHILATION!
BRAAP!
KEEP FIRING!

BUT-- BUT I'M NO TERRORIST-- NO FANATIC LIKE YOU! I HAVE NO CAUSE TO SUSTAIN ME IN DEATH!
I WANT POWER--RICHES--
--NOT THIS!

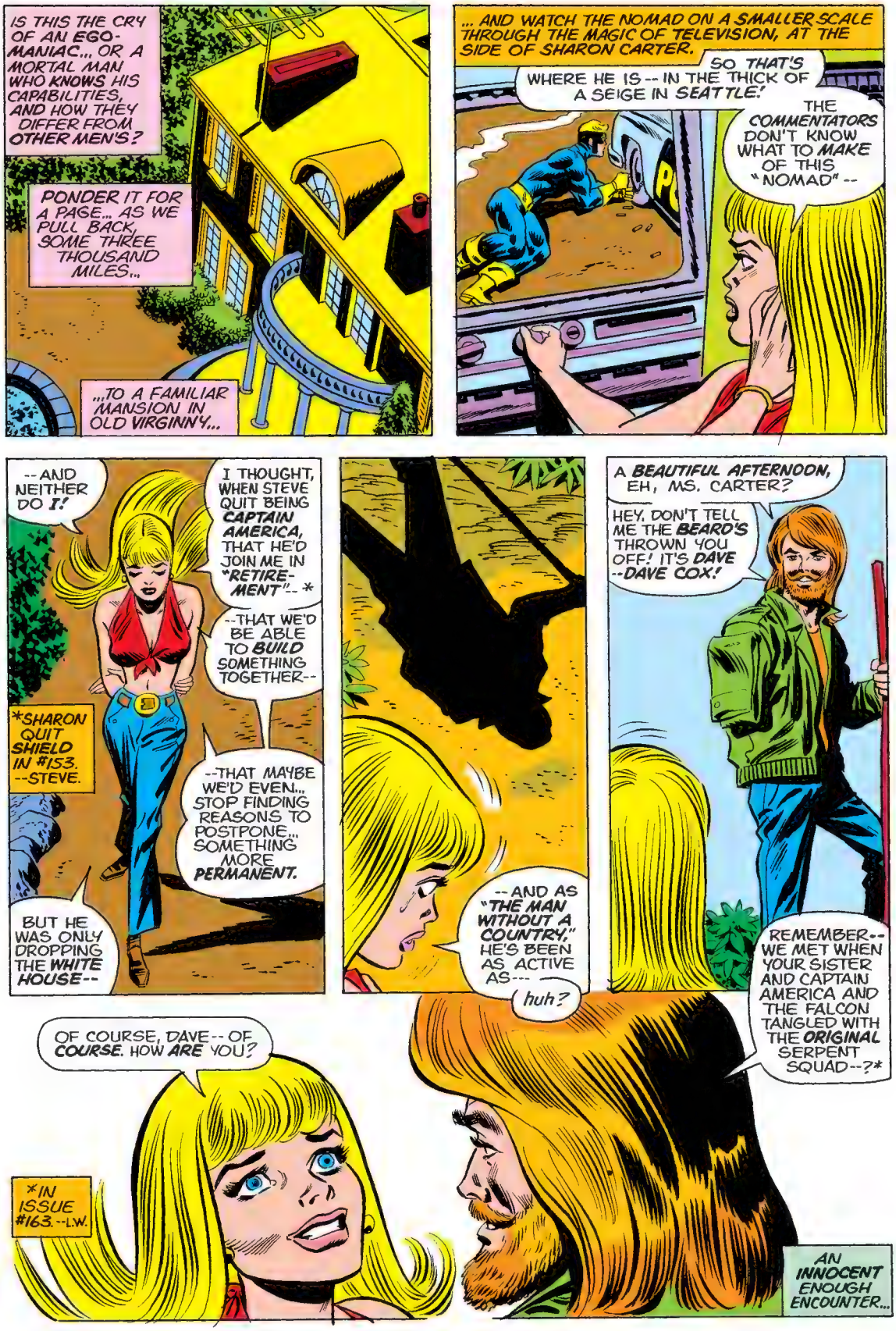

I FORMED THE SERPENT SQUAD FOR PROFIT, BUT YOU PERVERTED IT! YOU AND KRANG AND THAT CURSED SERPENT CROWN!
BLAST YOU, COBRA!
I WENT ALONG-- I HAD TO! YOU SWORE I'D NEVER REGRET IT---
BRRRP!

CEASE YOUR SNIVELING AND TAKE UP A WEAPON! I MUST ASK THE INTELLIGENCE IN THE CROWN WHAT TO DO!
ALL LIFE IS A GAMBLE--

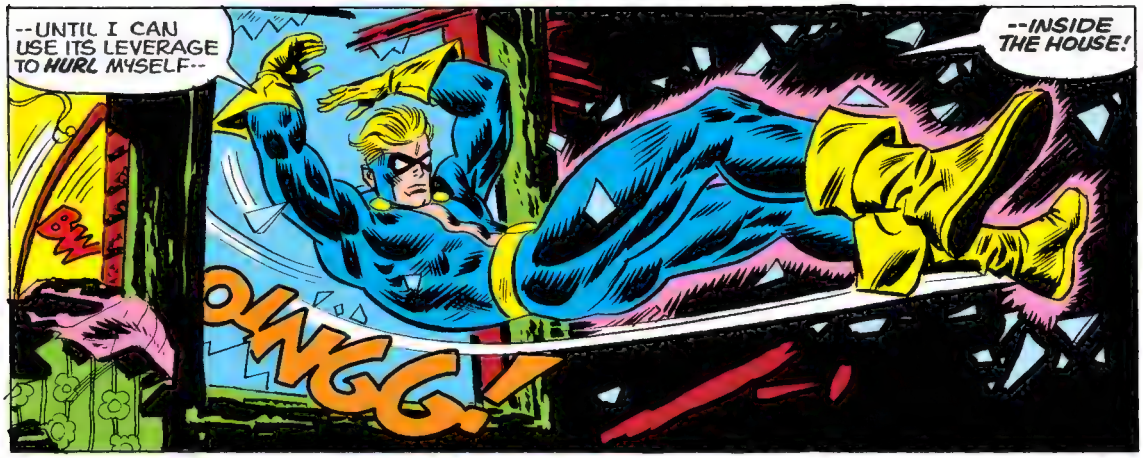
--AND IF ONE GAMBLES WITH PIGS, ONE MAY WELL END UP IN THE DIRT!
OH LORD! SHE'S CRAZY!
RRRP
I'M TRAPPED BETWEEN THE LAW AND A MADWOMAN!

WE HAD NEARLY ACHIEVED OUR GOAL OF RAISING LEMURIA FROM THE OCEAN FLOOR AND CROWNING OURSELVES RULERS OF THE WORLD!
OUR FAILURE MUST BE ON AN EQUALLY GRAND SCALE!
HER FLAT VOICE DRONES ON...

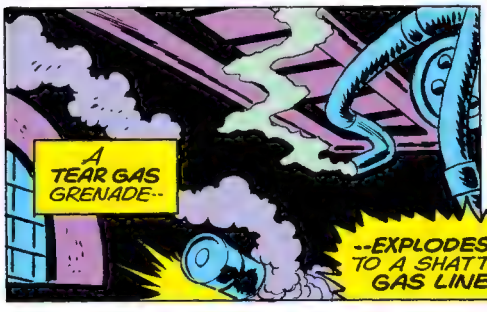
...WHILE THE CRESCENDO OF DEATH HITS NEW HEIGHTS!
OKAY, BLONDIE'S CUFFED TO THE CAR! YOU READY?
YEAH. THE GUYS ARE ALL SET!
WE HAVE TO RUSH 'EM. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BREAK 'EM LOOSE, AND--
--IT'S OUR JOB!
TWEE
POM
KABOOM
BRRPP
BRAAPPP
AAGH!
UGH!
BRPP
WHY?
WHY DIDN'T THEY LET ME TACKLE IT?


IS THIS THE CRY OF AN EGO-MANIAC... OR A MORTAL MAN WHO KNOWS HIS CAPABILITIES, AND HOW THEY DIFFER FROM OTHER MEN'S?
PONDER IT FOR A PAGE... AS WE PULL BACK, SOME THREE THOUSAND MILES...
...TO A FAMILIAR MANSION IN OLD VIRGINNY...
...AND WATCH THE NOMAD ON A SMALLER SCALE THROUGH THE MAGIC OF TELEVISION, AT THE SIDE OF SHARON CARTER.
SO THAT'S WHERE HE IS -- IN THE THICK OF A SEIGE IN SEATTLE!
THE COMMENTATORS DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS "NOMAD" --
--AND NEITHER DO I!
I THOUGHT, WHEN STEVE QUIT BEING CAPTAIN AMERICA, THAT HE'D JOIN ME IN "RETIRE-MENT"-- *
--THAT WE'D BE ABLE TO BUILD SOMETHING TOGETHER--
*SHARON QUIT SHIELD IN #153. --STEVE.
--THAT MAYBE WE'D EVEN... STOP FINDING REASONS TO POSTPONE... SOMETHING MORE PERMANENT.
BUT HE WAS ONLY DROPPING THE WHITE HOUSE--
--AND AS "THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY," HE'S BEEN AS ACTIVE AS---
huh?
A BEAUTIFUL AFTERNOON, EH, MS. CARTER?
HEY, DON'T TELL ME THE BEARD'S THROWN YOU OFF! IT'S DAVE --DAVE COX!
REMEMBER-- WE MET WHEN YOUR SISTER AND CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON TANGLED WITH THE ORIGINAL SERPENT SQUAD--?*
OF COURSE, DAVE -- OF COURSE. HOW ARE YOU?
*IN ISSUE #163. --L.W.
AN INNOCENT ENOUGH ENCOUNTER...

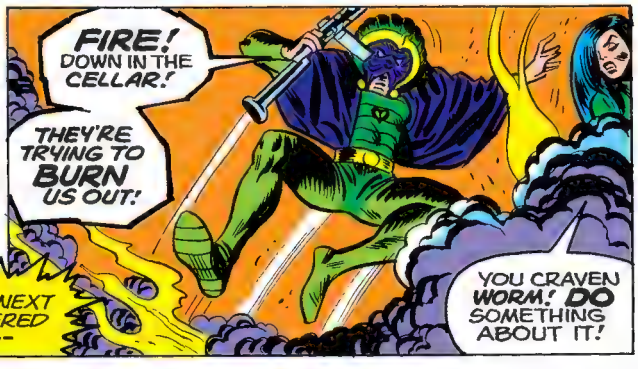
...BUT ONE DESTINED TO HAVE FAR-REACHING RAMIFICATIONS IN THE LONG, COLD MONTHS AHEAD. FOR NOW, THOUGH, LET'S GO BACK TO WHERE THINGS ARE HOT!
THEY'RE NOT GOING TO KEEP ME HERE--NOT WHILE MEN ARE DYING ALL AROUND ME!
I FOUGHT AN ENTIRE WORLD WAR, TO MAKE SURE AS MANY MEN AS POSSIBLE LIVED--
RRIP
WHOM P!
--AND I WON'T WARM THE BENCHES NOW!
WHANGG
STEVE ROGERS HAS MORE COMBAT EXPERIENCE THAN ALL THOSE COPS PUT TOGETHER--
--SO THE NOMAD DOES INDEED THINK HE CAN GET THROUGH NO-MAN'S LAND!
BRAP!
WHIP
A RUSH--A LEAP--A SCRAMBLING ROLL--
--AND HE FINDS HIMSELF A CLOSER SHELTER FROM THE LINES OF FIRE, WITHOUT EVEN BREATHING HARD!
BY WHATEVER NAME, HE IS STILL THE WORLD'S GREATEST FIGHTING MACHINE--
--AND WITH OR WITHOUT POLICE APPROVAL, HE'S GOING TO PROVE IT!
THE SERPENT SQUAD CAN'T SEE ME FROM THEIR SIDE OF THE HOUSE, WHICH GIVES ME ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD--
--TO SLOWLY, SLOWLY SET THIS POLE TO ROCKING BACK AND FORTH--



BELOW, THE BATTLE GOES ON, AND BECAUSE IT HAS GONE SO LONG WITHOUT A CLIMAX, NEW WEAPONS ARE BROUGHT TO BEAR, TO HURRY THINGS ALONG...!



--AND THE CLIMAX COMES WITH NO FURTHER DELAY!

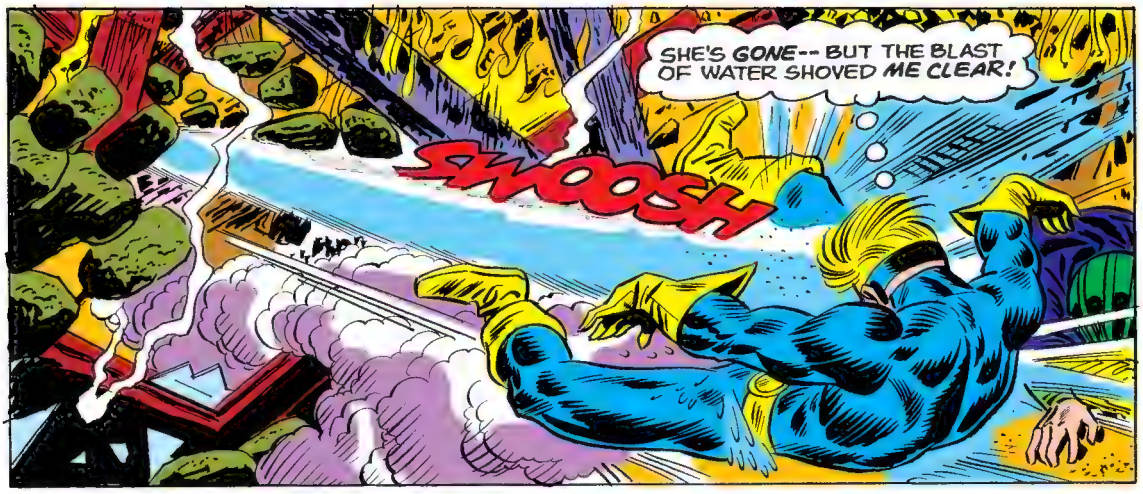


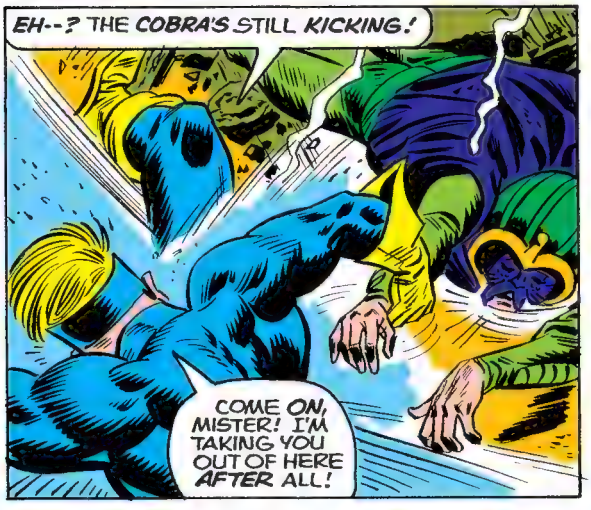
NO! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO! YOU'VE BROUGHT ME TO MY DEATH AND THERE'S NO ESCAPE NOW!
IT'S FATE! I SEE IT ALL NOW! I'VE BEEN A PAWN-- OF YOU--
--OF MR. HYDE! DO YOU SEE HIM THERE-- HIDING IN THE SMOKE?
HE'S LAUGHING AT ME! HE KNOWS! HE KNOWS HE'LL STILL LIVE--BUT I'M GOING TO---

SUDDENLY--
CHOK
unnhh!
ON YOUR FEET, COBRA! I HEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID--
--AND YOU'RE WRONG!
YOU ARE LEAVING THIS HOUSE ALIVE! ALL THREE OF US ARE!
POW!
MY FEET ARE FOR YOUR FACE, JOHN LAW!
NOBODY CAPTURES THE COBRA!
YOU MANIAC! YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW HELP WHEN YOU SEE IT!
KOK!
CAPTURE'S A WHOLE LOT BETTER THAN DEATH--
--AND DEATH IS ALL YOU'LL GET IF YOU DON'T COME WITH ME!
YOU'RE WRONG, MR. SUPER-PIG! CAPTURE IS NOT PREFERABLE TO DEATH!
NO ONE IS LEAVING THIS HOUSE ALIVE!

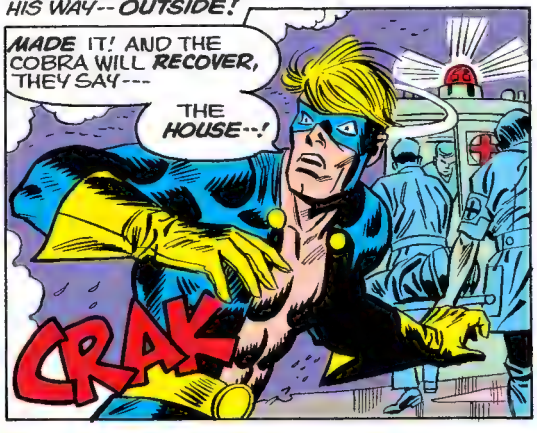
WHAT--? WHAT DID YOU SAY?
I SAID, NOMAD, THAT WE ARE NOT WALKING OUT OF HERE INTO THE JAILS OF THE POLICE!
THE VALIANT OUTLAW CALLED COBRA, THE DEDICATED AGENT OF THE SERPENT CROWN--AND THE FOOLHARDY AGENT OF OPPRESSION--
--ARE GOING TO END THIS STORY DRAMATICALLY, AS MARTYRS TO THE SERPENT CAUSE!
THAT'S ALL IT IS, YOU KNOW--A STORY! A STORY TO GROW WITH TIME INTO LEGEND! A STORY NOT TO BE TOLD AS FACT BUT AS INSPIRATION!
A STORY TO BREED MORE LIKE ME!
OH, LORD! GET ME OUT OF HERE--AWAY FROM HER!
LOOK, VIPER---
SILENCE!
I DON'T WANT TO LISTEN TO YOU AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
PLEASE, NOMAD! I'VE CHANGED MY MIND! GET ME OUT!
KOFF!
KOFF!
NO! YOU CAN'T STOP ME FROM HAVING MY SAY-- NOT AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
I'M NOT AN AGENT OF OPRESSION--OR ANYTHING ELSE! I'M HERE BECAUSE I WANT TO BE HERE--
--BECAUSE THERE'S MORE AT STAKE HERE THAN A STORY!
OUR LIVES? JUSTICE? YOU FOOL!
NONE OF THIS MEANS ANYTHING COMPARED TO MY CAUSE! IF PEOPLE CAN POINT TO THIS DAY AND SAY THE SERPENT SQUAD WAS HOUNDED TO AN UNJUST END--
--THE SERPENT SQUAD SHALL NEVER DIE!
OTHERS WILL TAKE UP THE CROWN AND STRIKE FOR NIHILISM!
THAT WILL BE OUR TRIUMPH!
KOFF!
KOFF!

GOTTA GET OUT -- SMOKE GETTIN' TOO THICK---
NO, YOU DON'T, COBRA!
KOFF KOFF!
WE MUST HAVE SOLIDARITY!
BRAP!
SHE TURNS FOR ONLY AN INSTANT--
--BUT THE NOMAD NEEDS NO MORE THAN THAT TO SPRING LIKE AN UNCAGED COUGAR!
HE REACHES OUT--
--WHEN OUT OF NOWHERE COMES THE CRUSHING SPRAY OF A FIRE HOSE, BROUGHT BELATEDLY TO BATTLE THE BLAZE!
WITH A RUSH AND A ROAR, THE NOMAD IS HURLED ASIDE--
FWOOSH
--AND ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!
THE HOUSE IS COMING DOWN!

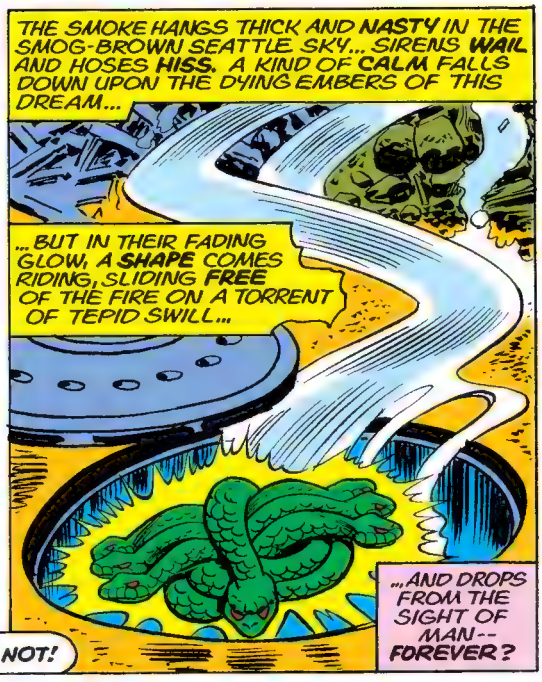


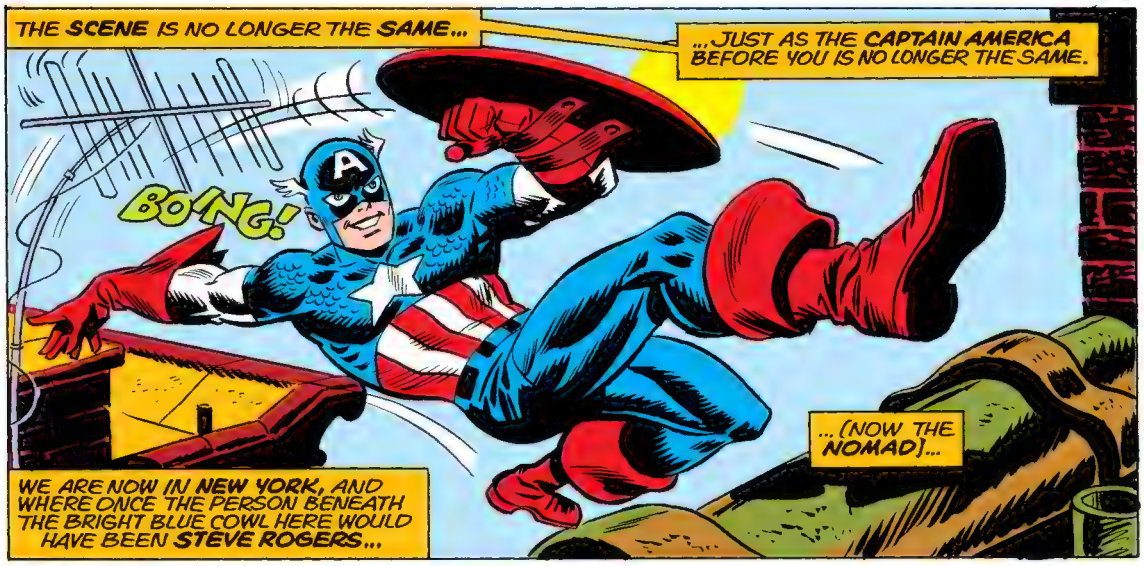


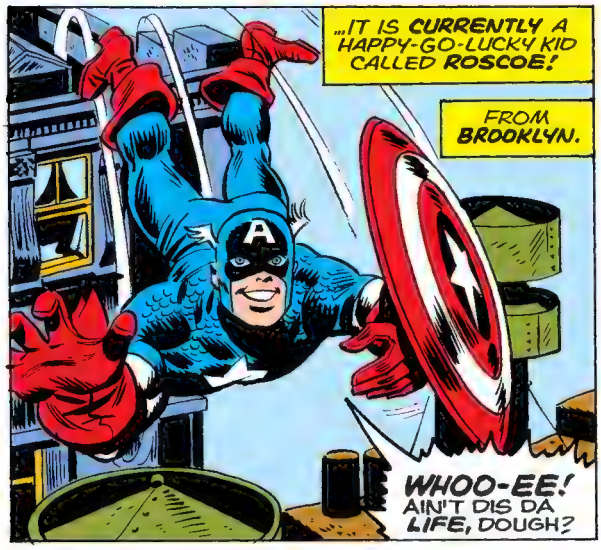
RUN--**SCRAMBLE**--PARRY FLAMES AND BROKEN TIMBERS, ALL WITH THE WEIGHT OF A **WOUNDED MAN** ON YOUR BACK! TIME IS A **SEETHING CAULDRON** AS THE NOMAD **FIGHTS** HIS WAY--**OUTSIDE!**



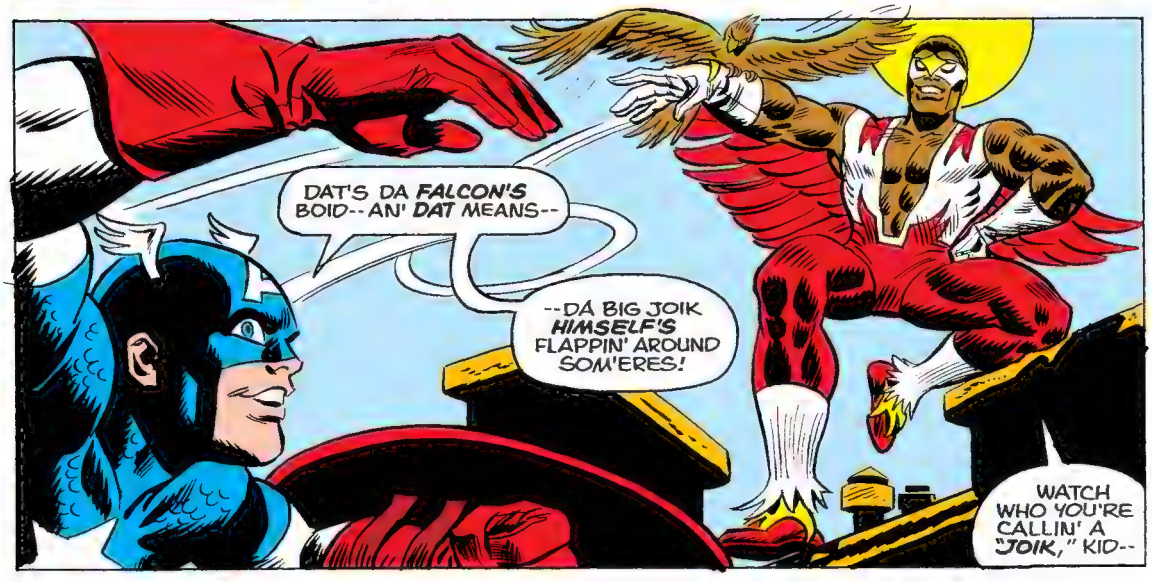
THERE IT GOES: THE VIPER'S FINAL RESTING PLACE! NO ONE COULD HAVE LIVED THROUGH THAT INFERNO!
SHE GOT WHAT SHE WANTED-- NOW. BUT WILL SHE GET WHAT SHE WANTED FOR THE FUTURE--
VROOM!
--MORE TERRORISM-- MORE "CHARACTERS" WHOSE ONLY CAUSE IS EFFECT?
I PRAY TO GOD NOT!

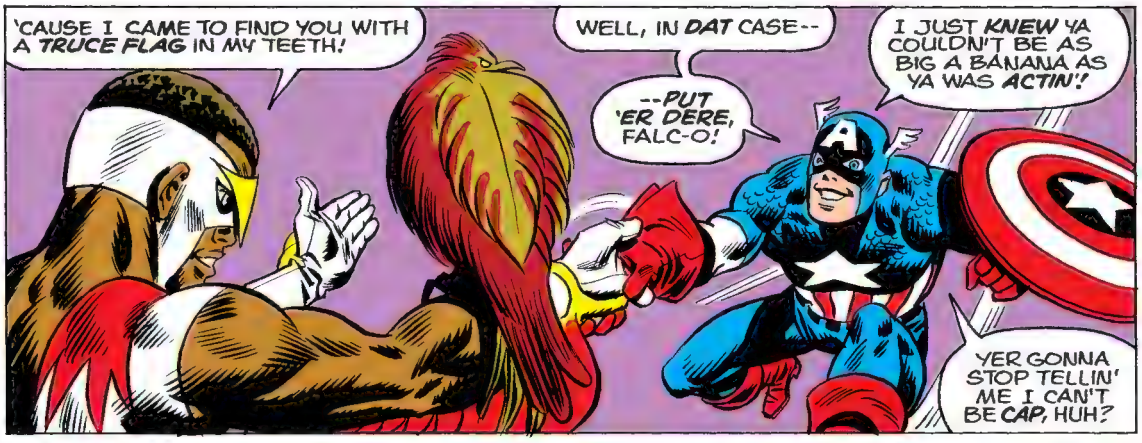

THE SMOKE HANGS THICK AND NASTY IN THE SMOG-BROWN SEATTLE SKY... SIRENS WAIL AND HOSES HISS. A KIND OF CALM FALLS DOWN UPON THE DYING EMBERS OF THIS DREAM...
...BUT IN THEIR FADING GLOW, A SHAPE COMES RIDING, SLIDING FREE OF THE FIRE ON A TORRENT OF TEPID SWILL...
...AND DROPS FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN-- FOREVER?


THE SCENE IS NO LONGER THE SAME...
...JUST AS THE CAPTAIN AMERICA BEFORE YOU IS NO LONGER THE SAME.
BOING!
...(NOW THE NOMAD)...
WE ARE NOW IN NEW YORK, AND WHERE ONCE THE PERSON BENEATH THE BRIGHT BLUE COWL HERE WOULD HAVE BEEN STEVE ROGERS...


...IT IS CURRENTLY A HAPPY-GO-LUCKY KID CALLED ROSCOE!
FROM BROOKLYN.
WHOO-EE! AIN'T DIS DA LIFE, DOUGH?

C'MON, CROOKS, GIMME A TUMBLE! DA NEW CAP'N AMERICA'LL PUT DA KIBOSH ON YEZ!
SKREE
REDWING--?

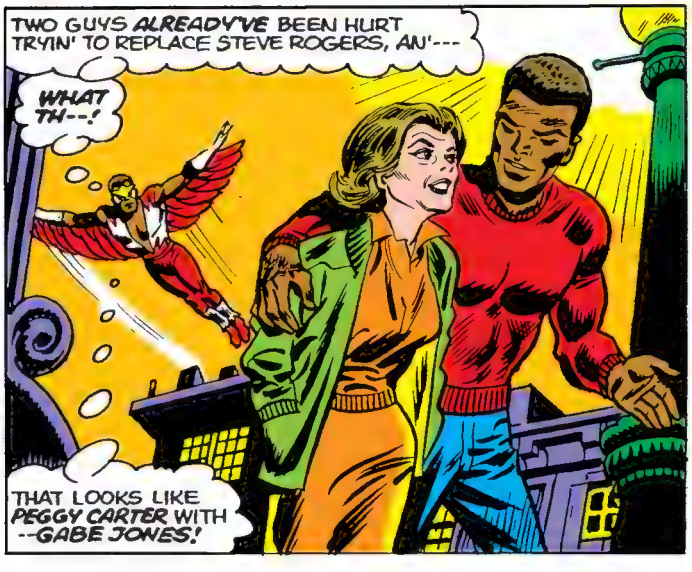

DAT'S DA FALCON'S BOID--AN' DAT MEANS--
--DA BIG JOIK HIMSELF'S FLAPPIN' AROUND SOM'ERES!
WATCH WHO YOU'RE CALLIN' A "JOIK," KID--


'CAUSE I CAME TO FIND YOU WITH A TRUCE FLAG IN MY TEETH!
WELL, IN DAT CASE--
--PUT 'ER DERE, FALC-O!
I JUST KNEW YA COULDN'T BE AS BIG A BANANA AS YA WAS ACTIN'!
YER GONNA STOP TELLIN' ME I CAN'T BE CAP, HUH?

--or-- DIDJA COME TA TELL ME DA REAL CAP'S SHOWN UP AGAIN?
YOU WERE RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, MY MAN!
I'M GONNA STOP HASSLIN' YOU.

IN FACT, SINCE IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE NOTHIN' SHORT OF AN A-BOMB COULD GET YOU TO GIVE UP THIS CRAZY IDEA--
-I DECIDED I'D TAKE YOU WITH ME ON PATROL TONIGHT, TO SHOW YA THE ROPES MYSELF! YOU KNOW--
--LOOK AFTER YA.

WAH-HOO! YER ON-- PARTNER!
LOOK OUT, WORLD--
--CAP AN' FALC RIDE AGAIN!
JUS' TILL I CAN CONVINCE YA THIS IS NO BUSINESS FOR KIDS, KID.


TWO GUYS ALREADY'VE BEEN HURT TRYIN' TO REPLACE STEVE ROGERS, AN'---
WHAT TH--!
THAT LOOKS LIKE PEGGY CARTER WITH --GABE JONES!

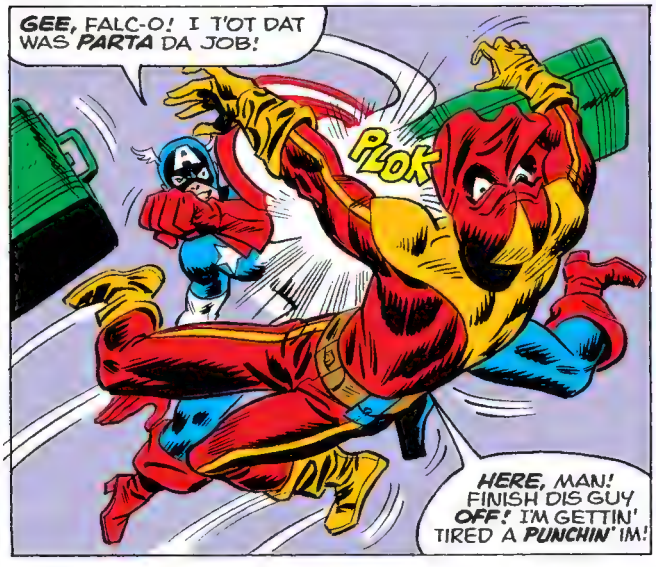
NAHHH! I MUST BE MISTAKEN!
I ONLY CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF 'EM IN THE STREET LIGHT...!

HEY, PARTNER-- QUITCHER DAY-DREAMIN' INNA NIGHT TIME!
LOOK DOWN DERE!
GUYS IN DA NIFTIEST SUPER-BAD-GUY T'READS Y'EVER SAW--
--LOIKIN' TOWARDS DAT BANK!
DEPOS
YEAH, I SEE 'EM, ROSCOE. NOW DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH!
CHECK 'EM OUT AN FIGURE WHAT'S THE BEST PLAN. SINCE IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S ONLY THREE OF 'EM--
COUNT 'EM LATER, BOID-BRAIN!
DON'TCHA SEE-- DEY'RE BOININ' DERE WAY TRU DA WALL WIT' A LASER!
-- AN' DA NAME AIN'T "ROSCOE"! IT'S "CAP"!

WELL, THERE'S NEVER ANY RECESSION ON ROBBIN' BANKS! LET'S TAKE 'EM-- KID--
--AN' WE'LL SEE WHETHER YOU CAN EARN YOUR NAME!
MAYBE I SHOULD BE T'ANKFUL YA DIDN'T TELL ME TA BE CAREFUL, FALC--

--BUT DEN AGAIN, YOU DUNNO HOW HARD I BEEN PRACTICIN' FOR DIS!
CHOK!
I AIN'T ABOUT TO MAKE A SLIP-UP--
--NOT ON MY FOIST CASE!

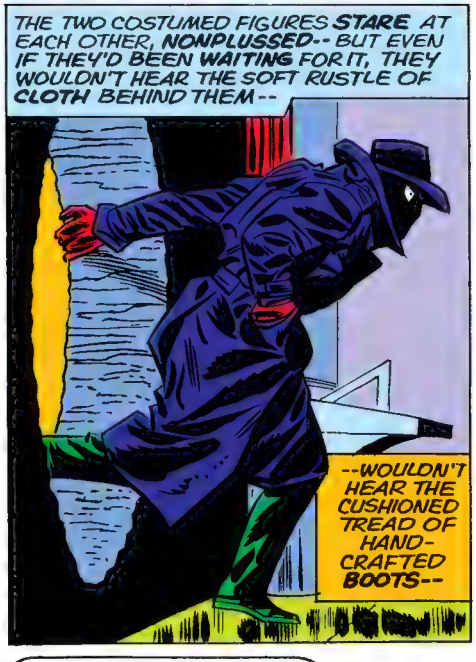
HEY, KID: DON'T TALK SO MUCH!
BOK!
SEE, I BEEN T'INKIN' ABOUT WHY BOB RUSSO AN' SCAR TOIPIN BLEW IT AS CAP'N AMERICAS!
POW!
SEE, DEY BOT' T'OT DEY WAS BIG GUYS, SO DEY DESOIVED A BIG JOB -- Y'KNOW, A JOB WOITHY O' DEM --
POW!
--BUT ME-- I FIGGER I'M JUST A NOIVY PUNK, WHO'S TRYIN' TA BE WOITHY O' DA JOB!


GEE, FALC-O! I T'OT DAT WAS PARTA DA JOB!
PLOK
HERE, MAN! FINISH DIS GUY OFF! I'M GETTIN' TIRED A PUNCHIN' IM!

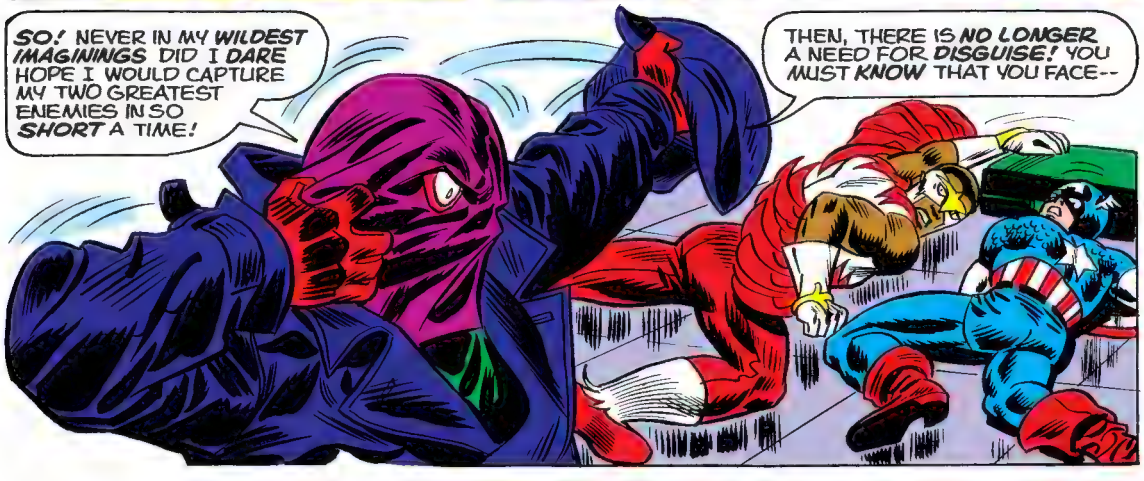
GOT 'IM, "CAP"!
AN' MAYBE--MAYBE I'VE GOT A "BOY WONDER" ON MY HANDS, AS WELL!
WOK

WITH THAT THOUGHT COMES ANOTHER: THE THOUGHT OF A SECOND YOUNG GALLANT IN THE CAPTAIN AMERICA SAGA, BUCKY BY NAME.
BUT THE FALCON DOESN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT BUCKY MUCH.
CHECK THIS OUT!
THEY WERE ALL CARRYIN' SUIT-CASES!
THEY MUST'VE BEEN PLANNIN' SOME FAST GETAWAY!

IDLY, FALC CLICKS BACK THE DOUBLE LOCKS...
"CAP"! HOLY CROW, KID -- THIS CASE IS ALREADY FULLA MONEY!
MONEY? DEY WAS BRINGIN' MONEY IN--?


THE TWO COSTUMED FIGURES STARE AT EACH OTHER, NONPLUSSED -- BUT EVEN IF THEY'D BEEN WAITING FOR IT, THEY WOULDN'T HEAR THE SOFT RUSTLE OF CLOTH BEHIND THEM --
--WOULDN'T HEAR THE CUSHIONED TREAD OF HAND-CRAFTED BOOTS--

--WOULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING ALARMING UNTIL --
ZAP!
--THEY FELT THE JOLT OF A STUN-BLAST PASS THROUGH THEM!


SO! NEVER IN MY WILDEST IMAGININGS DID I DARE HOPE I WOULD CAPTURE MY TWO GREATEST ENEMIES IN SO SHORT A TIME!
THEN, THERE IS NO LONGER A NEED FOR DISGUISE! YOU MUST KNOW THAT YOU FACE--

NEXT: YOU KNEW WE HAD TO DO IT--BUT IT'S FOR SURE YOU DON'T KNOW HOW!

THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN AMERICA!

EIGHT MONTHS IN THE MAKING, AND WORTH EVERY SECOND OF THE WAIT!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
183
MAR
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
DEATH OF A HERO!

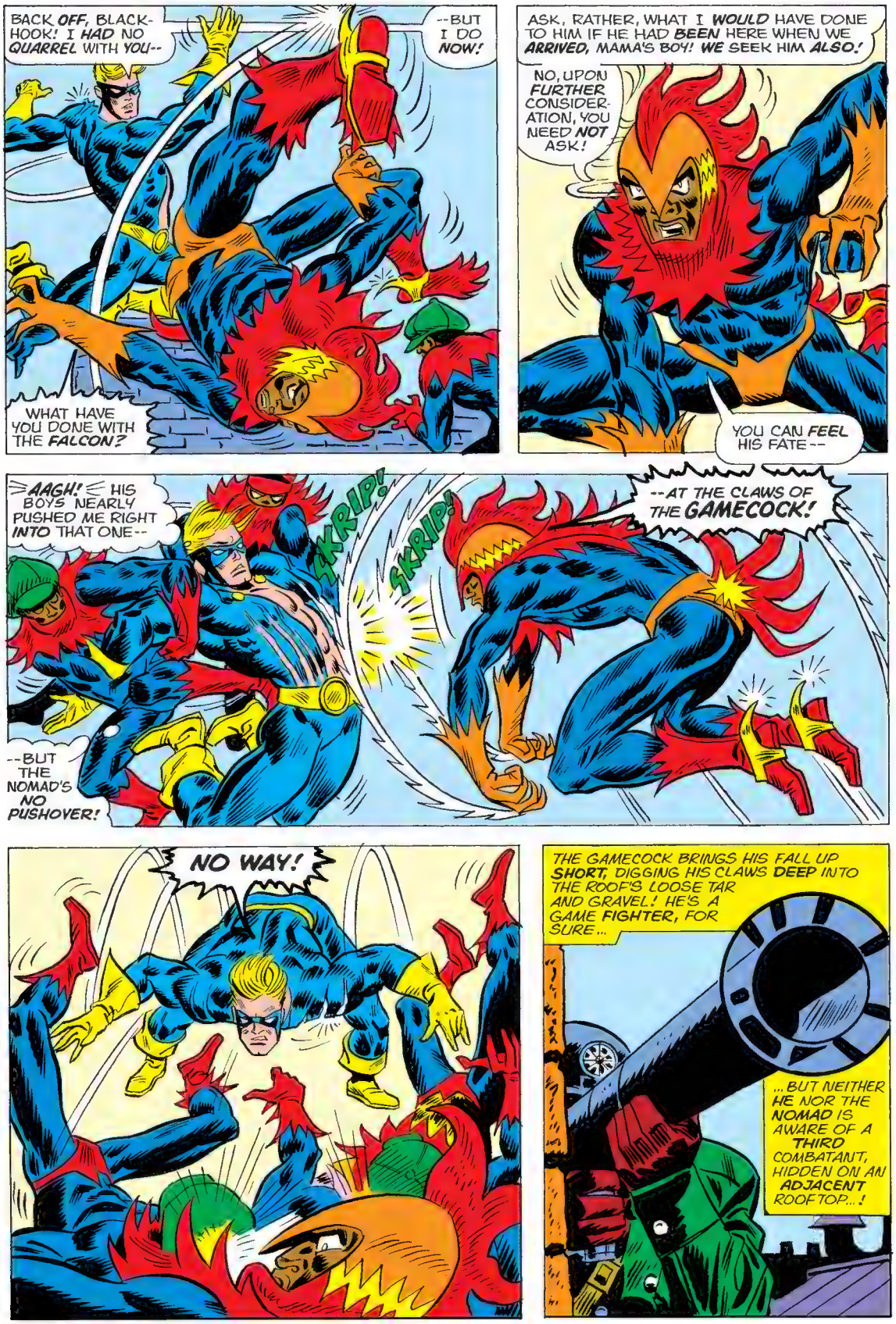
1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

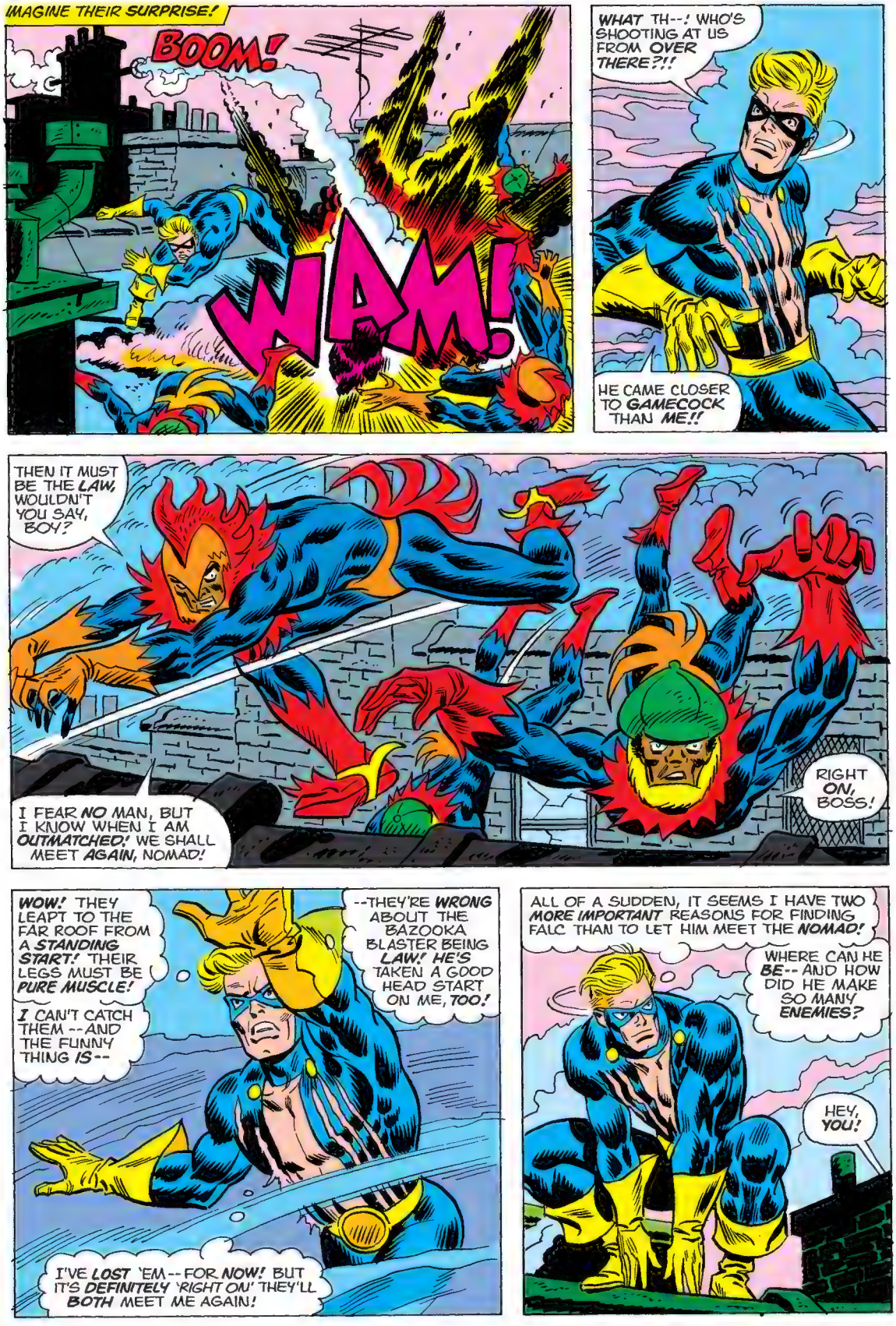
STan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

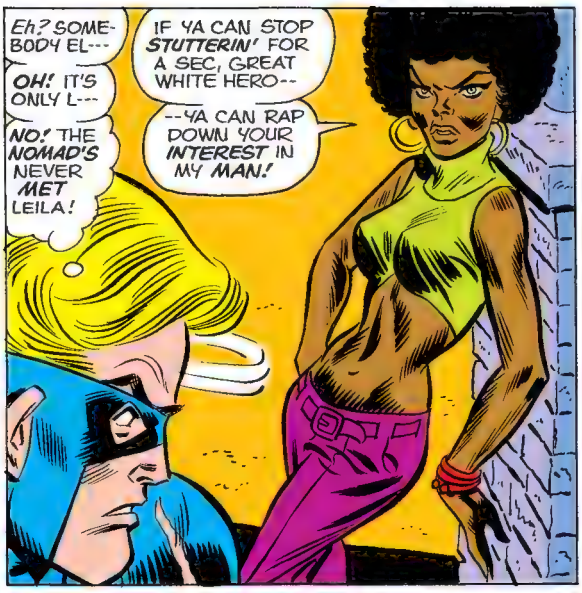
NOMAD: NO MORE!

NO, FAITHFUL READER, YOU HAVEN'T MISSED AN ISSUE. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE PROMISED YOU LAST MONTH-- WHAT OUR TITLE PROMISES YOU NOW!
ANOTHER CLASSIC!
SKRIK!
IT'S THE CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED COMPANION PIECE TO CA&F #176-- THE LATEST LANDMARK IN THE LIFE OF TODAY'S MOST TOGETHER HERO--
SO LET'S JOIN THE NOMAD, NOW BACK IN NEW YORK, AND SEE WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN!
--AND IT COMES COURTESY OF...

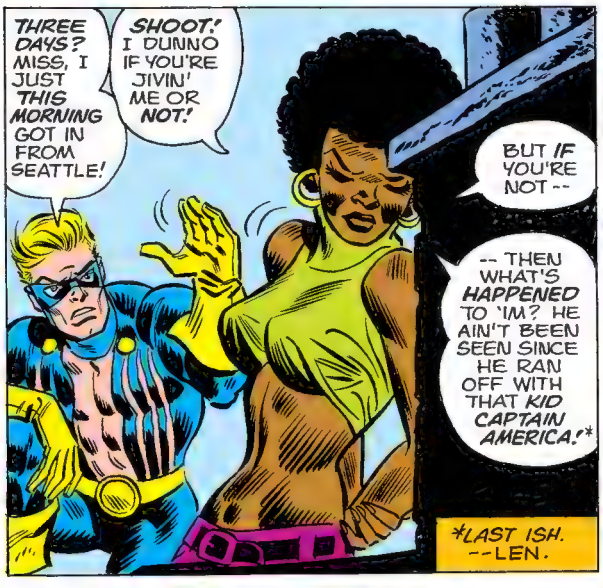
STEVE ENGLEHART	FRANK ROBBINS	FRANK GIACOIA	TOM ORZECHOWSKI	STAN G.	LEN WEIN
Saga	*Pencils*	*Inks*	*Calligraphy*	*Color*	*Editor*

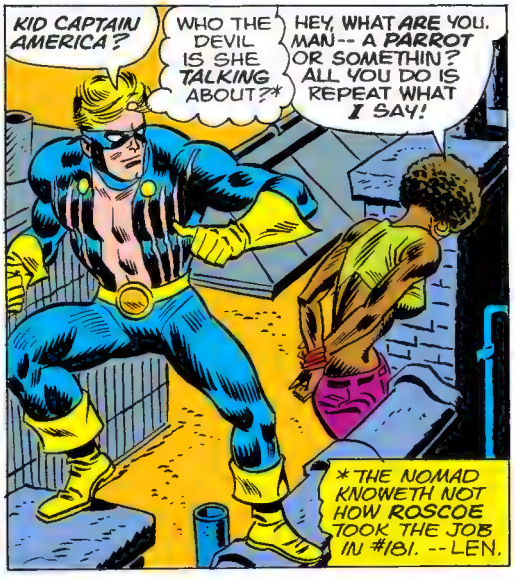

BACK OFF, BLACK-HOOK! I HAD NO QUARREL WITH YOU--
--BUT I DO NOW!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE FALCON?
ASK, RATHER, WHAT I WOULD HAVE DONE TO HIM IF HE HAD BEEN HERE WHEN WE ARRIVED, MAMA'S BOY! WE SEEK HIM ALSO!
NO, UPON FURTHER CONSIDER-ATION, YOU NEED NOT ASK!
YOU CAN FEEL HIS FATE--
AAGH! HIS BOYS NEARLY PUSHED ME RIGHT INTO THAT ONE--
--BUT THE NOMAD'S NO PUSHOVER!
KRIP!
SKRIP!
--AT THE CLAWS OF THE GAMECOCK!
NO WAY!
THE GAMECOCK BRINGS HIS FALL UP SHORT, DIGGING HIS CLAWS DEEP INTO THE ROOF'S LOOSE TAR AND GRAVEL! HE'S A GAME FIGHTER, FOR SURE...
...BUT NEITHER HE NOR THE NOMAD IS AWARE OF A THIRD COMBATANT, HIDDEN ON AN ADJACENT ROOFTOP...!

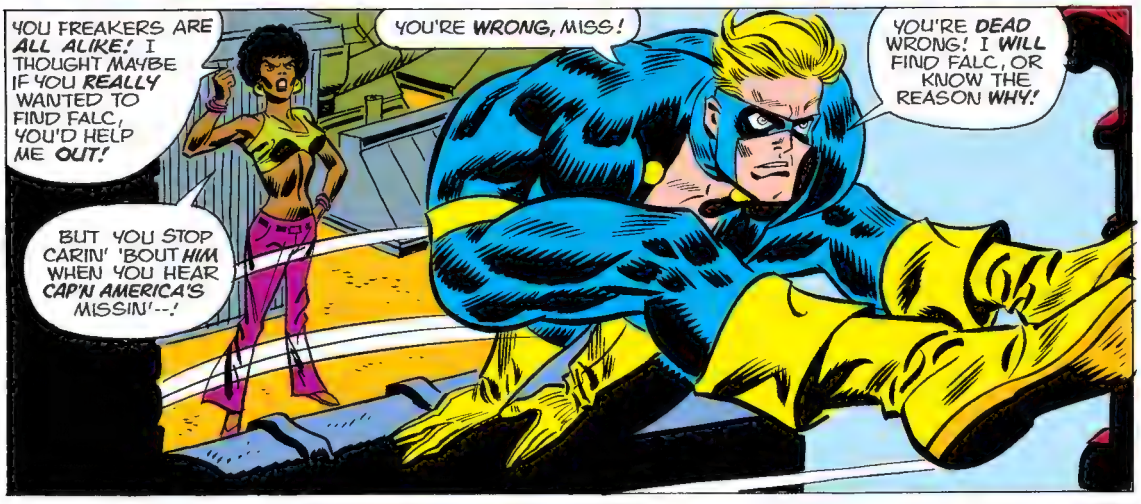

IMAGINE THEIR SURPRISE!
BOOM!
WAM!
WHAT TH--! WHO'S SHOOTING AT US FROM OVER THERE?!!
HE CAME CLOSER TO GAMECOCK THAN ME!!
THEN IT MUST BE THE LAW, WOULDN'T YOU SAY, BOY?
I FEAR NO MAN, BUT I KNOW WHEN I AM OUTMATCHED! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN, NOMAD!
RIGHT ON, BOSS!
WOW! THEY LEAPT TO THE FAR ROOF FROM A STANDING START! THEIR LEGS MUST BE PURE MUSCLE!
I CAN'T CATCH THEM -- AND THE FUNNY THING IS --
--THEY'RE WRONG ABOUT THE BAZOOKA BLASTER BEING LAW! HE'S TAKEN A GOOD HEAD START ON ME, TOO!
I'VE LOST 'EM -- FOR NOW! BUT IT'S DEFINITELY 'RIGHT ON' THEY'LL BOTH MEET ME AGAIN!
ALL OF A SUDDEN, IT SEEMS I HAVE TWO MORE IMPORTANT REASONS FOR FINDING FALC THAN TO LET HIM MEET THE NOMAD!
WHERE CAN HE BE -- AND HOW DID HE MAKE SO MANY ENEMIES?
HEY, YOU!

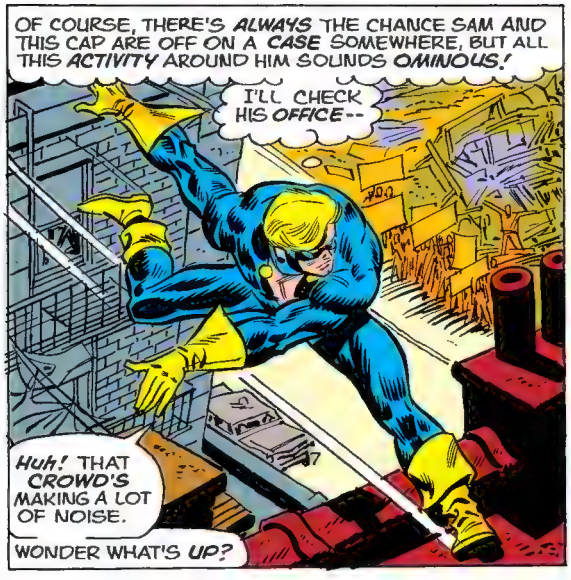

Eh? SOMEBODY EL---
OH! IT'S ONLY L---
NO! THE NOMAD'S NEVER MET LEILA!
IF YA CAN STOP STUTTERIN' FOR A SEC, GREAT WHITE HERO--
--YA CAN RAP DOWN YOUR INTEREST IN MY MAN!

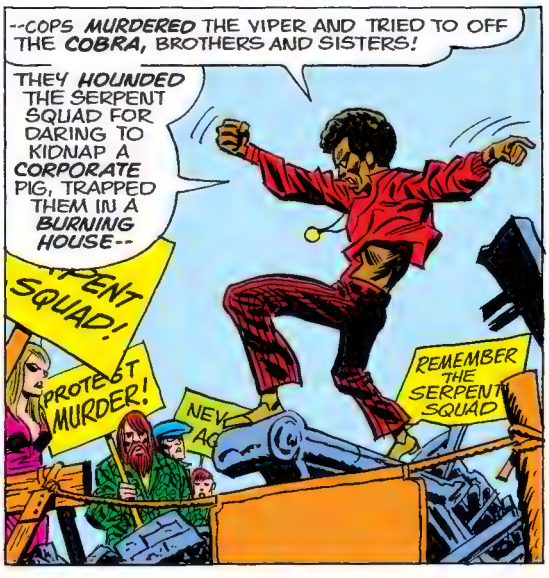
YEAH, I WAS SCOPIN' THE WHOLE SCENE JUS' NOW. DIDN'T SEE NO REASON TA GET MESSED UP IN IT.
BUT IF ALL YOU DUDES'RE LOOKIN' FOR FALC, I WANNA KNOW WHY-- 'CAUSE HE'S BEEN MISSIN' FOR THREE DAYS NOW!


THREE DAYS? MISS, I JUST THIS MORNING GOT IN FROM SEATTLE!
SHOOT! I DUNNO IF YOU'RE JIVIN' ME OR NOT!
BUT IF YOU'RE NOT --
-- THEN WHAT'S HAPPENED TO 'IM? HE AIN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE HE RAN OFF WITH THAT KID CAPTAIN AMERICA!*
*LAST ISH. --LEN.


KID CAPTAIN AMERICA?
WHO THE DEVIL IS SHE TALKING ABOUT?*
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU, MAN-- A PARROT OR SOMETHIN? ALL YOU DO IS REPEAT WHAT I SAY!
*THE NOMAD KNOWETH NOT HOW ROSCOE TOOK THE JOB IN #181. --LEN.

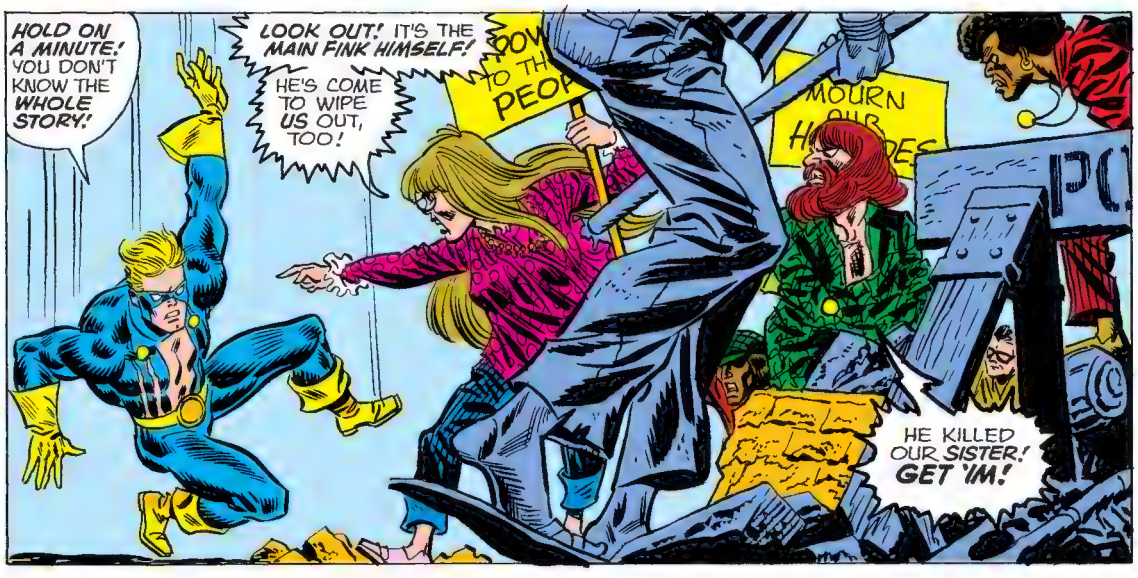

YOU FREAKERS ARE ALL ALIKE! I THOUGHT MAYBE IF YOU REALLY WANTED TO FIND FALC, YOU'D HELP ME OUT!
BUT YOU STOP CARIN' 'BOUT HIM WHEN YOU HEAR CAP'N AMERICA'S MISSIN'--!
YOU'RE WRONG, MISS!
YOU'RE DEAD WRONG! I WILL FIND FALC, OR KNOW THE REASON WHY!


OF COURSE, THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE SAM AND THIS CAP ARE OFF ON A CASE SOMEWHERE, BUT ALL THIS ACTIVITY AROUND HIM SOUNDS OMINOUS!
I'LL CHECK HIS OFFICE--
Huh! THAT CROWD'S MAKING A LOT OF NOISE.
WONDER WHAT'S UP?


--COPS MURDERED THE VIPER AND TRIED TO OFF THE COBRA, BROTHERS AND SISTERS!
THEY HOUNDED THE SERPENT SQUAD FOR DARING TO KIDNAP A CORPORATE PIG, TRAPPED THEM IN A BURNING HOUSE--
SQUAD!
PROTEST MURDER!
REMEMBER THE SERPENT SQUAD

--AND SENT THEIR UNDERCOVER MAN, THIS SO-CALLED NOMAD, IN TO MAKE SURE THE VALIANT VIPER DIED!
I SAY THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I SAY WE CARRY ON THE SERPENT SQUAD'S MISSION AND CRUSH THE CORPORATE INSECT!
UPLE

GOOD LORD! IT'S ALREADY STARTED-- THE VERY THING THE VIPER PREDICTED--
--THE BUILDING OF A LEGEND AROUND HER, TO INSPIRE OTHERS TO THE GOALS SHE PRETENDED TO ESPOUSE!
AND THEY'RE CALLING ME A VIGILANTE, JUST THE WAY THE COMMITTEE TO REGAIN AMERICA'S PRINCIPLES DID!


HOLD ON A MINUTE! YOU DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY!
LOOK OUT! IT'S THE MAIN FINK HIMSELF!
HE'S COME TO WIPE US OUT, TOO!
MOURN
HE KILLED OUR SISTER! GET 'IM!

HEY, WAIT! THERE'S NO NEED FOR VIOLENCE!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
SURE! JUST LIKE WITH THE VIPER!
THIS IS FOR HER, NOMAD! I ONLY WISH I HAD HER SUPER-POWERS!
RIPP!
BLAST IT! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU PEOPLE?
I CAME HERE TO TALK TO YOU--JUST TALK! BUT ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS FIGHT!
IF YOU'D LET ME TALK, YOU MIGHT HAVE LEARNED WE HAVE NOTHING TO FIGHT ABOUT--
--BUT FIGHTING'S TOO MUCH FUN, HUH?
THWIP!
BULL!
IF YOU KNEW WHAT FIGHTING WAS REALLY LIKE--!
BUT THEN, YOU DON'T WANT TO LEARN ANYTHING FROM ME!
WOW! TONE IT DOWN A LITTLE, STEVE!
THE DAYS WHEN YOU WERE A SYMBOL TO ANYONE ARE LONG GONE!
YOU'RE YOUR OWN MAN NOW --RESPONSIBLE ONLY FOR YOURSELF!
YOU WERE THE ONE WHO ASKED, "HOW CAN PEOPLE TRUST 'HEROES' ANY MORE-- AND HOW CAN I BLAME THEM?"
THAT'S THE WAY THINGS ARE TODAY!

LIPS CLAMPED, SOMBRE, THE NOMAD WANDERS ON ACROSS THE HARLEM SKYLINE. THIS ENCOUNTER UNSETTLES HIM -- EVEN MORE, SOMEHOW, THAN THE ONE WITH GAMECOCK.
HE DOESN'T LIKE THAT MUCH.
SAM'S OFFICE. NO DIFFERENT FROM THE DAY I LEFT FOR WASHINGTON.
YOU KNOW, THIS WOULD SEEM A LOGICAL PLACE TO CHECK FOR CLUES--
--BUT I'LL BET THERE'S NOTHING AT ALL FOR ME HERE.
GOOD MORNING, FIGARO. YOUR BOWL LOOKS PRETTY DRY....
MEOUW!
I'LL RUSTLE YOU SOME GRUB---
WHUP! SOMEBODY-- SOMEBODIES-- AT THE DOOR!
LOCKED! LET ME HAVE THE PICKS!
BREAKING AND ENTERING -- AND BEFORE BUSINESS HOURS, TOO!
WELL --
--YOU'RE IN FOR A SURP-- HUH?
GABE JONES --AND PEGGY?
LOOKS LIKE SHIELD LUCKS OUT AGAIN, PEG.
HI. YOU'RE THE NOMAD, IF OUR REPORTS FROM SEATTLE AND ELSEWHERE ARE TO BE BELIEVED.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN SAM WILSON'S OFFICE?
SHE'S FALLEN INTO SHIELD'S ROUTINE FAST. I WONDER IF I SHOULD TELL HER I WAS CAP?
NO. I'M NOT TELLING ANYBODY THAT -- FOR THE RECORD.
US, TOO. AND WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP.
PERHAPS WHEN YOU ACCREDIT YOURSELF, SHIELD COULD TAKE YOU INTO ITS CONFIDENCE, AS WE HAVE OTHER HEROES, NOMAD.
I WAS ASKED TO LOOK INTO WILSON'S DISAPPEARANCE.
BUT UNTIL THEN, I'M PERSONA NON GRATA. I GET THE PICTURE!
JUST LIKE THOSE ROXXON GUARDS! "WE DON'T NEED ANY HELP"!

KEEPING MY SECRET KEEPS EVERYONE FROM KNOWING THEY'RE NOT DEALING WITH A NOVICE!
BUT OKAY, THAT'S A PRICE I HAVE TO PAY--
--AND I DON'T THINK THERE WAS ANYTHING THERE, ANYWAY!
BESIDES, I HAVE PLENTY OF OTHER LEADS -- LIKE MORGAN, THE GUY WHO PUT A PRICE ON SAM'S LIFE!
FURY KNOWS SAM'S THE FALCON, WHICH IS WHY HE SENT HIS AGENTS IN--
MRGN
--SO HE PROBABLY KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE FALCON'S ENEMIES--
--BUT IF I'M GONE BEFORE HIS AGENTS SHOW UP--
--THEY CAN'T THROW ME OUT!
NOW LET'S HOPE THESE GUYS CAN'T DO IT, EITHER!
IT'S THAT NOMAD DUDE!
BLAST 'IM!
NOW, MEN, YOU'RE JUST PUT OFF BY MY UNUSUAL ENTRANCE!
BUT I HEAR YOUR BOSS IS HARD TO SEE--

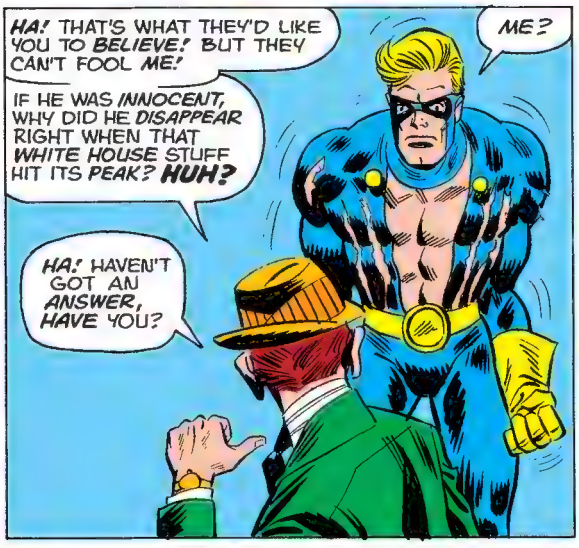
--AND NOBODY'S CO-OPERATING WITH ME THIS MORNING--
WAM
--SO I FIGURED TO CUT THE RED TAPE!
SO MUCH FOR "ACCREDITING" MYSELF WITH THIS HOOD! NOW--
ALL RIGHT, MORGAN, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE FALCON?
HANDS OFF, BUD!
I'M A BIG MAN IN THIS CITY, SEE--AND I'M FED UP TO HERE WITH SMALL-TIMERS TRYING TO PUSH ME AROUND!
YOU MAY HAVE MUSCLES, SMALL-TIMER, BUT I'VE GOT POWER LIKE YOU'LL ONLY KNOW IN DREAMS!
I'M IMPRESSED...
... AND I REPEAT: WHERE'S THE FALCON?
IF I KNEW THAT, NOMAD, I WOULDN'T HAVE SENT THE GAMECOCK AND HIS BROOD OVER TO KILL HIM!
YOU SENT THEM? YOU ADMIT THAT?
I'D DENY IT UNDER OATH, SMALL-TIMER--BUT IN MY OWN OFFICE I'LL ADMIT IT!
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME HERE!
I WILL GET THE FALCON! IF HE'S NOT WITH ME, HE'S AGAINST ME!
BUT I DON'T HAVE HIM NOW!
JUST LIKE FALC ALWAYS SAID, YOU MAKE SENSE IN YOUR OWN WARPED WAY, MORGAN!
BUT AFTER I FIND HIM--
--WE'LL BOTH BE BACK FOR YOU!

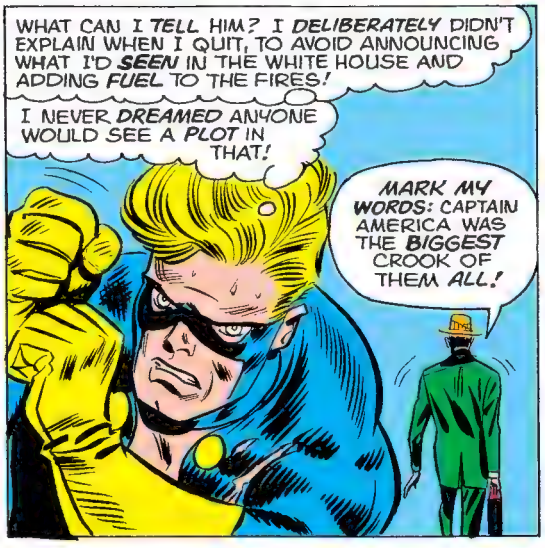
WELL, THERE GOES MY "PLENTY OF OTHER LEADS"! WHAT DO I DO NOW?
LEILA... MORGAN... HIS OFFICE. WHAT ELSE DO I REALLY KNOW ABOUT SAM?
HE WAS BEGINNING TO GET INTO BLACK PRIDE. MAYBE, IF HE WERE IN TROUBLE-- IF HE SUSPECTED HE MIGHT DISAPPEAR, AND DIDN'T HAVE A PARTNER TO TELL--
WAIT A MINUTE! THERE'S ANOTHER DISTURBANCE DOWN IN THE STREET!
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, PEOPLE?
YOU MEAN YOU HAVEN'T HEARD? THEY FOUND A HOLE IN THE BANK WALL OVER THE WEEKEND, HERO!
FEDERAL
AND WHEN THEY CHECKED, THEY FOUND ALL THE MONEY HAD BEEN REPLACED WITH COUNTERFEIT! ALL OF IT!
COUNTERFEIT? WHY WOULD ANYONE DO THAT--
--AND THEN LEAVE A HOLE IN THE WALL TO TIP PEOPLE OFF?
WHO KNOWS? WHO CARES? WE'RE WIPED OUT, HERO! ALL OUR SAVINGS ARE GONE!
NO, THEY'RE NOT! DON'T YOU KNOW THAT ALL ACCOUNTS ARE INSURED UP TO $20,000 BY THE GOVERNMENT?
Uh, HEY, YEAH! I HAVE HEARD THAT!
HEY, YEAH!
SO EVERYTHING'S OKAY, THEN!
UNLESS-- THIS WERE TAKING PLACE ON A GRAND SCALE! THINGS MIGHT GET NASTY IN THAT CASE!
BUT AGAIN, ONLY ONE THING DOMINATES THE NOMAD'S MIND THIS CRISP DECEMBER MORN-- SO HE CONTINUES TO ROOF IT TOWARD HIS PREVIOUS DESTINATION OF--
TIMES SQUARE-- AND LUKE CAGE'S THEATRE/OFFICE!
GEM
CAGE'S COLOR IS A VERY SLIM LEAD, BUT IT'S ALL I CAN COME UP WITH RIGHT NOW!
GEM
CLOSED FOR REPAIRS
WHAT'S THIS, THOUGH?
SO AM I! GONE TO L.A.! BACK WHEN I GET HERE! -LUKE CAGE (POWER MAN)

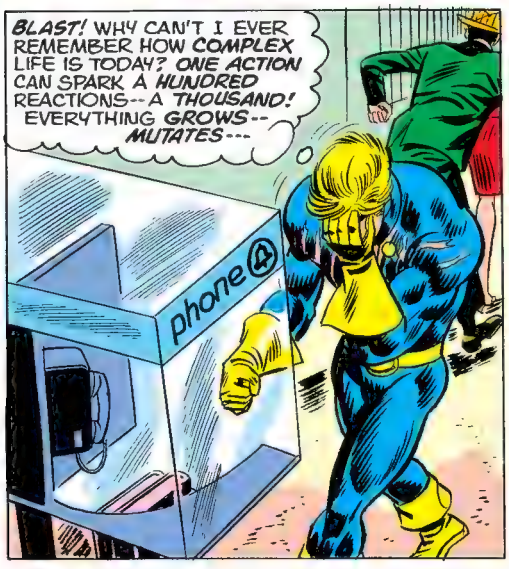
GONE TO THE COAST! AND I JUST CAME FROM THERE!
NUTS -- I CAN REMEMBER WHEN ALL OF US "HEROES" HAD OUR HANDS FULL WITH NEW YORK!
WOW... THOSE WERE THE DAYS! EVERYONE ROAMING AROUND, BUMPING INTO EACH OTHER -- LIKE LIVING CHESSMEN, PLAYING FOR JUSTICE AGAINST THE VILLAINS!
I'VE MADE SOME PRETTY GOOD FRIENDS LIKE THAT.
BUT I'VE NEVER EVEN MET "LUKE CAGE (POWERMAN)" -- AND I'M NOT REALLY SURE I WANT TO.
THIS WHOLE "HERO FOR HIRE" BIT RUBS ME THE WRONG WAY! I MEAN, BEING AN ADVENTURER IS A SPECIAL KIND OF LIFE -- AT LEAST IT IS FOR ME!
I'D NEVER DO IT SIMPLY FOR MONEY!
Soooo... THAT MAKES ME AN IDEALIST. AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, I STILL JUST WANT TO DO SOMETHING FOR PEOPLE!
AND THAT MAKES ME THE NOMAD, SINCE THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA SERVED TRIED TO ENSLAVE THE PEOPLE! I ---
EEEEE!
----uh-?
NOW WHAT?
OH NO!
IT'S ANOTHER BANK PANIC! IT IS HAPPENING ALL OVER TOWN!
AMERICAN SAVINGS
POLICE LINE

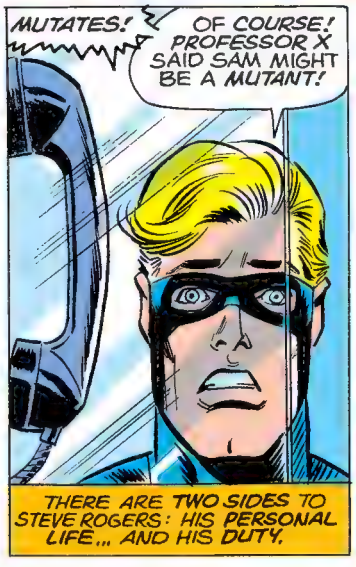
YOU BET IT IS, BUDDY -- AND FROM WHAT I HEAR ON THE NEWS, THE WHOLE EAST COAST'S BEEN HIT!
AND THE BANKS HAVEN'T OPEN YET IN THE LATER TIME ZONES.
AND YOU KNOW WHY I THINK THIS IS HAPPENING?
NO. WHY?

BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT'S BEEN MISMANAGING THE ECONOMY FOR YEARS. NOW THE LID'S ABOUT TO BLOW OFF, AND THEY NEED A DIVERSION--
--JUST LIKE THEY DID WHEN THE COMMITTEE TO REGAIN AMERICA'S PRINCIPLES GOT THE GOODS ON CAPTAIN AMERICA!
YOU'RE WRONG! CAP WAS INNOCENT!


HA! THAT'S WHAT THEY'D LIKE YOU TO BELIEVE! BUT THEY CAN'T FOOL ME!
ME?
IF HE WAS INNOCENT, WHY DID HE DISAPPEAR RIGHT WHEN THAT WHITE HOUSE STUFF HIT ITS PEAK? HUH?
HA! HAVEN'T GOT AN ANSWER, HAVE YOU?


WHAT CAN I TELL HIM? I DELIBERATELY DIDN'T EXPLAIN WHEN I QUIT, TO AVOID ANNOUNCING WHAT I'D SEEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE AND ADDING FUEL TO THE FIRES!
I NEVER DREAMED ANYONE WOULD SEE A PLOT IN THAT!
MARK MY WORDS: CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS THE BIGGEST CROOK OF THEM ALL!


BLAST! WHY CAN'T I EVER REMEMBER HOW COMPLEX LIFE IS TODAY? ONE ACTION CAN SPARK A HUNDRED REACTIONS--A THOUSAND! EVERYTHING GROWS--MUTATES---
phone

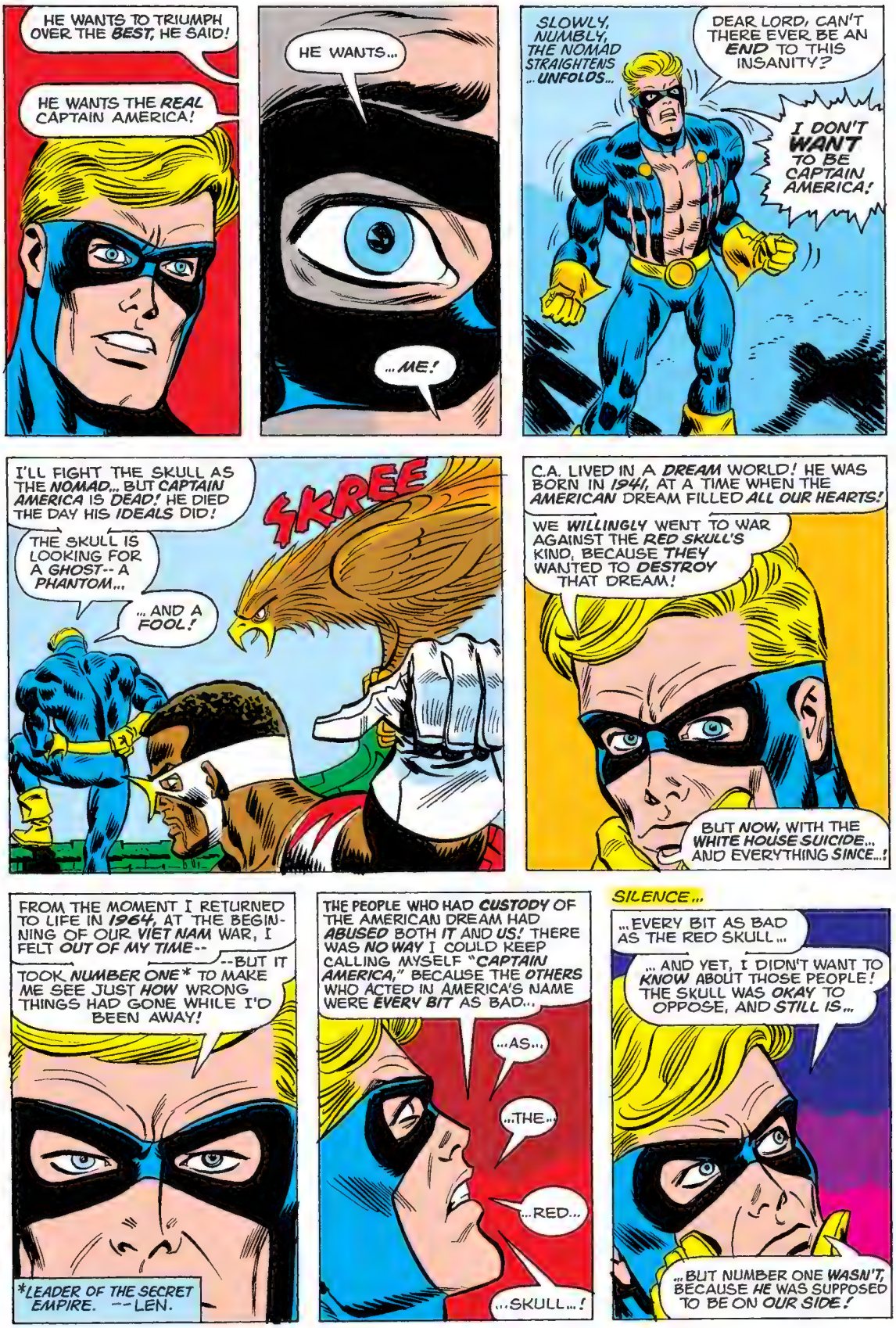

MUTATES!
OF COURSE! PROFESSOR X SAID SAM MIGHT BE A MUTANT!
THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO STEVE ROGERS: HIS PERSONAL LIFE... AND HIS DUTY.

HIS DUTY ALWAYS TAKES PRECEDENCE!
RRING

PROFESSOR XAVIER'S SCHOOL FOR GIFTED YOUNGSTERS!
A YOUNGSTER SPEAKING.
HELLO, BEAST--? IS THAT YOU?
BEAST? WHO, MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, IS THE BEAST?
LOOK, I KNOW YOU HAVE TO PROTECT YOUR IDENTITY. BUT THIS... WAS... CAPTAIN AMERICA.
I HAVE TO SPEAK WITH PROFESSOR X.
SORRY, SPORT --NOBODY HERE BUT US CHICKENS!
CAN I FILL YOUR BILL?
I HOPE SO!
I'M LOOKING FOR THE FALCON! HE'S BEEN MISSING FOR THREE DAYS--
MANHATTAN RED BOOK
--AND I JUST REMEMBERED THAT HE MIGHT HAVE SOME BUSINESS WITH YOU PEOPLE. IS HE THERE?
Hmmm... IT SEEMS YOU ARE YOU, CAP. YOU AND FALC ARE THE ONLY ONES OUTSIDE OF US MERRY MUTANTS WHO WOULD KNOW WHAT THE PROF SAID.
BUT I'M SORRY AGAIN, AMIGO. I JUST STOPPED BY THE SCHOOL FOR A VISIT AND NOBODY'S HERE-- NOT EVEN THE PROFESSOR... I HAVEN'T SEEN HIDE NOR FEATHER OF YOUR FRIEND.
STILL, I WOULDN'T WORRY. I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT MUTANTS NEED TIME ALONE, TO COME TO TERMS WITH WHAT THEY ARE. FOR EXAMPLE, IT'S TAKEN ME YEARS TO REALIZE--
--YOU HAVE TO BE WHAT YOU HAVE TO BE!
AREA CODES FOR NEW YORK
CLIK
REDWING!
SKAAAAA
AAAA

REDWING -- WHERE'S YOUR MASTER? WHERE'S FALC?
SKREE
OKAY! I'LL FOLLOW YOU!
WHAT IS IT, NOW? WHAT EMOTION FLOODS THE NOMAD'S SOUL AT THIS SUDDEN, MOST UNEXPECTED BREAK IN HIS FUTILE SEARCH?
PLEASURE? PURPOSE?
OR... PREMONITION?
SKREEEEEE
SKA
AA
AA
AAAA

ROSCOE!
OH MY GOD--IT'S ROSCOE!
HE'S DRESSED UP LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA! IT MUST HAVE BEEN HE LEILA WAS--
=UNNNHH=
SKREE
SOMEONE'S STILL HERE--!
FALCON!
CAP...
...THE KID-- ROSCOE...
I KNOW, SAM. I SAW.
WHAT KIND OF FIEND COULD DO THIS TO THE TWO OF YOU?
CAP... IT WAS...
...THE RED SKULL!
THE RED SKULL?!
HE'S... BACK, STEVE...
...BACK... TO HAVE HIS REVENGE... HE SAID...!
HE CAPTURED ROSCOE AND ME... THINKING HE HAD YOU.*
WHEN HE FOUND OUT... IT WASN'T "HIS" CAPTAIN AMERICA... HE WENT NUTS... STARTED SCREAMIN' THAT HE HADN'T DEVISED HIS GREATEST PLAN... TO WASTE ON A KID!
HE SLAUGHTERED 'IM, STEVE... AND BEAT ME TO A PULP... AS A WARNING...
*LAST ISH --LEN.


HE WANTS TO TRIUMPH OVER THE BEST, HE SAID!
HE WANTS THE REAL CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HE WANTS...
...ME!
SLOWLY, NUMBLY, THE NOMAD STRAIGHTENS ...UNFOLDS...
DEAR LORD, CAN'T THERE EVER BE AN END TO THIS INSANITY?
I DON'T WANT TO BE CAPTAIN AMERICA!
I'LL FIGHT THE SKULL AS THE NOMAD... BUT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS DEAD! HE DIED THE DAY HIS IDEALS DID!
SKREE
THE SKULL IS LOOKING FOR A GHOST-- A PHANTOM...
...AND A FOOL!
C.A. LIVED IN A DREAM WORLD! HE WAS BORN IN 1941, AT A TIME WHEN THE AMERICAN DREAM FILLED ALL OUR HEARTS!
WE WILLINGLY WENT TO WAR AGAINST THE RED SKULL'S KIND, BECAUSE THEY WANTED TO DESTROY THAT DREAM!
BUT NOW, WITH THE WHITE HOUSE SUICIDE... AND EVERYTHING SINCE...!
FROM THE MOMENT I RETURNED TO LIFE IN 1964, AT THE BEGINNING OF OUR VIET NAM WAR, I FELT OUT OF MY TIME--
--BUT IT TOOK NUMBER ONE* TO MAKE ME SEE JUST HOW WRONG THINGS HAD GONE WHILE I'D BEEN AWAY!
*LEADER OF THE SECRET EMPIRE. --LEN.
THE PEOPLE WHO HAD CUSTODY OF THE AMERICAN DREAM HAD ABUSED BOTH IT AND US! THERE WAS NO WAY I COULD KEEP CALLING MYSELF "CAPTAIN AMERICA," BECAUSE THE OTHERS WHO ACTED IN AMERICA'S NAME WERE EVERY BIT AS BAD...
...AS...
...THE...
...RED...
...SKULL...!
SILENCE...
...EVERY BIT AS BAD AS THE RED SKULL...
...AND YET, I DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE! THE SKULL WAS OKAY TO OPPOSE, AND STILL IS...
...BUT NUMBER ONE WASN'T, BECAUSE HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ON OUR SIDE!

OH LORD... IF I WASN'T PREPARED FOR ANY AND ALL THREATS TO THE AMERICAN DREAM, THEN WHAT WAS I DOING AS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
I'M NOT THE POOR, ABUSED HERO I'VE BEEN TELLING MYSELF I WAS!
I'M NOT EVEN A FOOL!
I'M A FAILURE!
I THOUGHT I KNEW WHO THE GOOD GUYS AND THE BAD GUYS WERE! I THOUGHT, AS USUAL, THAT THINGS WEREN'T AS COMPLEX AS THEY ARE...
... AND I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND HOW THE GOOD GUYS COULD PUT THEIR FAITH IN A MAN SO BAD!
BUT MY NAIVETÉ IS MY PROBLEM-- NOT AMERICA'S! THE COUNTRY DIDN'T LET ME DOWN--
--I LET HER DOWN, BY NOT BEING ALL THAT I COULD BE!
IF I'D PAID MORE ATTENTION TO THE WAY AMERICAN REALITY DIFFERED FROM THE AMERICAN DREAM--
--IF I HADN'T GONE AROUND THINKING THE THINGS I BELIEVE IN WERE THIRTY YEARS OUT OF DATE--
--THEN I MIGHT HAVE UNCOVERED NUMBER ONE, AND STOPPED HIM, BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE!
I GUESS... WHAT I'M SAYING IS...
... THERE HAS TO BE SOMEBODY WHO'LL FIGHT FOR THE DREAM, AGAINST ANY FOE...
...SOMEBODY WHO'LL DO THE JOB I STARTED--RIGHT!
AND GOD KNOWS I CAN'T LET ANYBODY ELSE RUN THE RISKS THAT JOB ENTAILS FOR ME!
GO TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FALC! I'LL BE BACK AS SOON AS I CAN!
WHAT ABOUT THE NOMAD, STEVE? IS THIS THE END OF HIM?
THE MAN NOMAD IS WON'T DIE, FALC! EVERYTHING HE'S LEARNED WILL LIVE ON-- ONLY NOW, ONCE AGAIN, IT'LL BE AS--

--CAPTAIN AMERICA!
WHATEVER THE THREAT-- WHEREVER IT ORIGINATES--
--I WON'T BE BLIND AGAIN!
34 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH, JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY CREATED CAPTAIN AMERICA!
THERE ARE MANY RISINGS AND ADVANCINGS OF THE SPIRIT.
NEXT
CAP VERSUS THE RED SKULL!

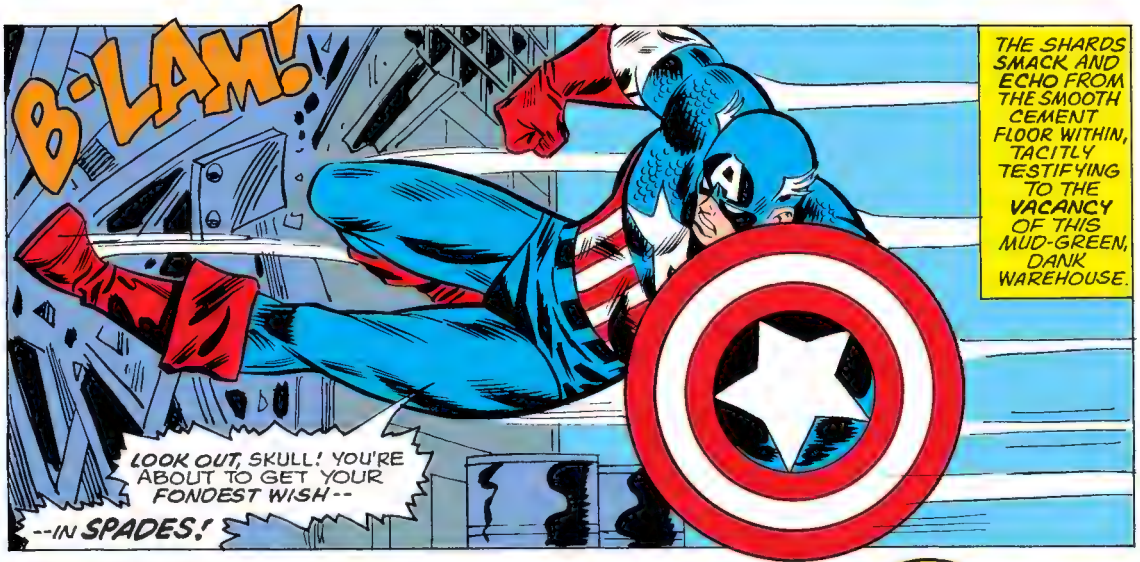
CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
184
APR
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
KEEP AWAY, CAPTAIN--OR THE WOMAN DIES!
AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN REACH HER IN TIME!
THE RED SKULL IS BACK!
'NUFF SAID!

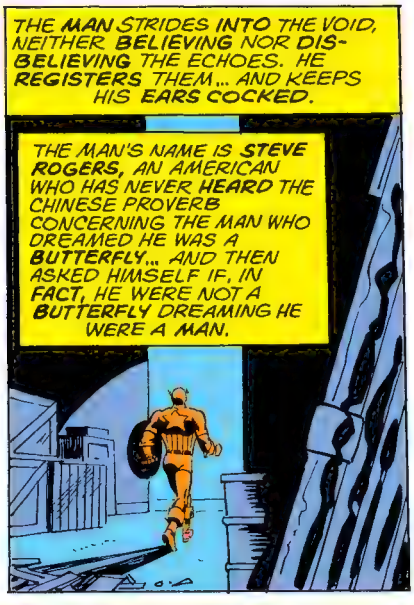
1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

CAP'S BACK!

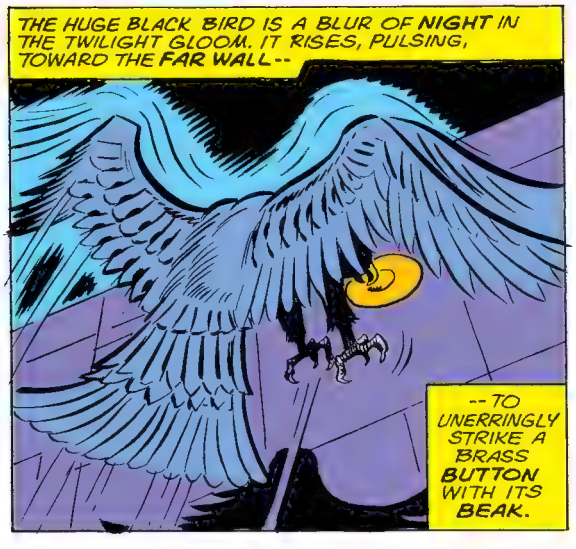
STEVE ENGLEHART / STORY | HERB TRIMPE / ART | F. GIACOIA & M. ESPOSITO / EMBELLISHMENT | TOM ORZ, lettering / G. ROUSSOS, coloring | LEN WEIN / EDITOR


B-LAM!
LOOK OUT, SKULL! YOU'RE ABOUT TO GET YOUR FONDEST WISH--
--IN SPADES!
THE SHARDS SMACK AND ECHO FROM THE SMOOTH CEMENT FLOOR WITHIN, TACITLY TESTIFYING TO THE VACANCY OF THIS MUD-GREEN, DANK WAREHOUSE.

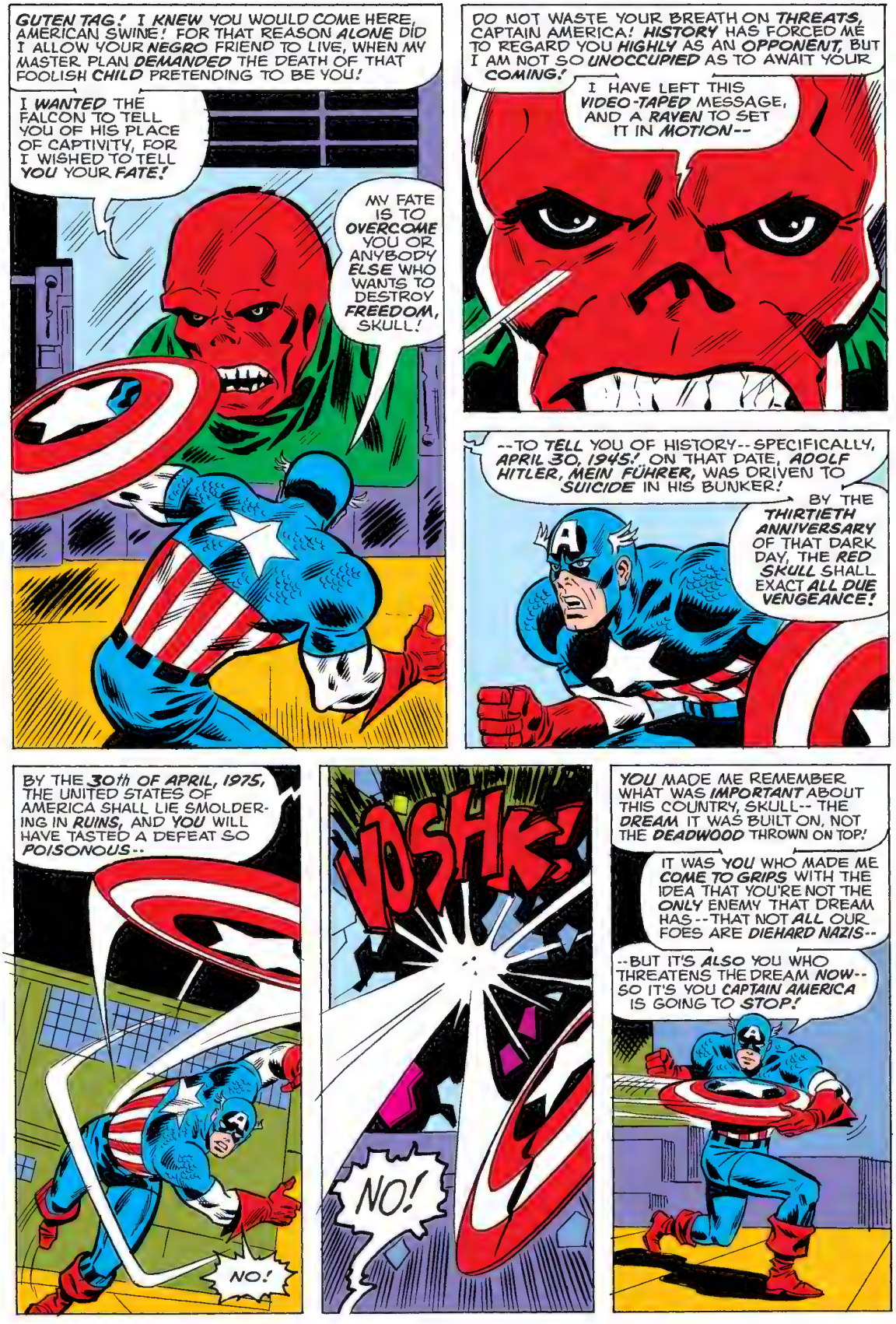

THE MAN STRIDES INTO THE VOID, NEITHER BELIEVING NOR DISBELIEVING THE ECHOES. HE REGISTERS THEM... AND KEEPS HIS EARS COCKED.
THE MAN'S NAME IS STEVE ROGERS, AN AMERICAN WHO HAS NEVER HEARD THE CHINESE PROVERB CONCERNING THE MAN WHO DREAMED HE WAS A BUTTERFLY... AND THEN ASKED HIMSELF IF, IN FACT, HE WERE NOT A BUTTERFLY DREAMING HE WERE A MAN.

YET STEVE ROGERS WAS CAPTAIN AMERICA UNTIL HE SAW HOW AMERICA FAILED ITS IDEALS. THEN HE WAS THE NOMAD... UNTIL HE SAW HOW HE FAILED HIS IDEALS.
NOW HE IS CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN...

...BUT MAKE NO MISTAKE: STEVE ROGERS HAS NOT TRAVELED IN A CIRCLE.
WHA--? A RAVEN!


THE HUGE BLACK BIRD IS A BLUR OF NIGHT IN THE TWILIGHT GLOOM. IT RISES, PULSING, TOWARD THE FAR WALL--
--TO UNERRINGLY STRIKE A BRASS BUTTON WITH ITS BEAK.

WITH THE SOUND OF GRINDING GEARS AND A SUBTLE AUDIO HUM, 1975 BEGINS FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA!

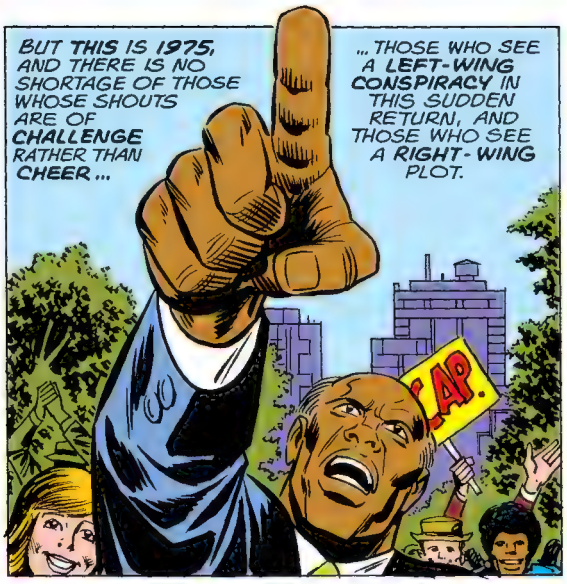

GUTEN TAG! I KNEW YOU WOULD COME HERE, AMERICAN SWINE! FOR THAT REASON ALONE DID I ALLOW YOUR NEGRO FRIEND TO LIVE, WHEN MY MASTER PLAN DEMANDED THE DEATH OF THAT FOOLISH CHILD PRETENDING TO BE YOU!
I WANTED THE FALCON TO TELL YOU OF HIS PLACE OF CAPTIVITY, FOR I WISHED TO TELL YOU YOUR FATE!
MY FATE IS TO OVERCOME YOU OR ANYBODY ELSE WHO WANTS TO DESTROY FREEDOM, SKULL!
DO NOT WASTE YOUR BREATH ON THREATS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HISTORY HAS FORCED ME TO REGARD YOU HIGHLY AS AN OPPONENT, BUT I AM NOT SO UNOCCUPIED AS TO AWAIT YOUR COMING!
I HAVE LEFT THIS VIDEO-TAPED MESSAGE, AND A RAVEN TO SET IT IN MOTION--
--TO TELL YOU OF HISTORY--SPECIFICALLY, APRIL 30, 1945! ON THAT DATE, ADOLF HITLER, MEIN FÜHRER, WAS DRIVEN TO SUICIDE IN HIS BUNKER!
BY THE THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THAT DARK DAY, THE RED SKULL SHALL EXACT ALL DUE VENGEANCE!
BY THE 30th OF APRIL, 1975, THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA SHALL LIE SMOLDERING IN RUINS, AND YOU WILL HAVE TASTED A DEFEAT SO POISONOUS--
NO!
YOSHK!
NO!
YOU MADE ME REMEMBER WHAT WAS IMPORTANT ABOUT THIS COUNTRY, SKULL-- THE DREAM IT WAS BUILT ON, NOT THE DEADWOOD THROWN ON TOP!
IT WAS YOU WHO MADE ME COME TO GRIPS WITH THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ENEMY THAT DREAM HAS--THAT NOT ALL OUR FOES ARE DIEHARD NAZIS--
--BUT IT'S ALSO YOU WHO THREATENS THE DREAM NOW-- SO IT'S YOU CAPTAIN AMERICA IS GOING TO STOP!

THIS MAN MAKES SPEECHES. HE CAN'T HELP IT; HE THINKS IN PRINCIPLES...
...BUT PRINCIPLES NOW TEMPERED ON THE FORGE OF UNDERSTANDING, AND HONED TO THE EDGE OF REALITY.
FALC TOLD ME THE SKULL WAS BEHIND THESE STRANGE SUBSTITUTIONS OF COUNTERFEIT CASH FOR THE REAL THING--*
*#182.--LEN.
--SO I'D BET HE HAS SOME SCHEME INVOLVING THE ECONOMY--
--WHAT'S THIS?!!
A TELEVISION NEWS CREW! TWO--THREE TELEVISION NEWS CREWS!
WE RECEIVED A TIP, CAP--IF THAT'S WHO YOU REALLY ARE--
--BECAUSE IF YOU ARE, YOUR BEING BACK IN UNIFORM IS THE FIRST BIG STORY OF THE YEAR!
SO, WHAT ABOUT A STATE-MENT?
CBS
I AM CAPTAIN AMERICA, MR. REUTHER. I HAVE COME BACK. BUT I'M NOT INTERESTED IN A LOT OF PUBLICITY.
NEITHER AM I--BUT NEWS IS SOMETHING I FAVOR GIVING THE PUBLIC PLENTY OF--
--AND THERE'S NO GETTING AROUND THE FACT THAT YOU'RE NEWS!
COME ON, CAP--THERE ARE TOO MANY PEOPLE HIDING BEHIND "NO COMMENT" TODAY!
YEAH. YOU'RE RIGHT. OKAY...
"...BUT LET'S MAKE IT FAST. I HAVE PLACES TO GO, AND PROMISES TO KEEP."
I'M A PUBLIC FIGURE AGAIN...
...NOT LIKE WHEN I WAS THE NOMAD. THEN I OPERATED IN COMPLETE ANONYMITY--COMPLETE FREEDOM--
--BUT I COULDN'T DO NEARLY AS MUCH FOR THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM.
KOK
KOK
OH. IT'S YOU.
MAY I SEE THE FALCON, LEILA?
IF YOU MEAN SAM, MAN...
...SURE!

HE 'N' ME JUST GOT THROUGH WITH A NICE, LONG TALK. WE FIGURED IT WAS ABOUT TIME...
...SEEIN' AS HOW HE NEARLY TOOK A BAG FOR YOU LAST NIGHT... NOMAD.
EASE UP, LEILA.
IT WAS MY FAULT. I AGREED TO TAKE CARE OF ROSCOE. IT WAS MY DECISION, MY RESPONSIBILITY --AND MY FAILURE-- THAT DROPPED US INTO THE RED SKULL'S GRIMY HANDS.
YEAH--AND IT WAS MY DECISION TO DROP MY LIFE AS C.A. COLD, SO THAT OTHERS TRIED TO TAKE UP A JOB I MADE SO DANGEROUS!
AND NONE OF THAT GETS US ANYWHERE. I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE YOU WERE OKAY--
--AND ASK IF YOU HAD ANY MORE CLUES TO FINDING THE SKULL.
YOU TALK LIKE YOU'RE GONNA GO AFTER HIM ALONE--!
THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY HE'S TALKIN', SAM--
--'CAUSE THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY IT IS!
OKAY, HERO, YOU'VE DONE YOUR DIRTY WORK FOR THE DAY! YOU'VE MADE 'IM WANT TO GET BACK OUT THERE AN' BE YOUR SIDEKICK--
THAT'S NOT WHAT I--
GET OUT!
NO! I OWE THE RED SKULL AS MUCH AS ANYBODY! I'M GOING WITH CAP--
--AND AS IT HAPPENS, I DO KNOW WHERE WE HAVE TO GO!
YOU DO?
I DO! WASHINGTON--THE CAPITOL BUILDING--TOMORROW AT NOON! HE WANTED US TO KNOW!
AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW, CAP-- I'M GLAD YOU'RE BACK WHERE YOU BELONG.
I HOPE WE CAN FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US WHILE YOU WERE THE NOMAD.

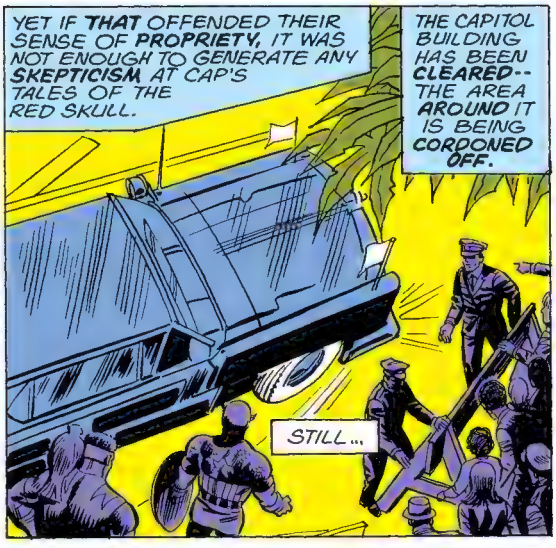
CAP NODS, EYES WISE. HE TURNS. HE LEAVES.
SO IT'S ON AGAIN, HUH? ONE FOR ALL AN' ALL FOR ONE: HIM!
IT'S NOT LIKE THAT, LEILA. YOU'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD.
CAP AND I HAVE OUR HASSLES, JUST LIKE YOU 'N' ME. BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD MAN-- AN' I'VE ALWAYS BEEN HIS PARTNER!
MAN, MAN, MAN... WHAT I'M DOIN' WITH A TOM LIKE YOU I'LL NEVER KNOW.
BUT IT KEEPS ON KEEPIN' ON, DON'T IT?
GO ON, SAM. DO WHATCHA GOTTA DO.
I AM.
... SURE, SAM... ALL THE BAD BLOOD BETWEEN US WHILE I WAS THE NOMAD IS FORGOTTEN... GONE...
... BUT YOU THINK I'VE "COME TO MY SENSES," DON'T YOU? YOU THINK I'M RECTIFYING A MISTAKE.
BUT BEING THE NOMAD WAS NO MISTAKE!
"BEING FORCED INTO A GREATER AWARENESS OF CORRUPTION, DECEIT, AND THE MADNESS OF POWER WAS NO MISTAKE--
"--EVEN IF THE INITIAL SHOCK WAS ALMOST MORE THAN I COULD BEAR. I DID REACT MORE WITH MY HEART THAN MY HEAD--
"--BUT IT FORCED ME INTO A GREATER AWARENESS OF MYSELF, AS A MAN--
"--AND AS A SUPERHERO, APART FROM THE LIVING LEGEND I HAD BECOME. I LEARNED WHAT MAKES ME TICK--"

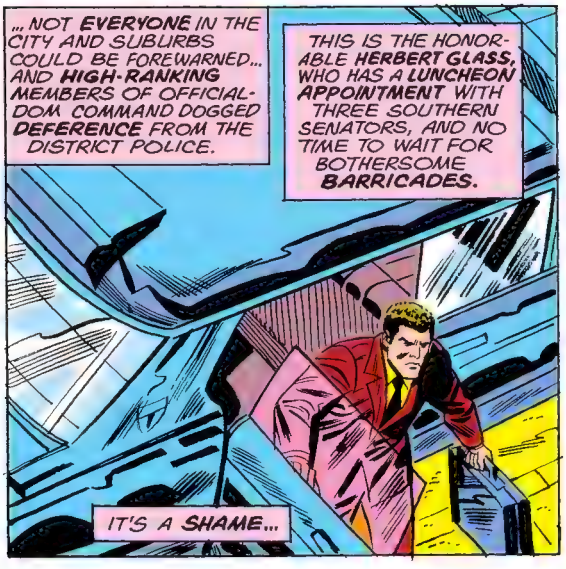
--SOMETHING I COULD NEVER HAVE DONE WHILE I WAS LIVING MY LIFE TRAPPED DEEP IN A RUT!
I NEVER INTENDED TO GO BACK TO BEING C.A., BUT IT WAS ONLY THROUGH STEPPING OUTSIDE MYSELF THAT I COULD GAIN A PERSPECTIVE ON GOING BACK IN!
NO, I MAY NOT ALWAYS HAVE MADE THE BEST DECISIONS -- BUT NOTHING I DID CAN BE CALLED A MISTAKE!
I'VE BROKEN AWAY FROM THE BLINDNESS OF THE PAST, WHICH CAN ONLY MEAN A BETTER FUTURE FOR BOTH MYSELF --
"-- AND THE COUNTRY!"
THE COUNTRY'S CAPITOL, THE FOLLOWING DAY...
... WHERE THE POST AND THE NETWORKS' BREAKFAST NEWS HAVE AWAKENED THE NORMALLY-UNIMPRESSED POPULACE TO CAPTAIN AMERICA'S REBIRTH...
... AND RADIO AND WORD-OF-MOUTH HAVE ALERTED THEM TO HIS UNEXPECTED APPEARANCE ON CAPITOL HILL!
CAP IS BACK!
1974 WAS A LONG, HARD GRIND FOR MOST OF THE PEOPLE GATHERED HERE, NO MATTER THEIR SEX, RACE, OR TAX BRACKET-- A GRIND THAT WAS ALWAYS KEPT IN FIRST GEAR BECAUSE IT WAS ALL DOWN HILL: PRESIDENTS THAT SWORE ONE THING AND MEANT ANOTHER, OIL COMPANY PROFITS AT RECORD PEAKS, LAYOFFS, VIOLENCE, AND THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING DOLLAR.
SMALL WONDER THEY PUSH AND SHOVE EACH OTHER NOW, FOR A SIGHT OF A SYMBOL LONG DENIED THEM...
... DENIED US.


BUT THIS IS 1975, AND THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF THOSE WHOSE SHOUTS ARE OF CHALLENGE RATHER THAN CHEER...
...THOSE WHO SEE A LEFT-WING CONSPIRACY IN THIS SUDDEN RETURN, AND THOSE WHO SEE A RIGHT-WING PLOT.
LAP.

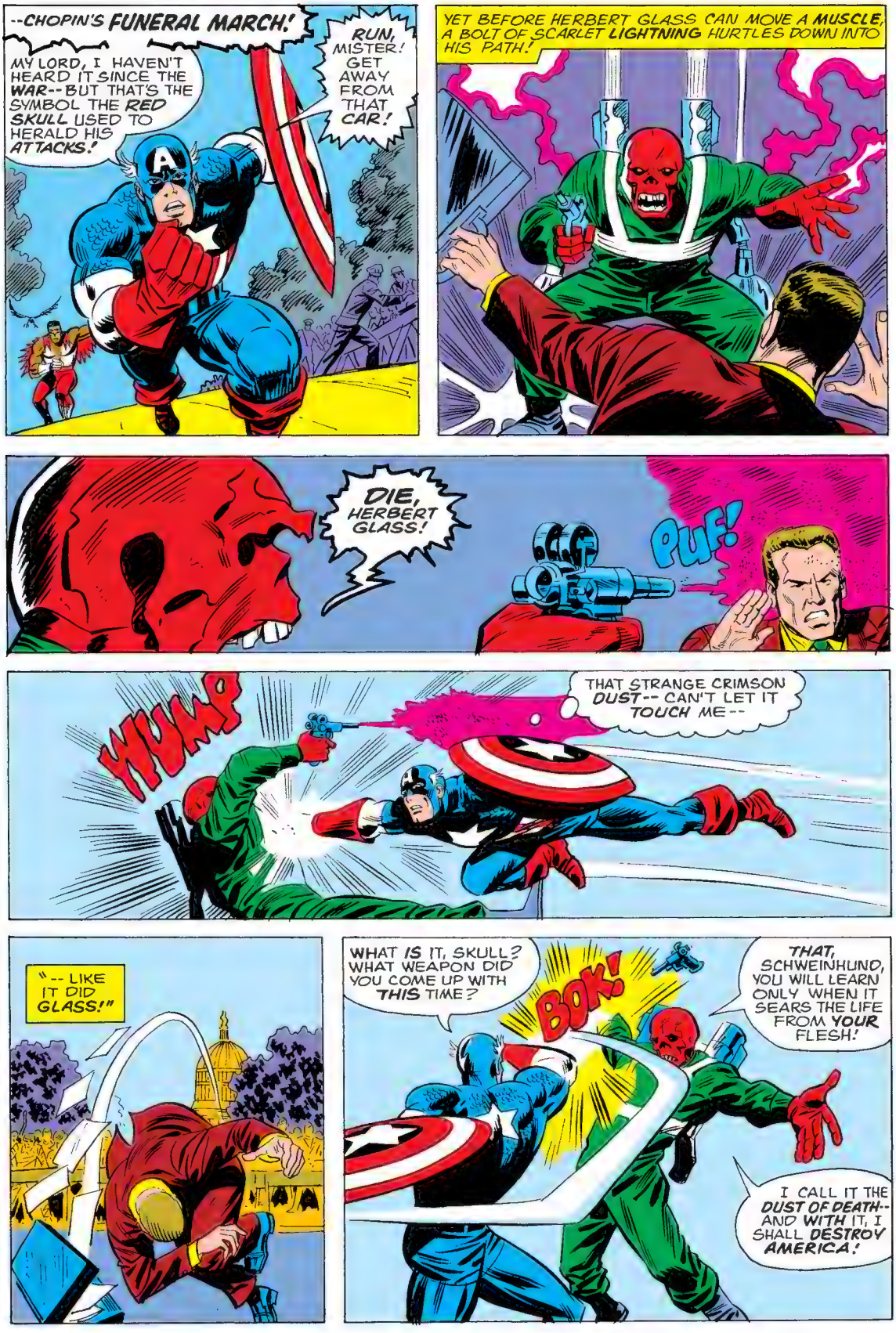
MOREOVER, THERE ARE UNCOUNTED OTHERS WHO EVINCED NO INTEREST AT ALL IN CAPTAIN AMERICA'S RESURRECTION, AND ELECTED TO STAY AT HOME...
...FOR THIS IS DEMOCRACY IN ACTION!

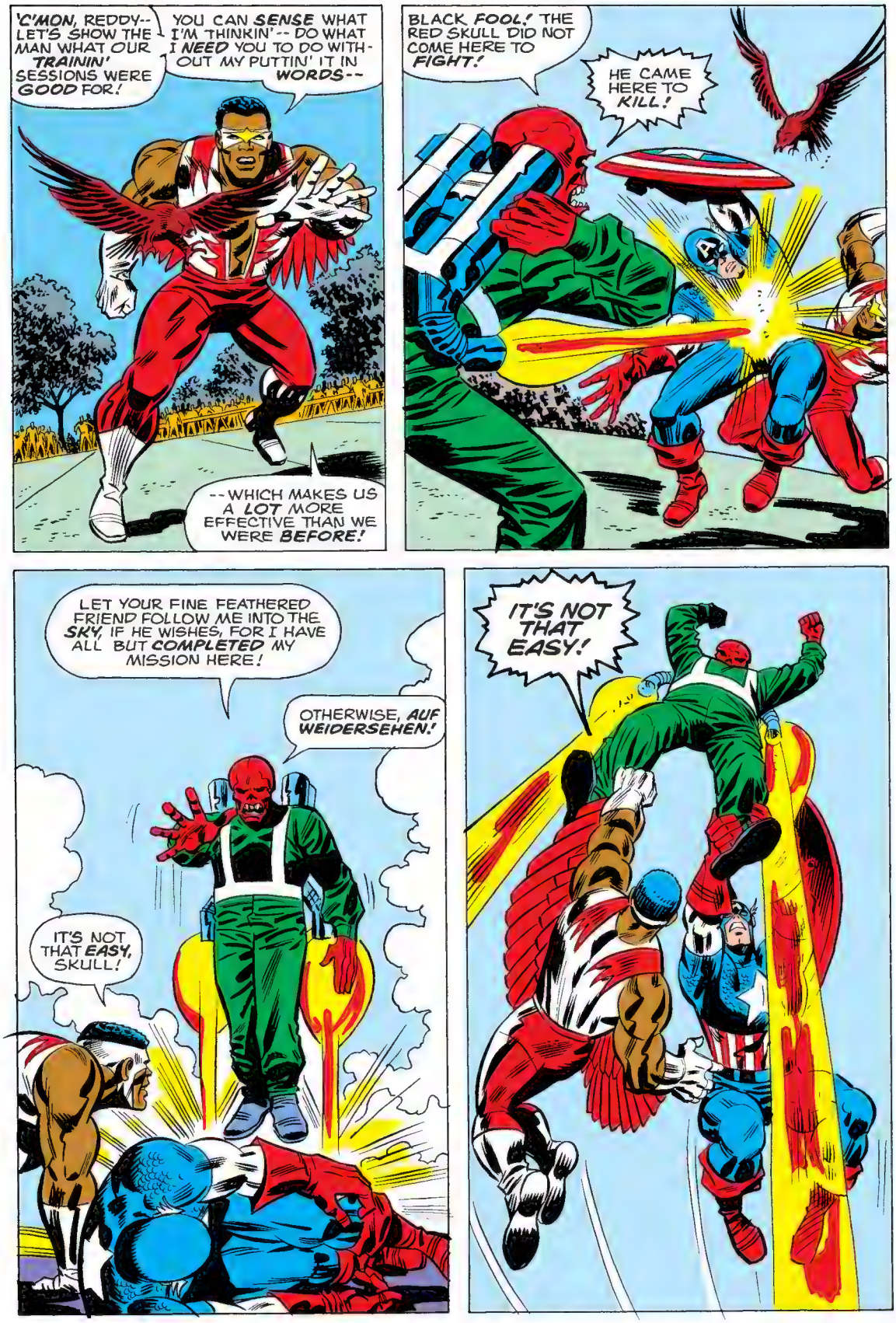
YOU'D BETTER START MOVING EVERYONE BACK, OFFICER. IT'S NEARLY NOON.
RIGHT, CAP.
IF THE PEOPLE WERE JOLTED BY CAP'S REAPPEARANCE, OFFICIALDOM WAS ROCKED ON ITS HEELS. AFTER ALL, THE LAST TIME HE VISITED WASHINGTON (INSOFAR AS THEY KNOW) HE WITNESSED A TOP-SECRET TERROR--*
--AND THEN VANISHED.
*THE WHITE HOUSE SUICIDE.--L.


YET IF THAT OFFENDED THEIR SENSE OF PROPRIETY, IT WAS NOT ENOUGH TO GENERATE ANY SKEPTICISM AT CAP'S TALES OF THE RED SKULL.
THE CAPITOL BUILDING HAS BEEN CLEARED-- THE AREA AROUND IT IS BEING CORDONED OFF.
STILL...


...NOT EVERYONE IN THE CITY AND SUBURBS COULD BE FOREWARNED... AND HIGH-RANKING MEMBERS OF OFFICIALDOM COMMAND DOGGED DEFERENCE FROM THE DISTRICT POLICE.
THIS IS THE HONORABLE HERBERT GLASS, WHO HAS A LUNCHEON APPOINTMENT WITH THREE SOUTHERN SENATORS, AND NO TIME TO WAIT FOR BOTHERSOME BARRICADES.
IT'S A SHAME...

...HE DOESN'T KNOW OF HIS SECOND APPOINTMENT.
Eh? THE CAR RADIO-- TURNED ITSELF ON!
SOMEONE'S WHISTLING--

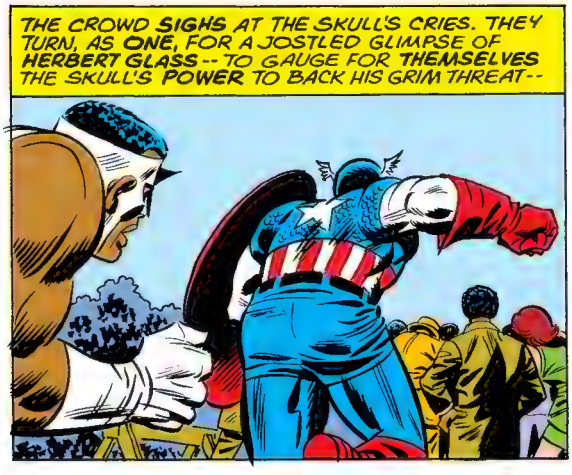

--CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH!
MY LORD, I HAVEN'T HEARD IT SINCE THE WAR--BUT THAT'S THE SYMBOL THE RED SKULL USED TO HERALD HIS ATTACKS!
RUN, MISTER! GET AWAY FROM THAT CAR!
YET BEFORE HERBERT GLASS CAN MOVE A MUSCLE, A BOLT OF SCARLET LIGHTNING HURTLES DOWN INTO HIS PATH!
DIE, HERBERT GLASS!
PUF!
HUMP
THAT STRANGE CRIMSON DUST-- CAN'T LET IT TOUCH ME--
"-- LIKE IT DID GLASS!"
WHAT IS IT, SKULL? WHAT WEAPON DID YOU COME UP WITH THIS TIME?
BOK!
THAT, SCHWEINHUND, YOU WILL LEARN ONLY WHEN IT SEARS THE LIFE FROM YOUR FLESH!
I CALL IT THE DUST OF DEATH-- AND WITH IT, I SHALL DESTROY AMERICA!

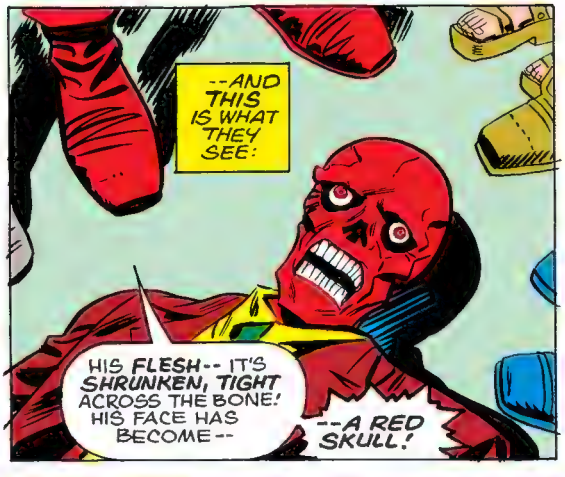

'C'MON, REDDY-- LET'S SHOW THE MAN WHAT OUR TRAININ' SESSIONS WERE GOOD FOR!
YOU CAN SENSE WHAT I'M THINKIN'-- DO WHAT I NEED YOU TO DO WITH-OUT MY PUTTIN' IT IN WORDS--
--WHICH MAKES US A LOT MORE EFFECTIVE THAN WE WERE BEFORE!
BLACK FOOL! THE RED SKULL DID NOT COME HERE TO FIGHT!
HE CAME HERE TO KILL!
LET YOUR FINE FEATHERED FRIEND FOLLOW ME INTO THE SKY, IF HE WISHES, FOR I HAVE ALL BUT COMPLETED MY MISSION HERE!
OTHERWISE, AUF WEIDERSEHEN!
IT'S NOT THAT EASY, SKULL!
IT'S NOT THAT EASY!

OH, BUT IT IS! I WOULD NOT ATTEMPT SUCH A BRAZEN ASSASSINATION WITHOUT A JETPACK CAPABLE OF CARRYING ME FREE OF ANY RETALIATION!
YOUR WEIGHT WILL NOT SLOW ME!
I SHALL CONTINUE TO RISE!
FIZZASK!
BUT YOU WON'T!
HEIL HITLER!
THE CROWD CATCHES ITS BREATH, AN AUDIBLE GROAN--
--ONLY TO EXHALE, ENTHRALLED, AS A RED, WHITE, AND BLACK FORM CLEAVES THE AIR!
HE DARTS, HE HURTLES--
--HE GRABS!
AND THE CROWD GOES WEAK IN THE KNEES!
AND THE YEARS OF TRAINING, TOO LONG FORGOTTEN, PROVE THEIR WORTH ONCE AGAIN!
YOU'RE STILL NOT SO FAST ON THOSE WINGS, PARTNER!
I ALMOST WORRIED!
THE STRUGGLE PROCEEDS ADMIRABLY-- ADMIRABLY! I WIN-- YOU WIN! THE CONTEST CONTINUES! BUT NOW--
YEAH? WELL, YOU'LL STILL GET YOUR CHANCE, LOOKS LIKE!

-- HEED MY NEXT WARNING! THE FIRST MEMBER OF THE FEDERAL OPEN MARKET COMMITTEE-- THE GROUP WHICH FORMULATES AMERICAN ECONOMIC POLICY-- HAS DIED!
THE SECOND, THE HON. G. LAWTON SARGENT, WILL DIE AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT!

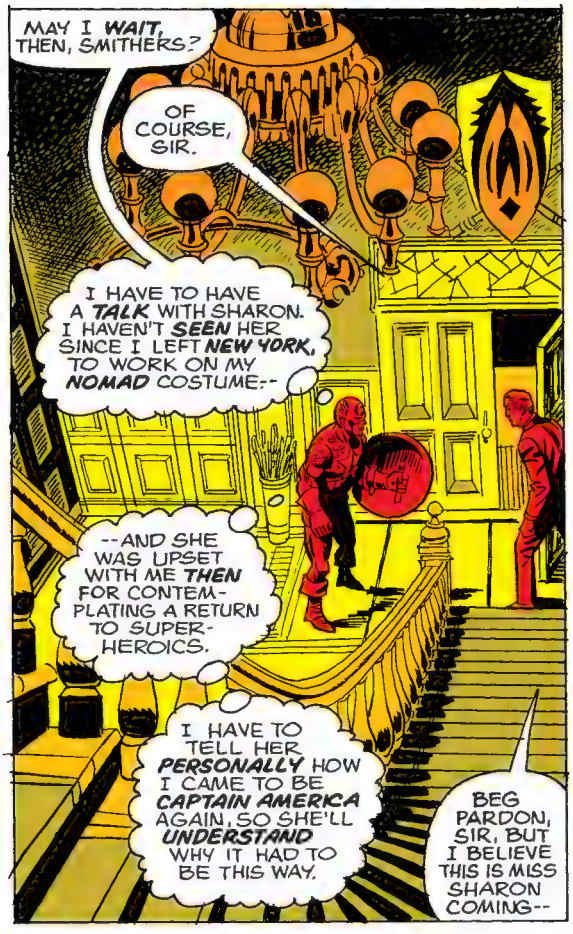
A MILITARY VICTORY WAS BEYOND MEIN FÜHRER'S GRASP, BUT AMERICA SHALL LIE IN ECONOMIC RUBBLE BEFORE IT CAN MARK HIS FINAL HOUR AGAIN!
THE RED SKULL SO SWEARS!

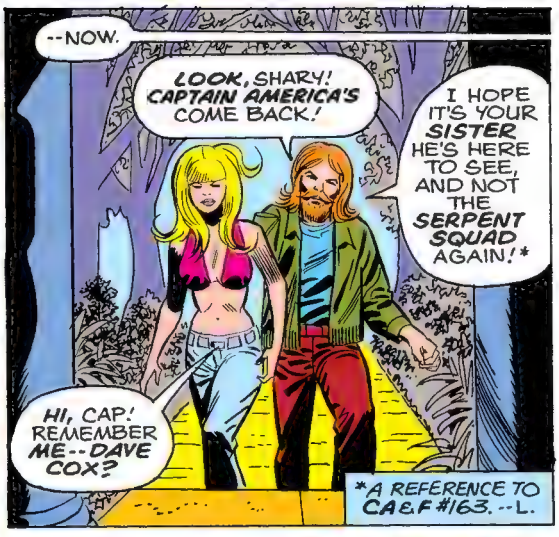

THE CROWD SIGHS AT THE SKULL'S CRIES. THEY TURN, AS ONE, FOR A JOSTLED GLIMPSE OF HERBERT GLASS -- TO GAUGE FOR THEMSELVES THE SKULL'S POWER TO BACK HIS GRIM THREAT--


--AND THIS IS WHAT THEY SEE:
HIS FLESH-- IT'S SHRUNKEN, TIGHT ACROSS THE BONE! HIS FACE HAS BECOME--
--A RED SKULL!

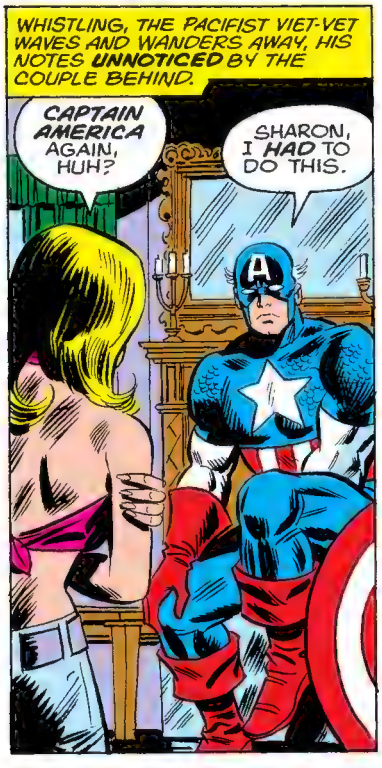
LORD! OH, LORD! I'LL GET HIM FOR THIS-- AND FOR ROSCOE -- AND FOR EVERY VILE THING HE'S PLANNING!
HE CAN SWEAR -- BUT I CAN SWEAR, TOO -- AND I SWEAR I'LL GET HIM!
PHEW! CAP MAY HAVE TROUBLE DECIDING HOW TO DO IT-- BUT HE ALWAYS KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS TO DO!

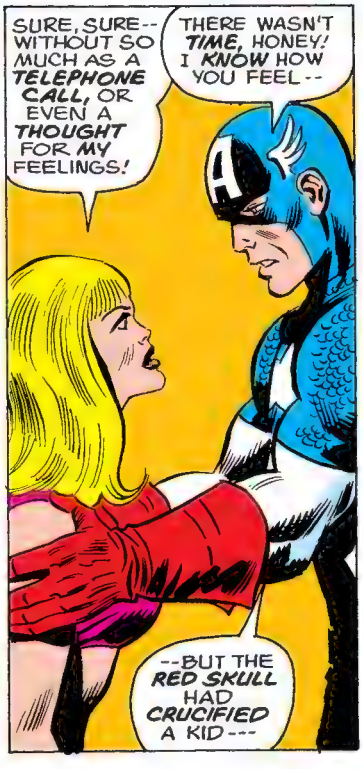
AND THE FIRST THING HE WANTS IS A TIGHT SECURITY SCREEN FOR THE HON. MR. SARGENT...
...BUT THE SECOND, IN THE REMAINING HOURS 'TIL MIDNIGHT, IS A VISIT TO A NEAR-BY VIRGINIA MANSE.
AH... CAPTAIN AMERICA IF YOU'VE COME TO SEE MISS SHARON, I FEAR SHE'S NOT AT HOME.

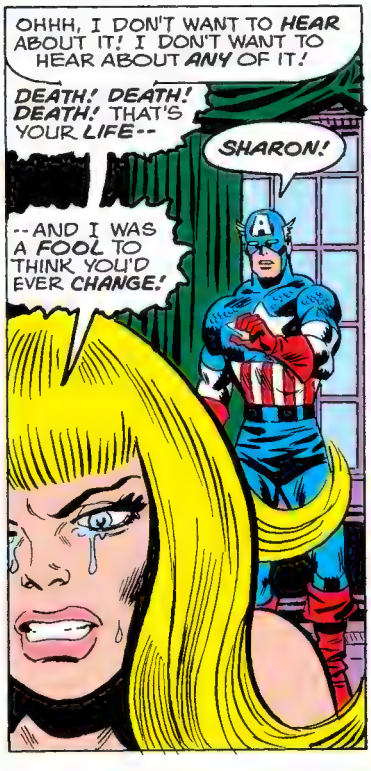

MAY I WAIT, THEN, SMITHERS?
OF COURSE, SIR.
I HAVE TO HAVE A TALK WITH SHARON. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SINCE I LEFT NEW YORK, TO WORK ON MY NOMAD COSTUME--
--AND SHE WAS UPSET WITH ME THEN FOR CONTEM-PLATING A RETURN TO SUPER-HEROICS.
I HAVE TO TELL HER PERSONALLY HOW I CAME TO BE CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN, SO SHE'LL UNDERSTAND WHY IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY.
BEG PARDON, SIR, BUT I BELIEVE THIS IS MISS SHARON COMING--

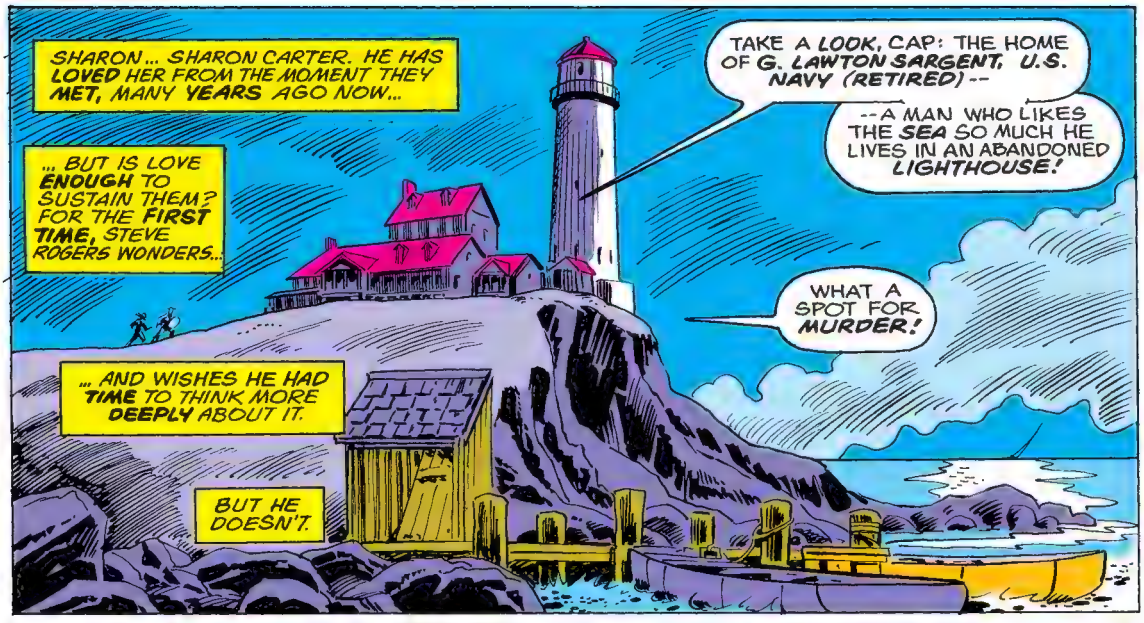

--NOW.
LOOK, SHARY! CAPTAIN AMERICA'S COME BACK!
I HOPE IT'S YOUR SISTER HE'S HERE TO SEE, AND NOT THE SERPENT SQUAD AGAIN!*
HI, CAP! REMEMBER ME--DAVE COX?
*A REFERENCE TO CA&F #163.--L.

Uh... SURE DAVE. HOW'S... IT GOING?
DAVE, I THINK CAP WANTS TO SEE ME. COULD YOU LEAVE US ALONE FOR A MOMENT?
I HAVE TO GET HOME ANYWAY, SHARY. THANKS FOR THE WALK.


WHISTLING, THE PACIFIST VIET-VET WAVES AND WANDERS AWAY, HIS NOTES UNNOTICED BY THE COUPLE BEHIND.
CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN, HUH?
SHARON, I HAD TO DO THIS.


SURE, SURE-- WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A TELEPHONE CALL, OR EVEN A THOUGHT FOR MY FEELINGS!
THERE WASN'T TIME, HONEY! I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL--
--BUT THE RED SKULL HAD CRUCIFIED A KID---


OHHH, I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT ANY OF IT!
DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! THAT'S YOUR LIFE--
SHARON!
--AND I WAS A FOOL TO THINK YOU'D EVER CHANGE!

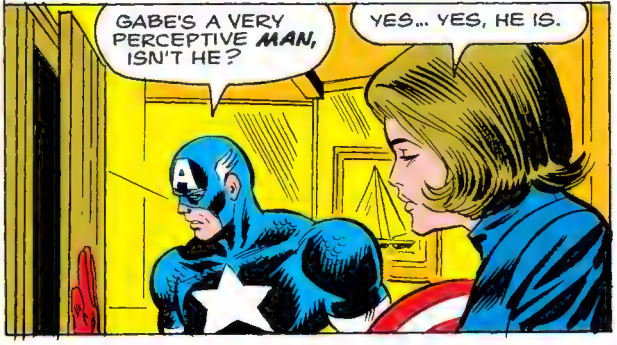

SHARON... SHARON CARTER. HE HAS LOVED HER FROM THE MOMENT THEY MET, MANY YEARS AGO NOW...
... BUT IS LOVE ENOUGH TO SUSTAIN THEM? FOR THE FIRST TIME, STEVE ROGERS WONDERS...
... AND WISHES HE HAD TIME TO THINK MORE DEEPLY ABOUT IT.
BUT HE DOESN'T.
TAKE A LOOK, CAP: THE HOME OF G. LAWTON SARGENT, U.S. NAVY (RETIRED) --
--A MAN WHO LIKES THE SEA SO MUCH HE LIVES IN AN ABANDONED LIGHTHOUSE!
WHAT A SPOT FOR MURDER!

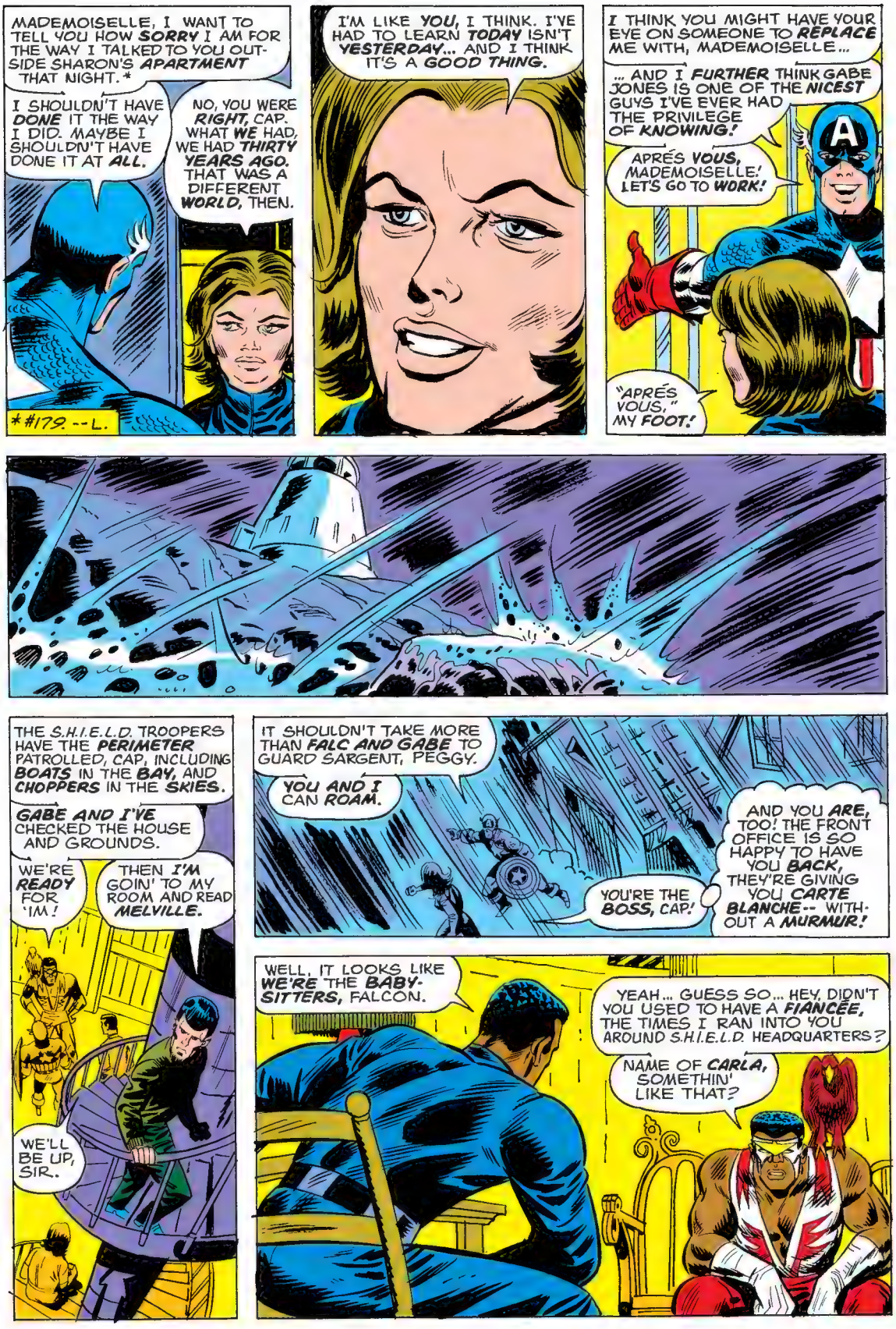
NO NEED TO WORRY, MR. SARGENT. YOUR HOUSE WILL BE WELL-GUARDED.
BLAZES, IT ALL SOUNDS LIKE SOME FOOL CHARADE TO ME -- AND MAKE IT ADMIRAL SARGENT, OKAY?
SOUNDS FUNNY, BUT I EARNED IT.
LOOK-- ALL I DO IS TRAVEL DOWN TO THE DISTRICT ONCE A MONTH TO HELP DECIDE HOW TO HANDLE THE ECONOMY.

I COULD JUST SEE THE SKULL COMIN' AFTER ME WHEN I WAS IN THE SERVICE, BUT NOW I'M JUST A DESK JOCKEY--
NOK NOK NOK
BETTER LET ME ANSWER THAT, ADMIRAL.

PEGGY! GABE!*
CAP!
I... GUESS WE SHOULD HAVE EXPECTED YOU TO BE HERE....
*CARTER AND JONES, RESPECTIVELY. --LEN.

S.H.I.E.L.D. BRIEFED US ABOUT YOUR INVOLVEMENT IN THIS CASE....
WELL... HOW ARE YOU? YOU LOOK FINE....
LISTEN, I'M SURE YOU WANT TO TALK TO CAP PRIVATELY, PEG.
GO ON AHEAD. I'LL WAIT IN THE NEXT ROOM.


GABE'S A VERY PERCEPTIVE MAN, ISN'T HE?
YES... YES, HE IS.


MADEMOISELLE, I WANT TO TELL YOU HOW SORRY I AM FOR THE WAY I TALKED TO YOU OUTSIDE SHARON'S APARTMENT THAT NIGHT.*
I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT THE WAY I DID. MAYBE I SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT AT ALL.
NO, YOU WERE RIGHT, CAP. WHAT WE HAD, WE HAD THIRTY YEARS AGO. THAT WAS A DIFFERENT WORLD, THEN.
*#179. --L.
I'M LIKE YOU, I THINK. I'VE HAD TO LEARN TODAY ISN'T YESTERDAY... AND I THINK IT'S A GOOD THING.
I THINK YOU MIGHT HAVE YOUR EYE ON SOMEONE TO REPLACE ME WITH, MADEMOISELLE...
... AND I FURTHER THINK GABE JONES IS ONE OF THE NICEST GUYS I'VE EVER HAD THE PRIVILEGE OF KNOWING!
APRÉS VOUS, MADEMOISELLE! LET'S GO TO WORK!
"APRÉS VOUS," MY FOOT!
THE S.H.I.E.L.D. TROOPERS HAVE THE PERIMETER PATROLLED, CAP, INCLUDING BOATS IN THE BAY, AND CHOPPERS IN THE SKIES.
GABE AND I'VE CHECKED THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS.
WE'RE READY FOR 'IM!
THEN I'M GOIN' TO MY ROOM AND READ MELVILLE.
WE'LL BE UP, SIR.
IT SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN FALC AND GABE TO GUARD SARGENT, PEGGY.
YOU AND I CAN ROAM.
YOU'RE THE BOSS, CAP!
AND YOU ARE, TOO! THE FRONT OFFICE IS SO HAPPY TO HAVE YOU BACK, THEY'RE GIVING YOU CARTE BLANCHE-- WITHOUT A MURMUR!
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE THE BABY-SITTERS, FALCON.
YEAH... GUESS SO... HEY, DIDN'T YOU USED TO HAVE A FIANCÉE, THE TIMES I RAN INTO YOU AROUND S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS?
NAME OF CARLA, SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT?

YEAH, CARLA'S RIGHT. AND YEAH, WE USETA HAVE A THING GOIN', THAT ENDED THREE--NO, FOUR YEARS BACK.
AND YEAH, I'M INTERESTED IN SOMEONE ELSE NOWADAYS, BUT I HAVEN'T TOLD HER ABOUT IT YET. SO LET'S DROP THIS SUBJECT, OKAY?
OKAY, MAN, OKAY! I DIDN'T MEAN TO TOUCH A NERVE!
WHILE, OUTSIDE...
CAN'T SEE FIVE YARDS IN THIS STORM! WE'D BE BETTER OFF IF IT WERE SNOWING!
THAT'S GREAT ABOUT PEGGY, THOUGH--AND IT'S ONE THING I CAN GET OFF MY MIND!
IT NEVER CEASES TO AMAZE ME HOW YOUNG CAP LOOKS! I'M 47, AND HE COULD BE 25!
I SURE DON'T FEEL 47, THOUGH--
--NOT SINCE I TOOK S.H.I.E.L.D. TRAINING--
OH!
FOOLISH FEMALE! THAT THE AMERICANS WOULD SEND A WOMAN INTO COMBAT DOES NOT SURPRISE ME--
--BUT THAT YOU WOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF QUALIFIED DOES! HERE, ONLY DOMINATION C---
--OWWW!
TUD!
WHAT DOES NAZI STAND FOR AGAIN, HANS? "NATIONAL CHAUVINISM"?
YOU'RE DEALING WITH A QUALIFIED S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT--
--NOT BETTY GRABLE!
WUNK!

BUT I SHALL TREAT YOU JUST AS I WOULD BETTY GRABLE!
WAM!
NOW, WOMAN--
WAIT! THE SKUFFLE HAS BEEN HEARD! THERE ARE REINFORCEMENTS RUNNING THIS WAY!
AND INDEED, CHARGING THROUGH THE STINGING RAIN--
PEGGY! WHAT HAPPENED?
HE GOT AWAY, DARN IT! CLIPPED ME A GOOD ONE AND TOOK OFF!
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
WHICHEVER IT WAS, HE'S GOT TO BE HEADING TOWARD SARGENT--
--AND NOW FALC'S THE ONLY GUARD! COME ON, GABE-- BACK INSIDE!
I ONLY WANTED TO SEE IF PEGGY WAS ALL RIGHT!
YEAH, I KNOW. I KNOW.
THEY POUND TOWARD THE TOWER, FEARS MOUNTING--
--BUT--
LOOKS LIKE YOU BEAT 'IM BACK, GUYS. IT'S BEEN AS QUIET AS A GRAVE-- uh, CHURCH-- IN HERE.

WELL, NOW THAT WE KNOW THE SKULL'S AROUND, WE'RE TAKING NO CHANCES I'LL LOCK US ALL IN 'TIL MIDNIGHT PASSES--
--AND EACH OF US --
CAP-- THAT WHISTLING! IT'S CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH!
HE'S IN THE BUILDING!
FLIK!
OH MY GOD!
WAIT A MINUTE! I SAW A CANDLE--
--THERE!
OH NO!
OH NO!
HE... DID IT! IN THE DARKNESS, THE RED SKULL REACHED THE ADMIRAL WITH HIS DUST OF DEATH...
... IN A LOCKED ROOM, UNDER ALL OUR NOSES!
BUT HOW?
HOW?
NEXT ISH:
WE'LL TELL YA HOW!
AND YOU'RE NOT EVEN GONNA BELIEVE IT!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
185
MAY
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™
YOU'RE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, FOOLS! THE RED SKULL SHALL YET TRIUMPH!
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL WIN THIS DAY, SKULL-- IS OVER OUR DEAD BODIES!
THAT--CAN BE EASILY ARRANGED!
PLEASE! YOU MUST NOT REVEAL THIS ISSUE'S SHATTERING SHOCK ENDING!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation...* to awaken in the *mid-1960's,* a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

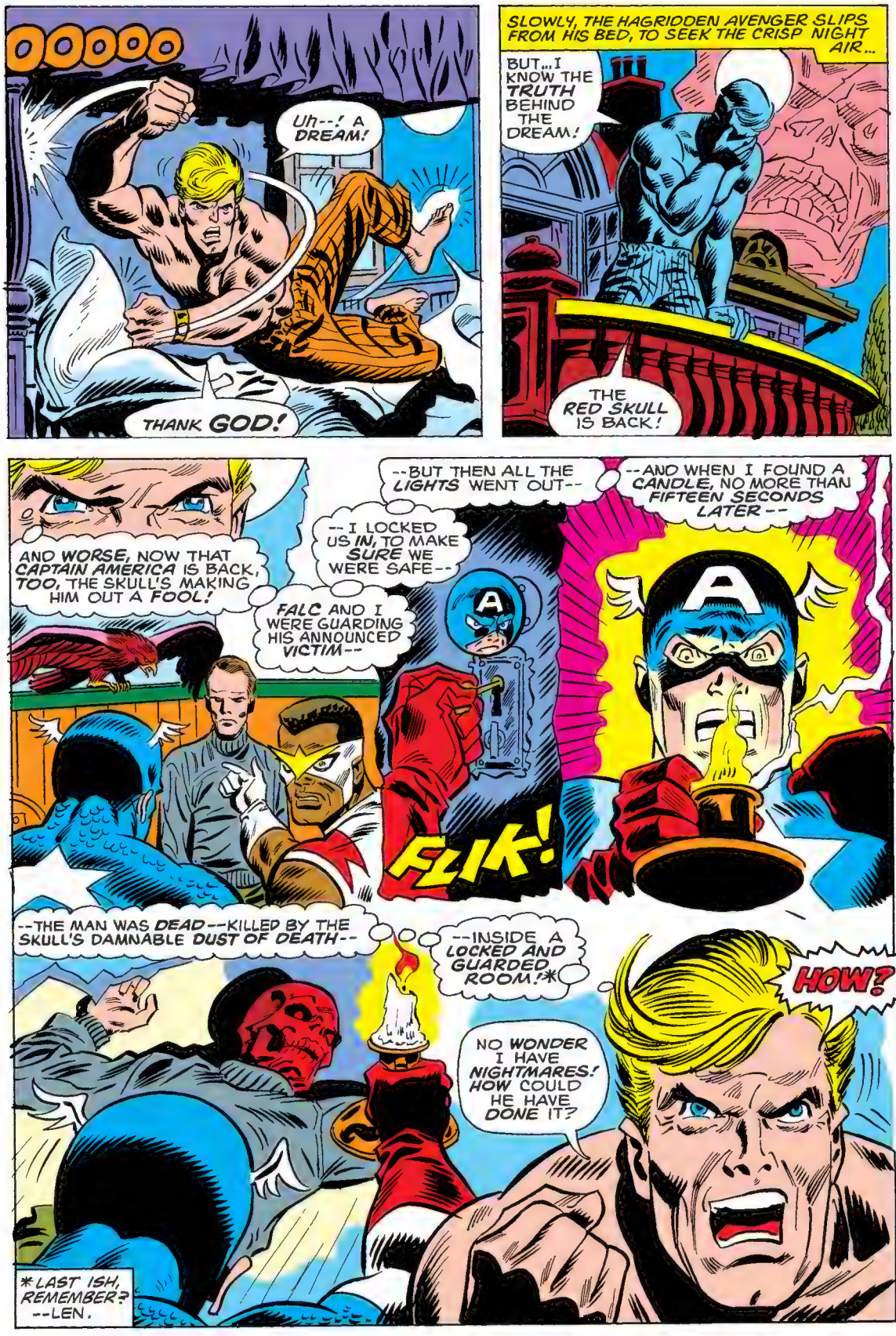
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

STEVE ENGLEHART, *Story* FRANK ROBBINS, *Art* *(Dream Sequence by* SAL BUSCEMA)

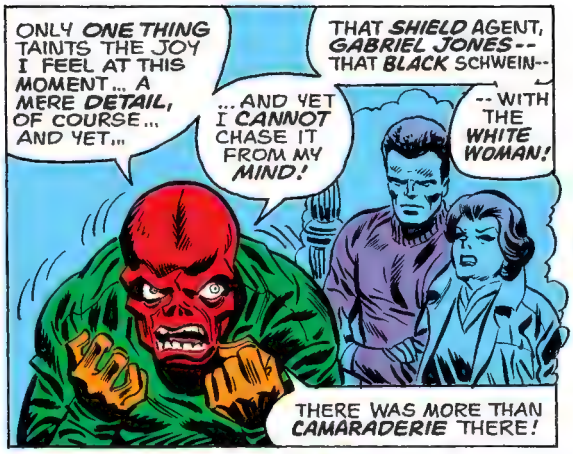
FRANK GIACOIA, *Inks* TOM ORZECHOWSKI, *letters* STAN G., *colors* LEN WEIN, *Edits*

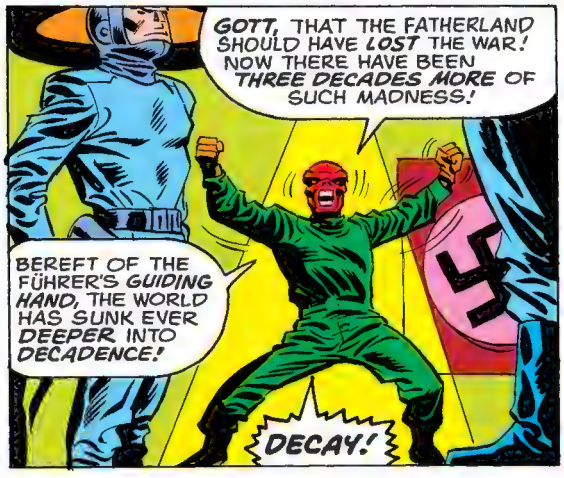
SCREAM THE SCARLET SKULL!

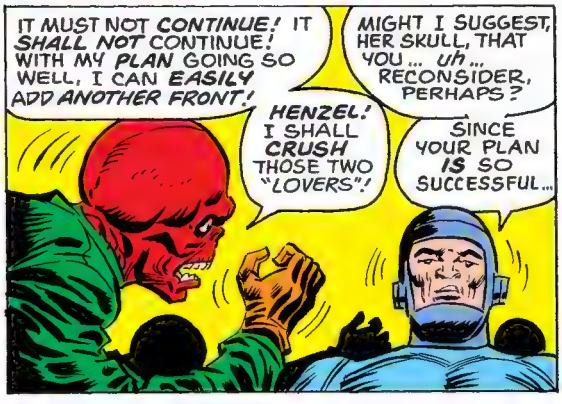
I BEAT THEM ALL, OVER AND OVER AGAIN, BUT IT WON'T HOLD THEM BACK!
NO MATTER HOW I TWIST AND TURN-- NO MATTER WHAT THE DISGUISE-- THEY ALWAYS FIND ME!
BUT MAYBE -- MAYBE I'VE GIVEN THEM THE SLIP THIS TIME!
OF COURSE, FOR THEY ARE RABBLE!
YOU HAVE BUT ONE WORTHY OPPONENT, CAPTAIN!
THAT VOICE! I KNOW--
OH NO!
YOU CAN OUTRUN THE OTHERS, CAPTAIN -- BUT YOU AND I HAVE JOUSTED SINCE OUR WORLD WAS YOUNG, eh?
WE CANNOT LOSE EACH OTHER, FOR WE ARE OPPOSITES, AND OPPOSITES FOREVER ATTRACT! I NEED YOU, AND--
--YOU NEED ME!
NOOOOOOOOOOO

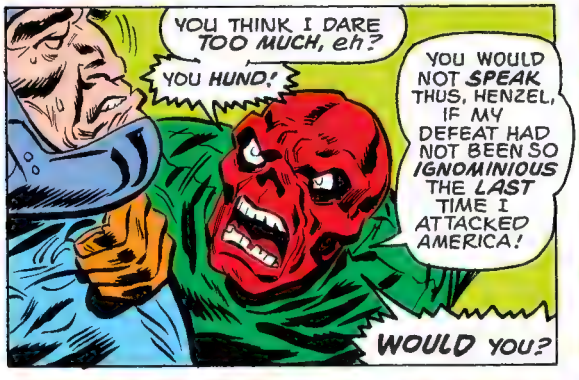

OOOOO
Uh--! A DREAM!
THANK GOD!
SLOWLY, THE HAGRIDDEN AVENGER SLIPS FROM HIS BED, TO SEEK THE CRISP NIGHT AIR...
BUT...I KNOW THE TRUTH BEHIND THE DREAM!
THE RED SKULL IS BACK!
AND WORSE, NOW THAT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS BACK, TOO, THE SKULL'S MAKING HIM OUT A FOOL!
--I LOCKED US IN, TO MAKE SURE WE WERE SAFE--
--BUT THEN ALL THE LIGHTS WENT OUT--
--AND WHEN I FOUND A CANDLE, NO MORE THAN FIFTEEN SECONDS LATER--
FALC AND I WERE GUARDING HIS ANNOUNCED VICTIM--
FLIK!
--THE MAN WAS DEAD--KILLED BY THE SKULL'S DAMNABLE DUST OF DEATH--
--INSIDE A LOCKED AND GUARDED ROOM!*
HOW?
NO WONDER I HAVE NIGHTMARES! HOW COULD HE HAVE DONE IT?
*LAST ISH, REMEMBER? --LEN.

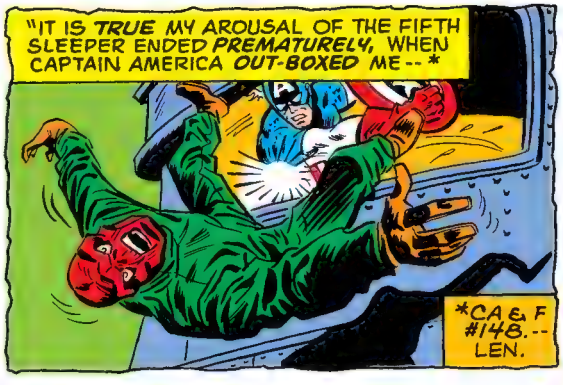
HA HA HA HA
THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN ECONOMY IS NOW AT HAND!
THE ENEMY LIES IN DISARRAY!

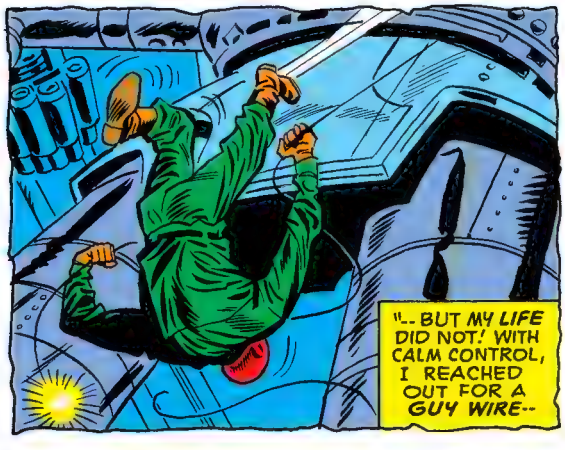

ONLY ONE THING TAINTS THE JOY I FEEL AT THIS MOMENT... A MERE DETAIL, OF COURSE... AND YET...
...AND YET I CANNOT CHASE IT FROM MY MIND!
THAT SHIELD AGENT, GABRIEL JONES--THAT BLACK SCHWEIN--
--WITH THE WHITE WOMAN!
THERE WAS MORE THAN CAMARADERIE THERE!

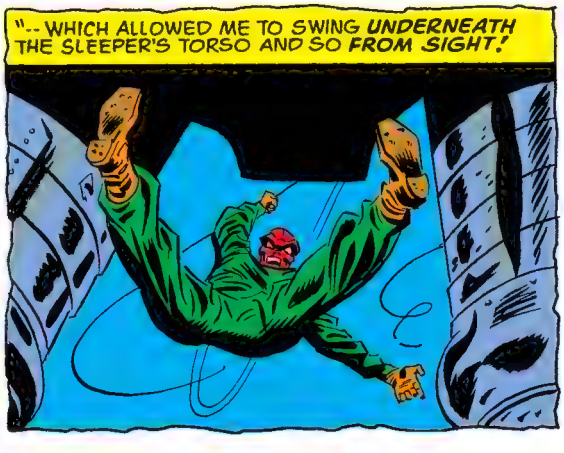

GOTT, THAT THE FATHERLAND SHOULD HAVE LOST THE WAR! NOW THERE HAVE BEEN THREE DECADES MORE OF SUCH MADNESS!
BEREFT OF THE FÜHRER'S GUIDING HAND, THE WORLD HAS SUNK EVER DEEPER INTO DECADENCE!
DECAY!


IT MUST NOT CONTINUE! IT SHALL NOT CONTINUE! WITH MY PLAN GOING SO WELL, I CAN EASILY ADD ANOTHER FRONT!
HENZEL! I SHALL CRUSH THOSE TWO "LOVERS"!
MIGHT I SUGGEST, HER SKULL, THAT YOU... uh... RECONSIDER, PERHAPS?
SINCE YOUR PLAN IS SO SUCCESSFUL...


YOU THINK I DARE TOO MUCH, eh?
YOU HUND!
YOU WOULD NOT SPEAK THUS, HENZEL, IF MY DEFEAT HAD NOT BEEN SO IGNOMINIOUS THE LAST TIME I ATTACKED AMERICA!
WOULD YOU?


"IT IS TRUE MY AROUSAL OF THE FIFTH SLEEPER ENDED PREMATURELY, WHEN CAPTAIN AMERICA OUT-BOXED ME--*
*CA & F #148.--LEN.


"-- BUT MY LIFE DID NOT! WITH CALM CONTROL, I REACHED OUT FOR A GUY WIRE--


"-- WHICH ALLOWED ME TO SWING UNDERNEATH THE SLEEPER'S TORSO AND SO FROM SIGHT!

"IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO HANG THERE UNTIL THE ENEMY FLED, AVOIDING THE ROBOT'S DETONATION...
"... AND AFTER THAT EXPLOSION, THEY PRESUMED ME DEAD!
"BUT I HAD ONLY GONE TO GROUND! I SPENT THE YEARS SINCE THAT DAY DREAMING NEW DREAMS--BIGGER DREAMS!
"I CAREFULLY CONSIDERED THE FAILURES OF MY PREVIOUS PLANS...
"... AND REALIZED THAT I HAD COME TO RELY MORE ON POWER THAN THE TERROR I HAD SPREAD IN THE 40'S--TERROR THAT MADE MEN WHIMPER AT THE WHISPER OF MY NAME!
"THEREFORE, I DEVISED THE DUST OF DEATH, TO MAKE MY PREY'S FACES RESEMBLE MY MASK, AND BROUGHT BACK MY ORIGINAL TRADEMARK OF CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH!"
THIS TIME, HENZEL, I CANNOT LOSE.
JA, MEIN HERR, BUT--
FOOL!
GGAH!
NO ONE QUESTIONS ME!
KLIK!
WITH AN ABRUPT ABOUT-FACE, THE RAMROD-STIFF FIGURE STRIDES INTO THE GLOOM... HIS PACE IN PERFECT CADENCE WITH THE MOURNFUL DIRGE HE LEAVES BEHIND.
CHOPIN TREMBLES IN HIS GRAVE.

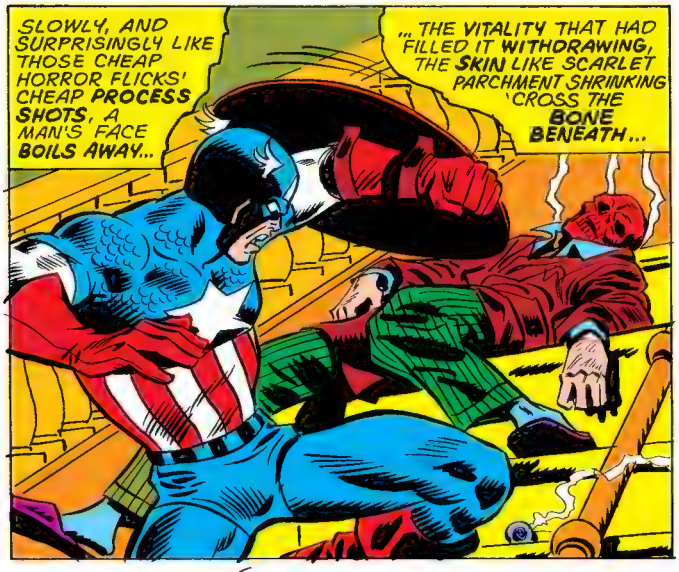
WE FADE BACK IN ON THE HOME OF OSCAR BRENNER, MEMBER OF THE TWELVE-MAN FEDERAL OPEN MARKET COMMITTEE, AND THUS ONE OF THE ARCHITECTS OF THE NATION'S ECONOMIC POLICIES.
HE'S ALSO--
--THE NEXT TO DIE, IF WE READ THE SKULL RIGHT.
YEAH. SINCE YOUR GROUP MEETS ONLY ONCE A MONTH--
--SHIELD CHECKED OUT WHERE YOU GUYS ACTUALLY LIVE.
THE SKULL SEEMS TO BE WORKING HIS WAY OUT FROM WASHINGTON--
--AND YOU'RE THIRD ON THE DISTANCE LIST, SIR.
POPPYCOCK! YOU CAN'T CHART A TREND BASED ON ONLY TWO OCCURRENCES!
IT'S TWO DEATHS, MR. BRENNER.
MY DEAR MISS CARTER, I KNOW IT'S TWO DEATHS! THAT'S WHY I DON'T CARE TO BE CONSIDERED NEXT!
YOU COULD EASILY BE WRONG!
WELL, I HOPE WE ARE--
--BUT IN THE MEANTIME, MR. JONES AND MISS CARTER HAVE BEEN SENT HERE BY SHIELD--!
AND THE FALCON AND I ARE HERE BECAUSE WE AGREE THIS IS THE MOST LIKELY PLACE FOR US TO BE NEEDED--
--AND I'M GETTING VERY TIRED, VERY FAST OF HEARING MEN TELL ME THEY DON'T THINK THEY'RE IN DANGER--
--AND THEN ASPHYXIATING AS THEIR SKIN PULLS TIGHT ACROSS THEIR BONES!
THIS IS THE RED SKULL WE'RE DEALING WITH, MR. BRENNER! OF ALL THE MEN I'VE FOUGHT FOR THE DREAM OF AMERICA, HE'S THE ONE I'D MOST CALL A FIEND!
HE TAKES DELIGHT IN CRUELTY FOR ITS OWN SAKE--

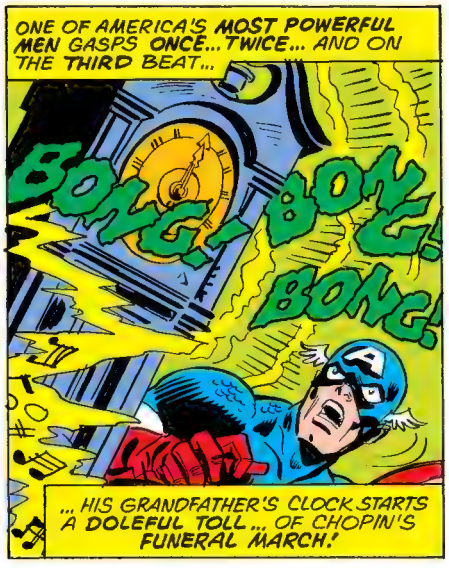
--HE LIVES SO FAR FROM REALITY THAT THIRTY YEARS AFTER V.E. DAY, HE'S STILL TRYING TO WIN WORLD WAR II!
YOU CAN'T WISH HIM AWAY--
HEY-- COOL IT, MAN! LET DOWN!
YOU CAN'T EXPECT HIM TO KNOW WHAT IT FELT LIKE IN THAT LOCKED ROOM--
--OR WITH ROSCOE!*
THAT'S WHAT IT IS, ISN'T IT? ROSCOE!
*THE SKULL CRUCIFIED HIM IN #183.--LEN.
CAP'S SURE DIRECT SINCE HE CAME BACK, DON'T YOU THINK, PEG?
I BET IT'S THAT ROSCOE BOY, GABE. THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A HEAVY BLOW!
FOR CAP, YOU MEAN.
TELL ME, PEGGY... ARE YOU STILL... CARRYIN' THE TORCH FOR 'IM?
WHY... NO, GABE. NOT ANY LONGER.
THAT WAS... IN THE PAST.
WHY DO YOU---
KAC
AASH!

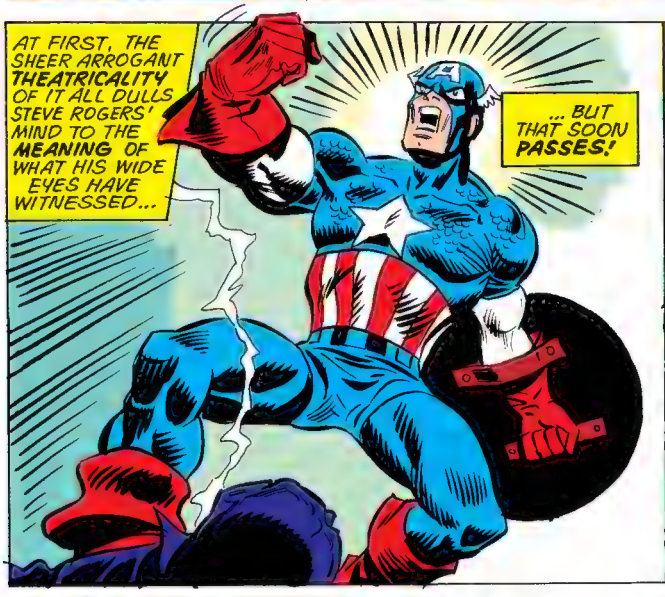
THERE HE IS!
HE MUST DIE -- FOR THE GLORY OF THE RED SKULL!
HOLY MOTHER OF PEARL!
WE WEREN'T WRONG, CAP!
BRENNER'S THE THIRD TARGET, EVEN IF THE BOYS LEFT THE SKULL'S THEME-SONG AT HOME!
EVEN WITHOUT MUSIC, THOUGH, YOU AN' ME CAN OUTDO FRED AND GINGER--
--RIGHT?
RIGHT ON, PARTNER! FIRST YOU GET YOUR LICKS--
FWEE
--THEN I GET MINE!
BL AM!
THIS IS THE FIRST CHANCE WE'VE HAD FOR TEAMWORK IN A WHILE--
--AND I HAVE TO ADMIT I'VE MISSED IT!
REEEE
SK
WELL, I DUNNO, MAN! REDWING AN' ME GOT PRETTY GOOD WHILE YOU WERE GONE!
AH, WHO'M I KIDDIN'? EVEN WITH REDDY TAKIN' MENTAL COMMANDS FROM ME, CAP'S STILL THE CHAMP!

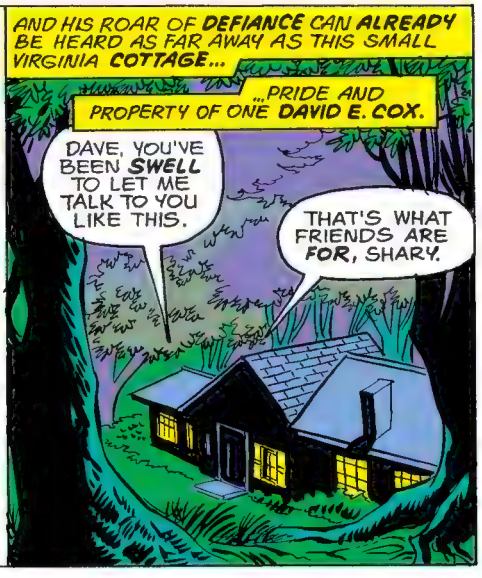
THEN THE STAR-SPANGLED AVENGER FALLS BENEATH THREE BRUISING BODIES, AND THE FALCON LEAPS TO HIS AID. IN OTHER WORDS...
...NEITHER PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO THE BATTLE'S OTHER FRONT!
YOU KNOW, GABE, THESE GUYS ARE ALWAYS AMAZED THAT A WOMAN IN HER 40'S ISN'T COMPLETELY HELPLESS!
CAN'T IMAGINE WHY--
TOK
--TILL I REMEMBER HOW THESE NAZIS--
--LOOKED AT ME WHEN I WAS WITH THE HOWLERS!
ACH! HILFE!
YOU'LL HAVE HELP, HEINRICH!
I'M JUST AS GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM THESE TWO!
THERE! THAT'S THE BLACK ONE!
WE'VE GOT THE FEMALE!
GEHEN WIR!
INSTANTLY, LIKE CRACK COMMANDOES, THE RAIDERS ARE GONE! STRAINING AFTER THEM, A WEAVING FALCON STUMBLES TO WOBBLY FEET.
JET PACKS!
BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME!
THE JET-TIPS IN MY WINGS ARE CONTROLLED DIRECTLY FROM THE BRAIN--
--AN' I BEEN TRAININ' MY BRAIN SO I DON'T HAVE TO CLIMB FLAG POLES ANY MORE!
ALL I GOTTA DO IS FLY!

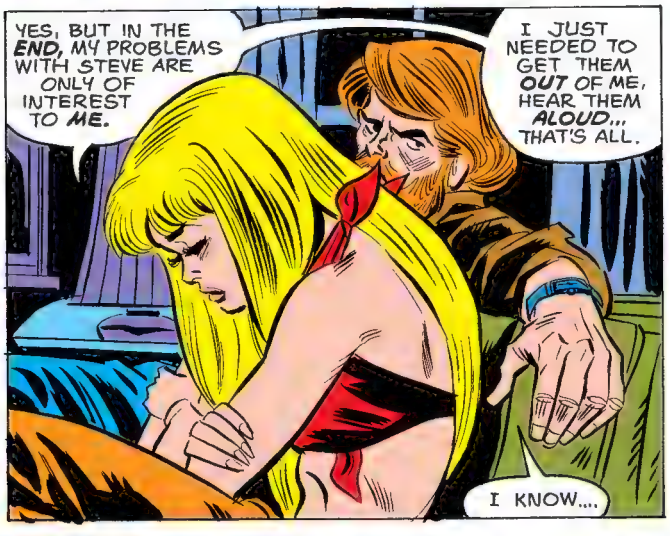
THAT'S TRUE, FALC -- BUT THERE'S QUITE A DIFFERENCE IN SIZE BETWEEN YOUR JETS AND THEIRS! THE PURSUIT GOES HIGH IN THE MIDNIGHT SKY, BUT IN THE END---
SHOOT!
I JUST HAVEN'T GOT THE SPEED, NO MATTER HOW HARD I PUSH!
THEY GOT AWAY!
DEJECTEDLY, SAM SPIRALS BACK TO EARTH -- AND IT'S ONLY THEN, IN THAT TIME OF DULL REFLECTION, THAT THE PECULIARITIES OF THE SCENE JUST PAST, POKE THROUGH.
THEY LEFT YOU, BRENNER.
THEY LEFT YOU AND TOOK PEGGY AND GABE! WHY?
I -- DON'T KNOW -- BUT THANK GOD--!
APPARENTLY, PEGGY AND GABE WERE THEIR REAL TARGETS...
...SO DOES THAT MEAN THE WHOLE ECONOMIC ADVISORS PLOT WAS A DECOY...
... OR IS THE SKULL SIMPLY WORKING OUT SOME DOUBLE-PRONGED ATTACK, WITH A SECOND, UNKNOWABLE MOTIVE BESIDES...
FOOF!
THE PIPE!
IN THE CONFUSION, THEY SWITCHED HIS PIPE!

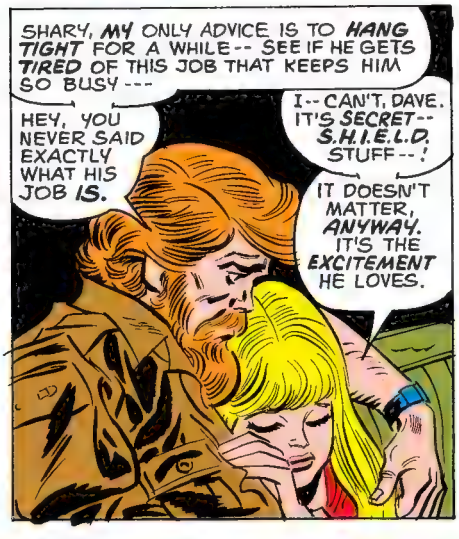

SLOWLY, AND SURPRISINGLY LIKE THOSE CHEAP HORROR FLICKS' CHEAP PROCESS SHOTS, A MAN'S FACE BOILS AWAY...
... THE VITALITY THAT HAD FILLED IT WITHDRAWING, THE SKIN LIKE SCARLET PARCHMENT SHRINKING 'CROSS THE BONE BENEATH...


ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST POWERFUL MEN GASPS ONCE... TWICE... AND ON THE THIRD BEAT...
BONG! BONG! BONG!
... HIS GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK STARTS A DOLEFUL TOLL... OF CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH!


AT FIRST, THE SHEER ARROGANT THEATRICALITY OF IT ALL DULLS STEVE ROGERS' MIND TO THE MEANING OF WHAT HIS WIDE EYES HAVE WITNESSED...
... BUT THAT SOON PASSES!

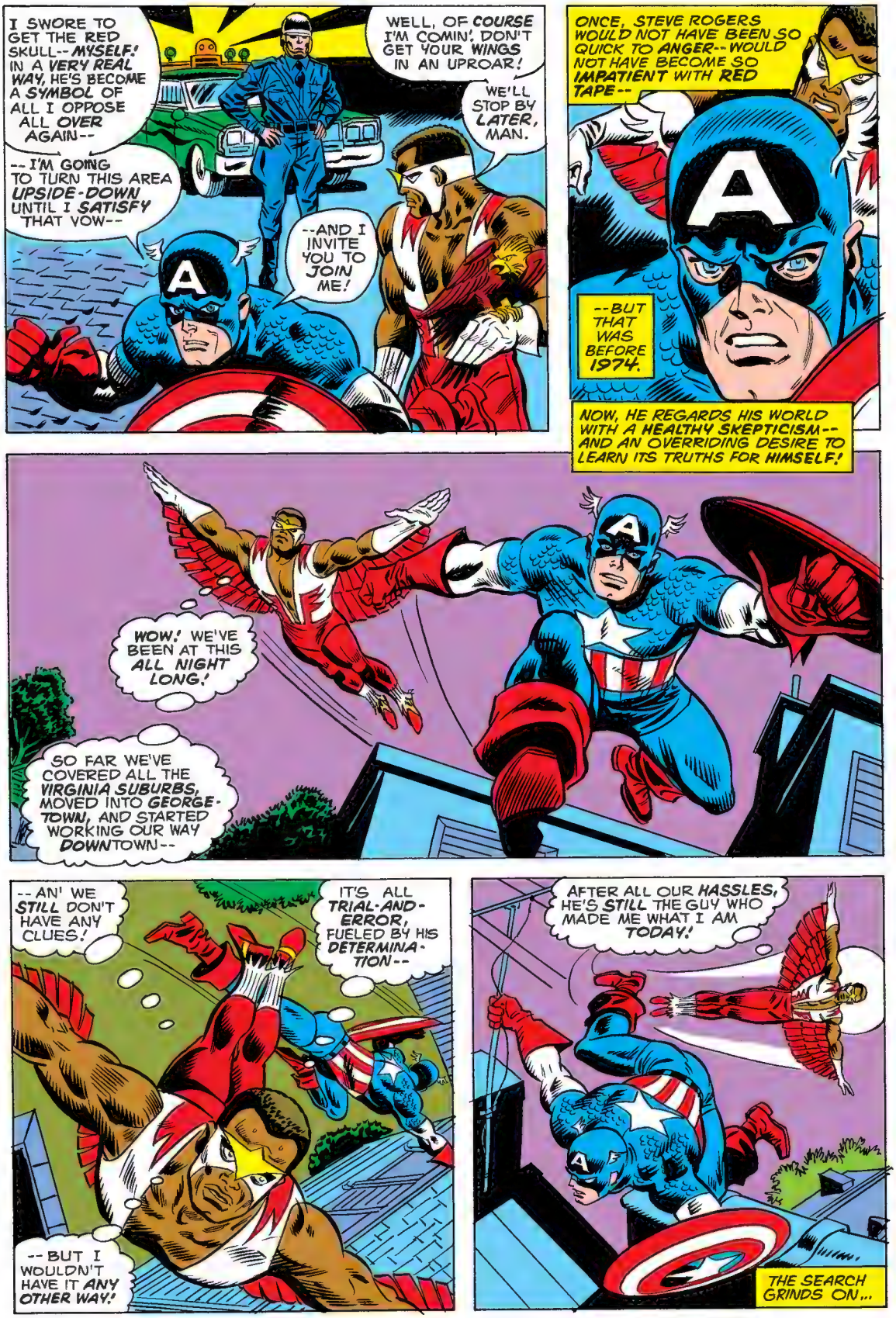

AND HIS ROAR OF DEFIANCE CAN ALREADY BE HEARD AS FAR AWAY AS THIS SMALL VIRGINIA COTTAGE...
...PRIDE AND PROPERTY OF ONE DAVID E. COX.
DAVE, YOU'VE BEEN SWELL TO LET ME TALK TO YOU LIKE THIS.
THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR, SHARY.

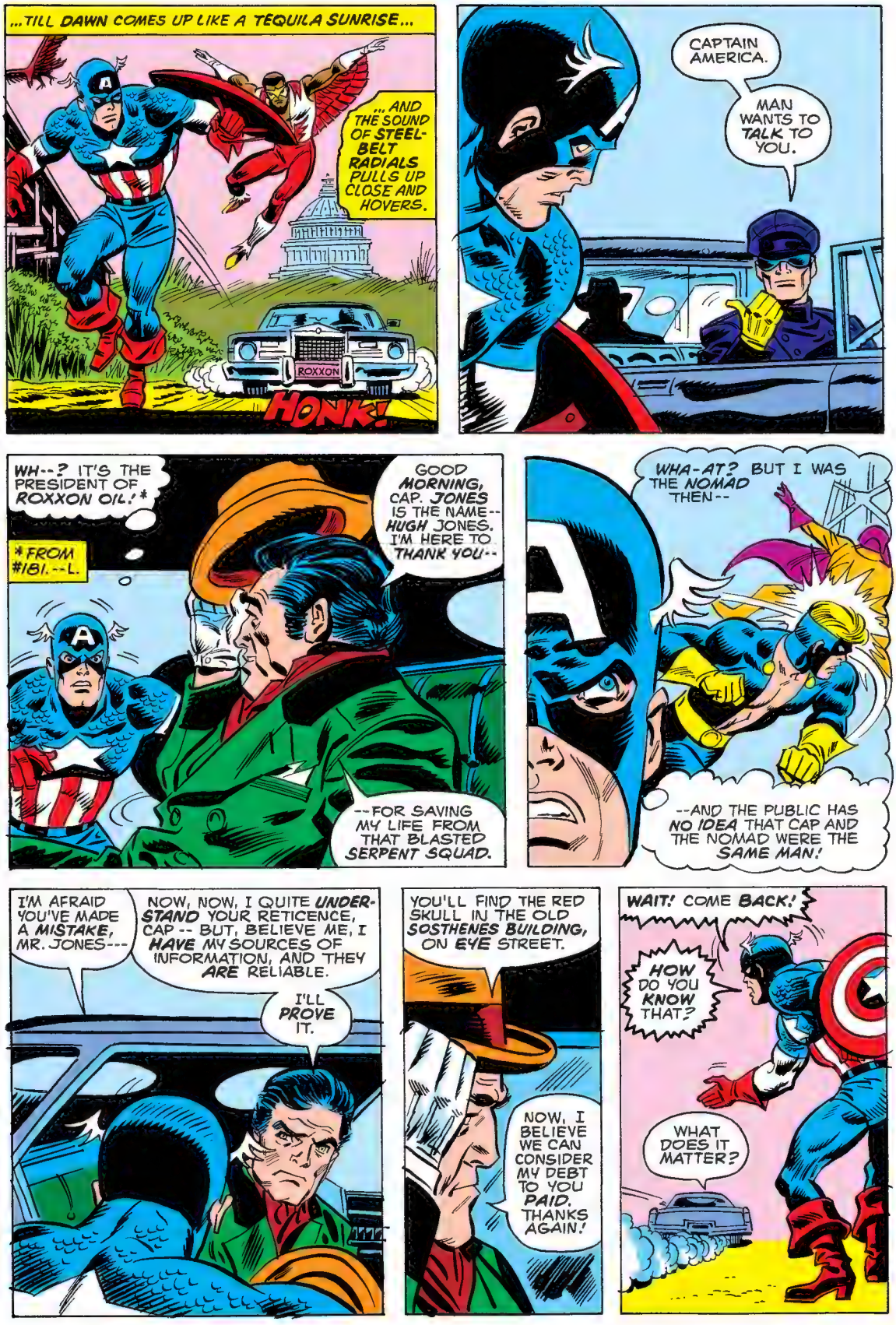

YES, BUT IN THE END, MY PROBLEMS WITH STEVE ARE ONLY OF INTEREST TO ME.
I JUST NEEDED TO GET THEM OUT OF ME, HEAR THEM ALOUD... THAT'S ALL.
I KNOW....


SHARY, MY ONLY ADVICE IS TO HANG TIGHT FOR A WHILE-- SEE IF HE GETS TIRED OF THIS JOB THAT KEEPS HIM SO BUSY---
HEY, YOU NEVER SAID EXACTLY WHAT HIS JOB IS.
I--CAN'T, DAVE. IT'S SECRET-- S.H.I.E.L.D. STUFF--!
IT DOESN'T MATTER, ANYWAY. IT'S THE EXCITEMENT HE LOVES.

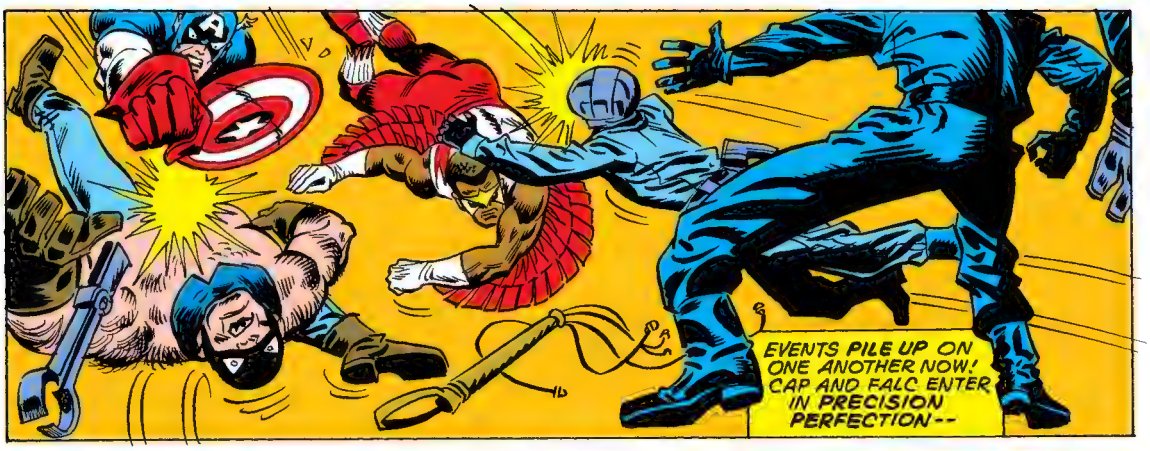
WELL, I JUST HOPE I MADE A GOOD SOUNDING BOARD, AT LEAST. YOUR WHOLE FAMILY'S BEEN GOOD FRIENDS TO ME SINCE I CAME BACK FROM 'NAM, AND I OWE YOU ALL A LOT.
BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT, OF COURSE. ANY OUTSIDER COULD SEE IN IN INSTANT THAT OL' DAVE'S GONE AND FALLEN FOR YOU, SHARY...
... FALLEN FOR A WOMAN WHO'S TEARING HERSELF APART OVER ANOTHER MAN...
... AND WHO DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE PROBLEMS FROM A DIRECTION SHE'S NOT LOOKING.
BUT WHY DID SHE HAVE TO PICK MY SHOULDER TO CRY ON?
REMEMBER WHEN SMILIN' STAN USED TO SAY, "OKAY, THAT'S ENOUGH SOAP OPERA FOR THIS ISH! ON WITH THE ACTION!"...?
WELL, WE ALL LEARNED OUR TRADE FROM SMILIN' STAN...
SO, FRÄULEIN, YOU REFUSE TO DEFEND YOUR CONDUCT, eh?
I HAVE NO REASON--
uh
--TO DO SO, SKULL!
I, PERSONALLY, SAW YOU HOLDING THIS DOG'S ARM AS YOU APPROACHED SARGENT'S LIGHTHOUSE--
--SAW HIM RUSH FRANTICALLY TO YOUR AID AFTER I BLACKENED YOUR EYE! *
LISTEN, SKULL, IF YOU'RE GONNA PLAY THAT MASTER RACE GAME, YOU CAN PLAY IT WITH ME -- NOT HER!
WHY DON'T YOU PLAY IT WITH YOUR EAR, CREEP?
*LAST ISH. --L.
AH, SUCH INSOLENCE! WERE WE ALL NOT THIRTY YEARS OLDER, I COULD BELIEVE THIS WAS THE WAR ONCE AGAIN!
BUT I HAVE THOSE THIRTY YEARS OF HATRED TO DRIVE ME NOW...

YEAH, AND I'VE GOT THIRTY YEARS OF LIFE TO DRIVE ME!
PTOO!
YOU-- YOU DARE?!!
TOK!
LET IT BE ON YOUR HEAD, THEN! CONFESSIONS WOULD HAVE BEEN FOR MY PERSONAL AMUSEMENT-- AND I AM NO LONGER AMUSED!
JORDL! PREPARE THE TORMENTS! MACH SCHNELL!
JAWOHL, HERR SKULL!
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE FORMER OSCAR BRENNER'S...
A DEAD MAN... A KIDNAPPING... AND A HOLE IN THE WALL. YOU SUPER-HEROES PLAY ROUGH, DON'T YOU?
I KNOW WE'RE ALL HAPPY TO HAVE YOU BACK, CAP, BUT I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME DOWNTOWN AND MAKE A FEW STATEMENTS.
ARE YOU CHARGING ME WITH ANYTHING, OFFICER-- OTHER THAN CONSPICUOUS FAILURE?
GEORGE TOWN POLICE
IF NOT, I'LL HAVE TO HAVE A RAIN-CHECK.
CAP! C'MON NOW! IT CAN'T HURT TO CO-OPERATE WITH THIS GUY.
WE'VE ALREADY TOLD HIM ALL WE KNOW, FALC-- AND WE'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO!

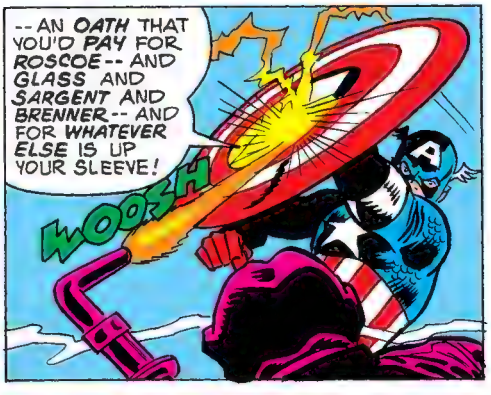

I SWORE TO GET THE RED SKULL-- MYSELF! IN A VERY REAL WAY, HE'S BECOME A SYMBOL OF ALL I OPPOSE ALL OVER AGAIN--
-- I'M GOING TO TURN THIS AREA UPSIDE-DOWN UNTIL I SATISFY THAT VOW--
WELL, OF COURSE I'M COMIN'. DON'T GET YOUR WINGS IN AN UPROAR!
WE'LL STOP BY LATER, MAN.
--AND I INVITE YOU TO JOIN ME!
ONCE, STEVE ROGERS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SO QUICK TO ANGER-- WOULD NOT HAVE BECOME SO IMPATIENT WITH RED TAPE--
--BUT THAT WAS BEFORE 1974.
NOW, HE REGARDS HIS WORLD WITH A HEALTHY SKEPTICISM-- AND AN OVERRIDING DESIRE TO LEARN ITS TRUTHS FOR HIMSELF!
WOW! WE'VE BEEN AT THIS ALL NIGHT LONG!
SO FAR WE'VE COVERED ALL THE VIRGINIA SUBURBS, MOVED INTO GEORGE-TOWN, AND STARTED WORKING OUR WAY DOWNTOWN--
-- AN' WE STILL DON'T HAVE ANY CLUES!
IT'S ALL TRIAL-AND-ERROR, FUELED BY HIS DETERMINA-TION--
-- BUT I WOULDN'T HAVE IT ANY OTHER WAY!
AFTER ALL OUR HASSLES, HE'S STILL THE GUY WHO MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY!
THE SEARCH GRINDS ON...


...TILL DAWN COMES UP LIKE A TEQUILA SUNRISE...
...AND THE SOUND OF STEEL-BELT RADIALS PULLS UP CLOSE AND HOVERS.
ROXXON
HONK!
CAPTAIN AMERICA.
MAN WANTS TO TALK TO YOU.
WH--? IT'S THE PRESIDENT OF ROXXON OIL! *
* FROM #181. --L.
GOOD MORNING, CAP. JONES IS THE NAME-- HUGH JONES. I'M HERE TO THANK YOU--
--FOR SAVING MY LIFE FROM THAT BLASTED SERPENT SQUAD.
WHA-AT? BUT I WAS THE NOMAD THEN--
--AND THE PUBLIC HAS NO IDEA THAT CAP AND THE NOMAD WERE THE SAME MAN!
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE, MR. JONES---
NOW, NOW, I QUITE UNDERSTAND YOUR RETICENCE, CAP -- BUT, BELIEVE ME, I HAVE MY SOURCES OF INFORMATION, AND THEY ARE RELIABLE.
I'LL PROVE IT.
YOU'LL FIND THE RED SKULL IN THE OLD SOSTHENES BUILDING, ON EYE STREET.
NOW, I BELIEVE WE CAN CONSIDER MY DEBT TO YOU PAID. THANKS AGAIN!
WAIT! COME BACK!
HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?
WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

WE'LL SEE MORE OF THE MYSTERIOUS MR. JONES-- AND HIS SOURCES-- IN UPCOMING ISSUES...
... BUT AT THE MOMENT, WE HAVE MORE URGENT BUSINESS... AT THE SOSTHENES BUILDING.
FOR SEVEN HOURS YOU HAVE RESISTED--
--SOME OF THE MOST EXCRUCIATING RIGORS OF THE THIRD REICH!
ACETYLE OXYGEN
BUT I CAN CONTINUE-- FOR SEVEN DAYS, IF NECESSARY-- AND IN THE END, FRÄULEIN---
WE'LL-- STILL BE HERE, CREEP--
--AND WE'LL STILL SPIT IN YOUR EYE!
PTOO!
KARAA-SH!
MEIN GOTT!

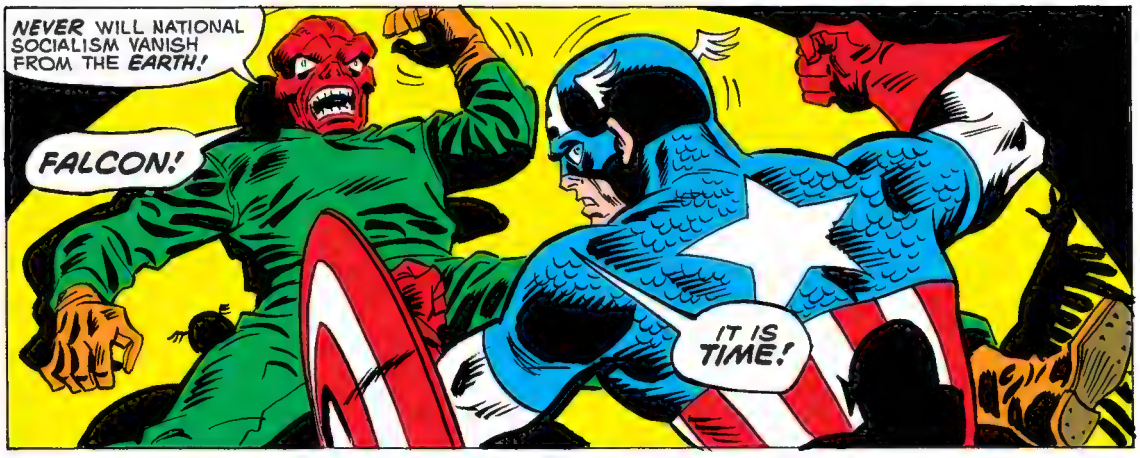

EVENTS PILE UP ON ONE ANOTHER NOW! CAP AND FALC ENTER IN PRECISION PERFECTION--

--AND ALMOST ROUTINELY PLOW THROUGH THE SKULL'S PERSONAL GUARD!
I MADE A VOW, NAZI--


--AN OATH THAT YOU'D PAY FOR ROSCOE-- AND GLASS AND SARGENT AND BRENNER-- AND FOR WHATEVER ELSE IS UP YOUR SLEEVE!
WOOSH

BRUNT
IT TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO DO IT--
--BUT I ALWAYS KNEW I WOULD DO IT--

--AND SO, AT LAST, YOU'RE GOING TO PAY!
YOU'RE MINE!
NO, YOU FOOL! NEVER!!



HA HA! FINALLY YOU KNOW MY GREATEST, MOST TERRIFYING SCHEME -- AND, SOON, ALL THE WORLD SHALL KNOW THAT --
--THE FALCON IS A CREATION OF THE RED SKULL!!

YOU HEARD IT RIGHT, FOLKS-- BUT IF YOU WANT TO HEAR WHAT IT ALL MEANS, YOU'LL HAVE TO READ OUR NEXT LITTLE EPIC:

THE FACTS ON THE FALCON!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
186
JUNE
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
REVEALED AT LAST! THE TRUE FACTS BEHIND THE ORIGIN OF THE FALCON!
MY ALLY... MY ENEMY!
TODAY THE MOMENT I'VE WAITED FOR FINALLY COMES TO PASS!
TODAY THE FALCON SLAYS CAPTAIN AMERICA AT THE COMMAND OF THE RED SKULL!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

MIND CAGE!

HE IS MINE! I CREATED HIM-- A HELPLESS PUPPET TO SERVE THE WILL OF THE RED SKULL!
NOW--AFTER YEARS OF SENSELESS DEFEAT, THIS CRETIN BECOMES THE SYMBOL OF MY GREATEST TRIUMPH!
HEIL HITLER!
YOU'RE MAD, SKULL--I DON'T BUY THIS! I'VE KNOWN SAM TOO LONG!
BLAST IT, FALCON--DON'T JUST STAND THERE! DO SOMETHING!

FRANKLY, IF YOU THINK THIS SCENE IS A LITTLE WEIRD, EFFENDI, JUST HANG ON--'CAUSE THINGS ONLY GET MORE FURIOUS FROM HERE!

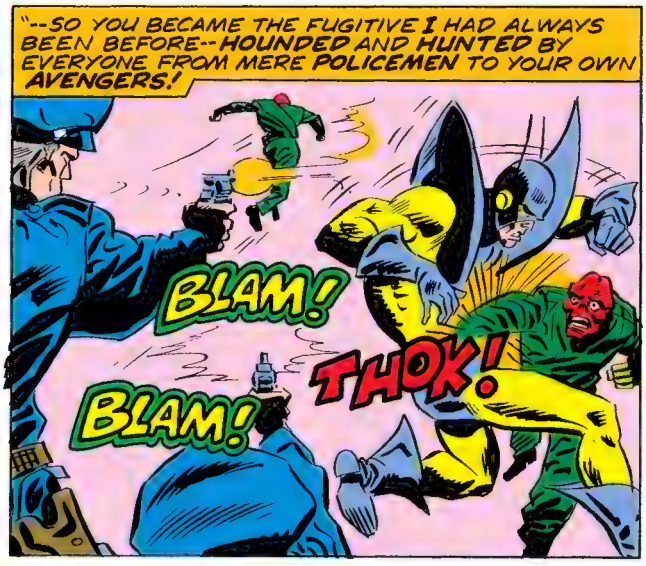
PRESENTED WITH PRIDE BY...

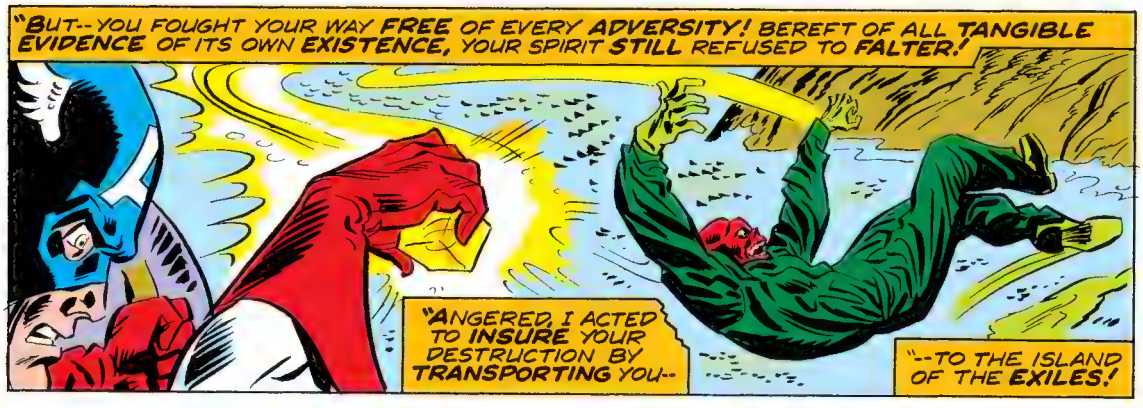
STEVE ENGLEHART--PLOT & SCRIPT (PGS. 3-17)
JOHN WARNER-SCRIPT (PGS. 1-2 & 18-31)
FRANK ROBBINS--PENCILS
MIKE ESPOSITO--INKS
DAVE HUNT--LETTERS
M. WOLFMAN--COLORS
LEN WEIN--EDITOR

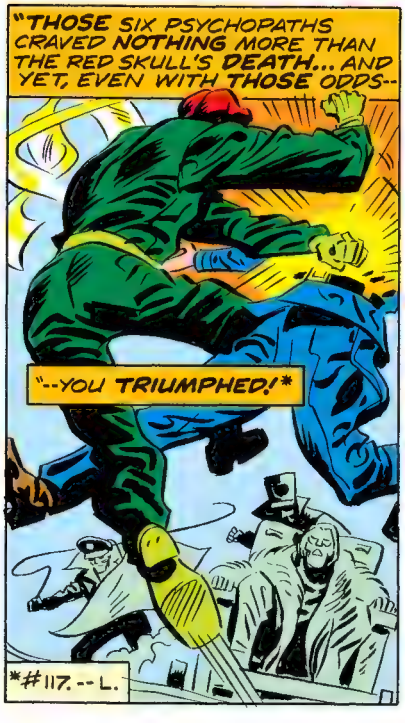
DO SOMETHING? YOU WANT TO SEE THIS BLACK SCHWEINHUND DO SOMETHING?
HAH!
YOU CALL HIM THE FALCON--BUT TO ME HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A...
...CHICKEN!
SLAVE! SHOW THEM! SHOW THEM ALL WHAT A CHICKEN YOU ARE!
THERE IS A MOMENT'S HESITATION AS TIME SEEMS TO HOLD ITS BREATH...
THEN, FROM NUMB PARALYSIS, THE FALCON JERKS STIFFLY INTO MOTION--BUT HIS EYES REMAIN GLASSY POOLS WITH NO STIRRING OF COGNIZANCE IN THEIR DEPTHS.
BWAAWK
BRUK BRUK
BWAAK!
HA! HA! HA! HA!
MY GOD! NO! STOP IT, SAM! STOP IT!
REMEMBER WHO YOU ARE! DON'T LET THE SKULL HUMILIATE YOU!
HUMILIATE HIM--? THAT WOULD BE POINTLESS, TO MORTIFY BLACK VERMIN SUCH AS THIS!
IT IS YOU I HUMILIATE, CAPTAIN AMERICA! HA! HAA!
CLICK...
YOU FILTHY NAZI PIG!!
YOU WON'T KEEP ME IN THESE CHAINS FOREVER--AND WHEN I BREAK LOOSE, I'M GONNA CRAM THEM RIGHT DOWN--
ENOUGH, DOG! YOUR IMPOTENT THREATS WILL ONLY PROLONG YOUR MUTUAL AGONY IN THE END!

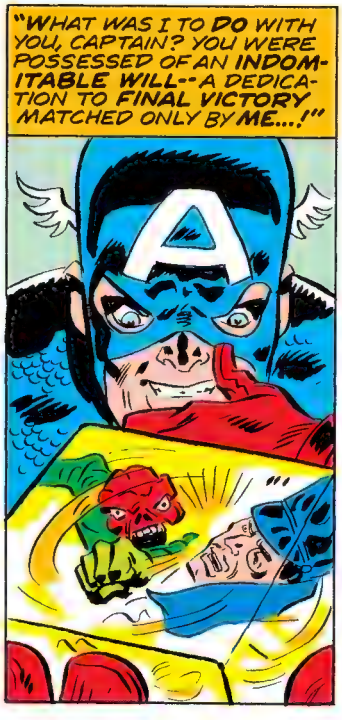
BUT YOUR AGONY WILL LAST TILL THE END OF YOUR LIFE, CAPTAIN AMERICA--
--FOR NOW YOU KNOW THAT YOU HAVE LIVED THE PAST SIX YEARS SOLELY AT MY WHIM!
"THE FALCON COULD HAVE KILLED YOU AT ANY TIME! NOW, I AM FRANK TO ADMIT THAT SUCH A DIABOLICAL IDEA HADN'T YET ENTERED MY SCHEMES THE NIGHT I FIRST ATTACKED YOU WITH THE COSMIC CUBE!*
"IT WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH TO HAVE YOU UTTERLY AT MY MERCY AT LAST!
*CAP #114.--LEN.
"WITH THE CUBE, I STOOD ALONE AND OMNIPOTENT! MY SLIGHTEST THOUGHT BECAME INSTANT REALITY--
"--OR REALITY BECAME MY SLIGHTEST THOUGHT, EH?
"FIRST, I GAVE YOU THE TORTURES OF THE DAMNED--
"--AND THEN WE BEGAN THE TRULY EXQUISITE AGONIES, AS I EXACTED WHAT I CONSIDER THE ULTIMATE REVENGE--*
*#115.--L.
"--BY EXCHANGING OUR TWO BODIES! YOU BECAME THE RED SKULL... AND I-- CAPTAIN AMERICA!
CHANGE!
CHANGE!

"IT WAS PERFECT! PERFECT! NOT EVEN SHARON CARTER COULD BELIEVE YOUR PROTESTATIONS OF THE TRUTH--*
*#116.--L.


"--SO YOU BECAME THE FUGITIVE I HAD ALWAYS BEEN BEFORE--HOUNDED AND HUNTED BY EVERYONE FROM MERE POLICEMEN TO YOUR OWN AVENGERS!
BLAM!
BLAM!
THOK!


"BUT--YOU FOUGHT YOUR WAY FREE OF EVERY ADVERSITY! BEREFT OF ALL TANGIBLE EVIDENCE OF ITS OWN EXISTENCE, YOUR SPIRIT STILL REFUSED TO FALTER!
"ANGERED, I ACTED TO INSURE YOUR DESTRUCTION BY TRANSPORTING YOU--
"--TO THE ISLAND OF THE EXILES!


"THOSE SIX PSYCHOPATHS CRAVED NOTHING MORE THAN THE RED SKULL'S DEATH... AND YET, EVEN WITH THOSE ODDS--
"--YOU TRIUMPHED!*
*#117.--L.

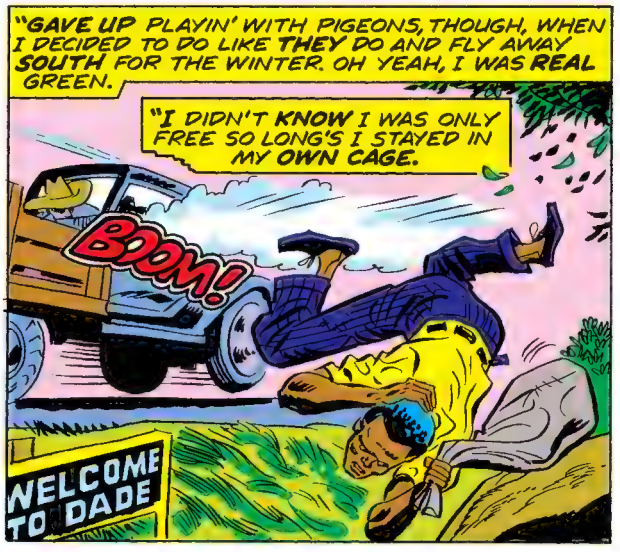

"WHAT WAS I TO DO WITH YOU, CAPTAIN? YOU WERE POSSESSED OF AN INDOMITABLE WILL--A DEDICATION TO FINAL VICTORY MATCHED ONLY BY ME...!"

OBVIOUSLY, ATTACKING YOU OPENLY, EITHER THROUGH THE BODY OR MIND, WAS FOREDOOMED TO FAILURE--
--AS LONG AS YOU RETAINED CONFIDENCE IN YOURSELF!
THUS I DEVISED THE SUBTLEST STROKE OF ALL... AND BEGAN TO SCAN THE ISLAND..

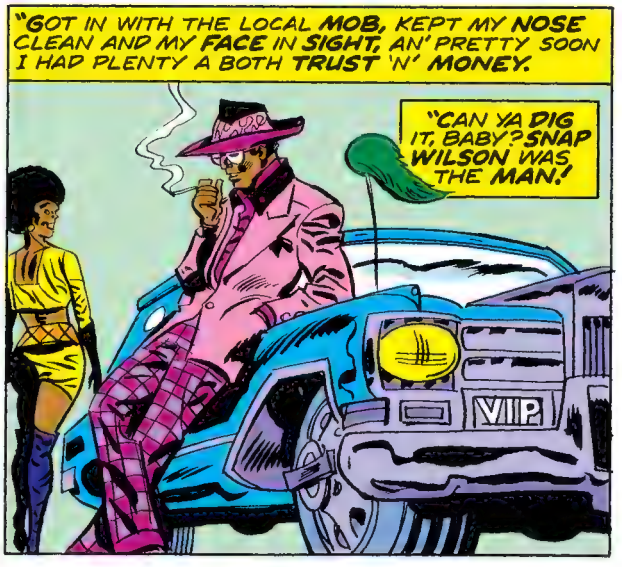
"...SEEKING A MAN I COULD USE...
"...AND I FOUND HIM NOT HALF A MILE AWAY: A STRAPPING YOUNG BUCK WHO POSSESSED AN UNUSUAL PET!

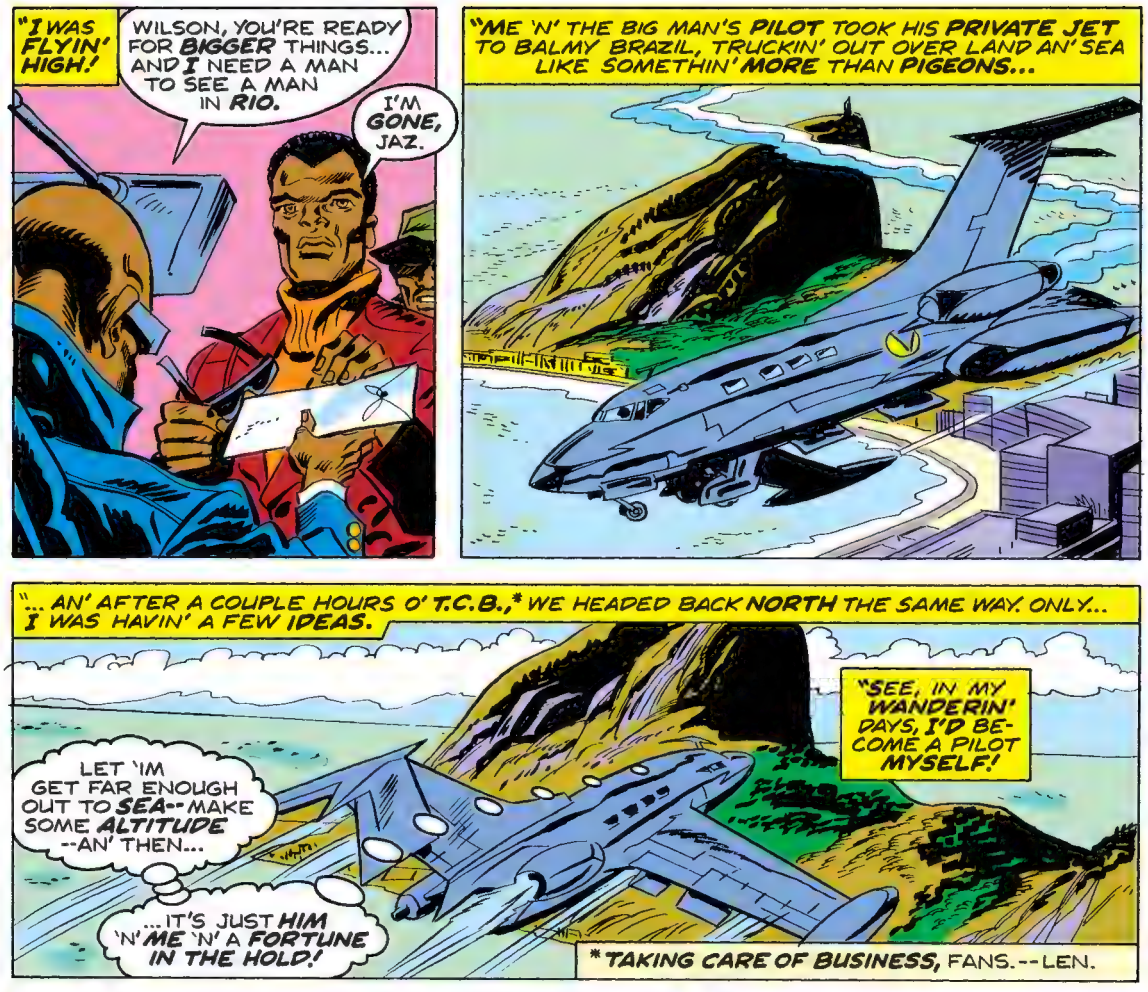
"HE WAS CLEARLY NOT ONE OF THE ISLAND'S NATIVES, WHICH IS ALL I HAD HOPED TO FIND. CURIOUS, AND HARDLY DARING TO BELIEVE MY GOOD FORTUNE--
"--I USED THE CUBE TO TRANSPORT MYSELF TO HIS SIDE AND SEIZE CONTROL OF HIS MIND, THAT I MIGHT KNOW WITH WHOM WE WERE TO DEAL!

"I ONLY WISH I COULD REPEAT HIS STORY WORD FOR WORD."
"NAME'S WILSON... SNAP WILSON... BORN SAMUEL T., BACK IN HARLEM. I HAD AN OKAY LIFE THERE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS...
"...FREE AS A BIRD.


"GAVE UP PLAYIN' WITH PIGEONS, THOUGH, WHEN I DECIDED TO DO LIKE THEY DO AND FLY AWAY SOUTH FOR THE WINTER. OH YEAH, I WAS REAL GREEN.
"I DIDN'T KNOW I WAS ONLY FREE SO LONG'S I STAYED IN MY OWN CAGE.
BOOM!
WELCOME TO DADE

"THE OUTSIDE WORLD WAS A JUNGLE, MAN--BUT I WAS OUTTA MY NEST FOR GOOD. I DUSTED MYSELF OFF AN' KEPT TRAVELIN'--
"--TILL I REACHED EIGHTEEN AND L.A.
"I WEREN'T GREEN NO MORE.
"I'D LEARNED TO GET BY.


"GOT IN WITH THE LOCAL MOB, KEPT MY NOSE CLEAN AND MY FACE IN SIGHT, AN' PRETTY SOON I HAD PLENTY A BOTH TRUST 'N' MONEY.
"CAN YA DIG IT, BABY? SNAP WILSON WAS THE MAN!
VIP


"I WAS FLYIN' HIGH!
WILSON, YOU'RE READY FOR BIGGER THINGS... AND I NEED A MAN TO SEE A MAN IN RIO.
I'M GONE, JAZ.
"ME 'N' THE BIG MAN'S PILOT TOOK HIS PRIVATE JET TO BALMY BRAZIL, TRUCKIN' OUT OVER LAND AN' SEA LIKE SOMETHIN' MORE THAN PIGEONS...
"... AN' AFTER A COUPLE HOURS O' T.C.B.,* WE HEADED BACK NORTH THE SAME WAY. ONLY... I WAS HAVIN' A FEW IDEAS.
LET 'IM GET FAR ENOUGH OUT TO SEA-- MAKE SOME ALTITUDE --AN' THEN...
...IT'S JUST HIM 'N' ME 'N' A FORTUNE IN THE HOLD!
"SEE, IN MY WANDERIN' DAYS, I'D BECOME A PILOT MYSELF!
* TAKING CARE OF BUSINESS, FANS.--LEN.
"WE WERE SOMEWHERE NEAR THE EQUATOR WHEN I MADE MY MOVE!
BYE, BABY! NO HARD FEELIN'S!
CHOK!
"THING WAS, THAT PILOT HAD A LOT HARDER HEAD THAN I FIGURED! HE CAME RIGHT BACK AT ME--
WOK!
"--AN' THE NEXT THING I KNEW, WE WERE AT IT HARD AN' HEAVY-- WITH NEITHER OF US HAVIN' THE TIME TO PLAY PILOT!

"BY THE TIME I KNOCKED THAT BONEHEAD OUT, WE'D GONE INTO A TERMINAL SPIN.!

HOLY FREAKIN' SPIT.!

"YOU CAN'T BELIEVE HOW HARD I HAULED ON THEM CONTROLS--BUT LIKE I SAID, IT WAS TERMINAL!

"LOOKED LIKE US 'N' THAT FORTUNE WERE FISH FOOD--

"--WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN, THIS ISLAND LOOMS UP IN FRONT'A ME!

"THE SIGHT OF IT GAVE ME THE LITTLE BIT EXTRA I NEEDED.! THE PLANE'S NOSE CAME UP JUST ENOUGH TO LET US PANCAKE.! I BRACED FOR THE SHOCK--

WHOI

M

P!

"--BUT THE PILOT WAS IN NO SHAPE TO BRACE FOR ANYTHING!

"DON'T REALLY KNOW HOW I MADE THE BEACH. DON'T REALLY KNOW MUCH OF ANYTHING 'BOUT THE NEXT COUPLE'A HOURS...

"...BUT WHEN I CAME TO, WEARIN' ONLY RAGS AN' A SALT-WATER CRUST...

"...YOU'D BEST BELIEVE I TOLD THE FATES WHAT I THOUGHT OF 'EM.'"

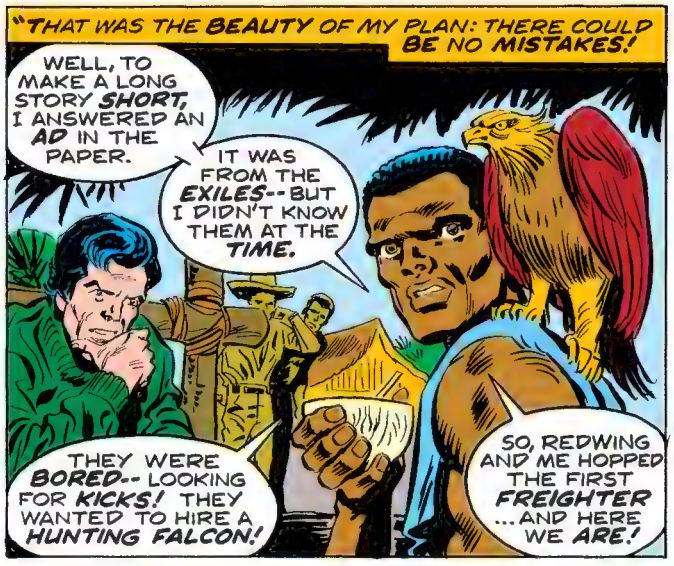
EVENTUALLY, HE COMPLETED HIS CURSES AND BEGAN TO SEEK SHELTER--WHEREUPON, HE ENCOUNTERED THE ISLAND'S NATIVES.

YOU'RE INSANE, SKULL! I'VE KNOWN SAM WILSON FOR SIX YEARS, AND HE'S NO CRIMINAL!

HE'S THE MOST UPRIGHT MAN I'VE EVER MET!

OF COURSE, YOU STAR-SPANGLED SIMPLETON! HAVE I NOT SAID THIS WAS MY GREATEST SCHEME?
WILSON'S BACK-GROUND IS ENTIRELY TRUE --AND YET, IT ACTUALLY IS IMMATERIAL--
"--BECAUSE THROUGH THE POW-ER OF THE COSMIC CUBE, I CHANGED ALMOST EVERY-THING ABOUT HIM! ONLY HIS LOVE FOR BIRDS DID I LEAVE HIM--"
--THOUGH I STRENGTHENED IT, GIVING HIM AND THE FAL-CON HE'D TRAINED A SUPER-NORMAL MENTAL LINK--*
--SO THAT I MIGHT USE THAT TRAIT AS THE BASIS FOR--
--A PERFECT PARTNER FOR YOU!
*REMEMBER PROF. X IN #174?--LEN.
"AFTER SO MANY YEARS, I KNEW YOU WELL, CAPTAIN AMERICA! I KNEW EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF MAN WOULD MOST APPEAL TO YOUR SNIVELING LIBERALISM:
"--AN UPRIGHT, CHEERFUL NEGRO, WITH A LOVE FOR THE SAME 'BROTHERHOOD' YOU CHERISH!
"AFTER THAT, IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER TO ARRANGE A MEETING BETWEEN YOU AND THE NEW 'SAM WILSON'!*
HEY! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN YOUR FAL-CON THAT HELPED ME FIGHT THE EXILES!
YOU KNOW IT, MAN.
REDWING AND I HAVE BEEN AFTER THEM, TOO!
*CAP HAD REMOVED THE SKULL MASK BY THEN.--LEN.
"LATER, BACK IN THE NATIVES' VILLAGE, SAM TOLD YOU JUST WHAT I HAD PROGRAMMED HIM TO!"
YEAH, I'VE BEEN TRYING TO ORGANIZE THESE PEOPLE, TO FIGHT FOR THEIR FREEDOM.
BUT I GUESS MY STORY REALLY BE-GINS IN RIO DE JANIERO, WHERE I WAS VACA-TIONING.
THAT'S WHERE I PICKED UP REDWING.
HA-HA!
IN RIO? HA! HA!

NO! I CAN'T BELIEVE THIS--AND I WON'T! I HEARD HIS VOICE-- HIS TONE!
INDEED HE WAS! HE TOLD YOU THE EXACT TRUTH--INSOFAR AS HE KNEW IT!
HE WAS TELLING ME THE TRUTH!
ONCE I HAD CHANGED HIM, HE HAD NOT THE SLIGHTEST INKLING THAT HE HAD EVER LIVED ANOTHER LIFE!


"THAT WAS THE BEAUTY OF MY PLAN: THERE COULD BE NO MISTAKES!
WELL, TO MAKE A LONG STORY SHORT, I ANSWERED AN AD IN THE PAPER.
IT WAS FROM THE EXILES-- BUT I DIDN'T KNOW THEM AT THE TIME.
THEY WERE BORED-- LOOKING FOR KICKS! THEY WANTED TO HIRE A HUNTING FALCON!
SO, REDWING AND ME HOPPED THE FIRST FREIGHTER ...AND HERE WE ARE!

YOU WERE SO COMPLETELY TAKEN IN BY HIS MANNER THAT YOU NEVER STOPPED TO WONDER WHY MEN SUCH AS THE EXILES SHOULD ADVERTISE FOR ANYTHING--
--OR WHY A FREIGHTER WOULD COME TO THAT LONELY ISLE!

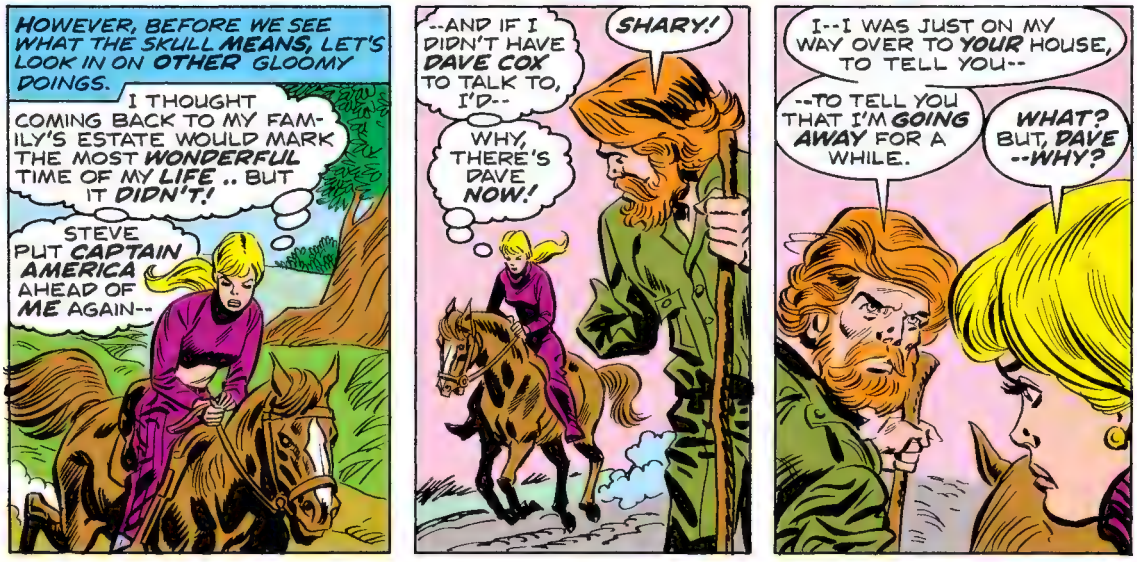
"NO, YOU WERE ALREADY ENLISTING HIM IN YOUR OWN FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL!
YOU MENTIONED ORGANIZING THE NATIVES --BUT THEY DON'T HAVE ANY WEAPONS!
IF YOU'RE GOING TO SUCCEED, YOU'LL NEED A SYMBOL-- TO INSPIRE THEM!
I'D SUGGEST A MASK--A COLORFUL COSTUME--

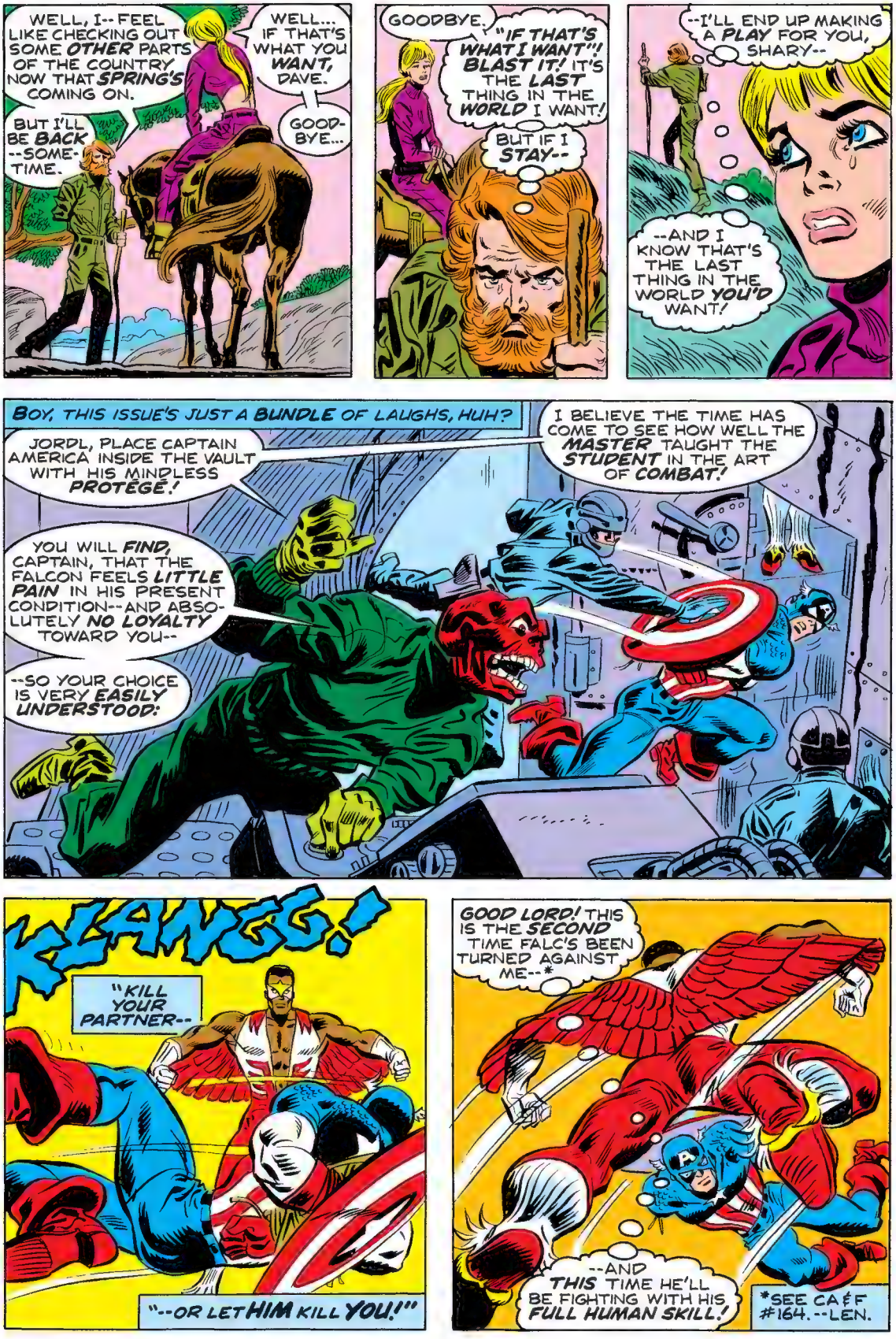
--AND A STIRRING NAME --LIKE, THE FALCON!
ME, A COSTUMED CLOWN?
DON'T PUT ME ON, MAN!

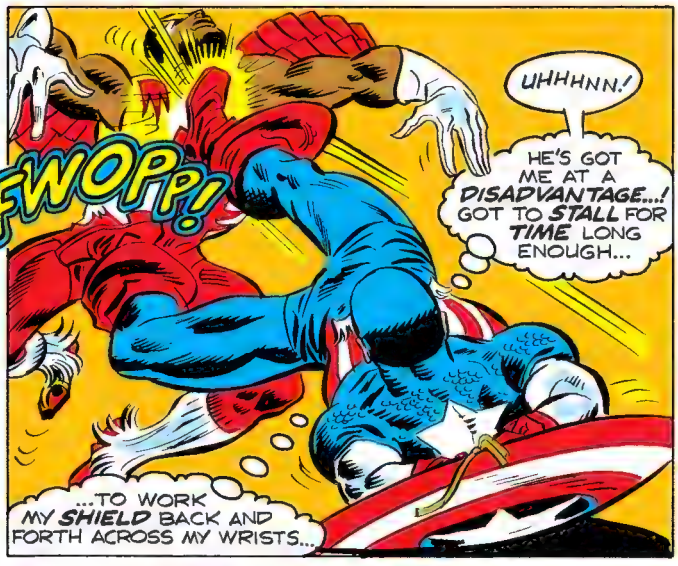
"BUT YOU WERE INSISTENT, AND EVENTUALLY, YOU WON HIM OVER-- JUST AS I KNEW YOU WOULD! YOU HAD THE ISLANDERS MAKE HIM HIS FIRST UNIFORM! YOU TRAINED HIM RELENTLESSLY IN ALL THE SKILLS THAT HAD MADE YOU A 'LIVING LEGEND'!*
HIT 'EM, FALCON--AND REMEMBER--
--STAY LOOSE! DON'T TENSE UP!
SKRAA
"FINALLY, YOU ATTACKED THE EXILES AGAIN AS I WATCHED IN THE COSMIC CUBE!
*#118.--L.

"AND ONCE YOU HAD DEFEATED THEM, I DREW BOTH YOU AND YOUR NEW FRIEND TO A FINAL CONFRONTATION IN GERMANY--*
"--A CONFRONTATION I HAD NOW DECIDED TO LOSE, AS THE FINAL PROOF OF THE POWER OF YOUR PARTNERSHIP!
"I COULD NOT KNOW MODOK WOULD ENTER THE FRAY AND RENDER THE CUBE IMPOTENT--"
*#119--AND WHO SAYS THOSE OLD TALES WERE ANY SHORTER THAN TODAY'S?--LEN.

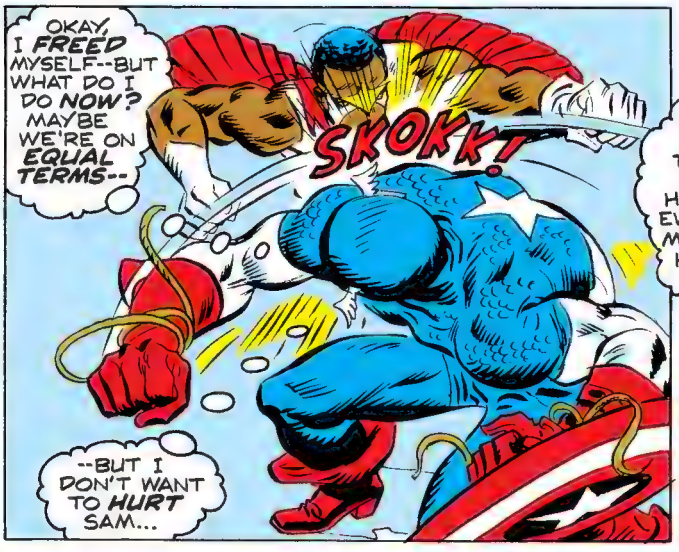
--BUT IT MADE NO DIFFERENCE!
YOU HAD ACCEPTED SAM WILSON--AND THOUGH IT TOOK ANOTHER YEAR FOR YOU TO MAKE THE PARTNERSHIP PERMANENT--
--I HAD YOU WHERE I WANTED YOU!
BUT--BUT YOU SEEMED TO FIND THE FALCON A SURPRISE--
--AND WE'VE BOTH FOUGHT YOU SINCE THEN WITHOUT YOUR REVEALING ANY OF THIS!
OF COURSE, CAPTAIN! HOW ELSE CAN ONE PLAY HIS TRUMP WITH MAXIMUM EFFECT?
AND YET... THE WORST IS YET TO COME!


HOWEVER, BEFORE WE SEE WHAT THE SKULL MEANS, LET'S LOOK IN ON OTHER GLOOMY DOINGS.
I THOUGHT COMING BACK TO MY FAMILY'S ESTATE WOULD MARK THE MOST WONDERFUL TIME OF MY LIFE .. BUT IT DIDN'T!
STEVE PUT CAPTAIN AMERICA AHEAD OF ME AGAIN--
--AND IF I DIDN'T HAVE DAVE COX TO TALK TO, I'D--
WHY, THERE'S DAVE NOW!
SHARY!
I--I WAS JUST ON MY WAY OVER TO YOUR HOUSE, TO TELL YOU--
--TO TELL YOU THAT I'M GOING AWAY FOR A WHILE.
WHAT? BUT, DAVE --WHY?

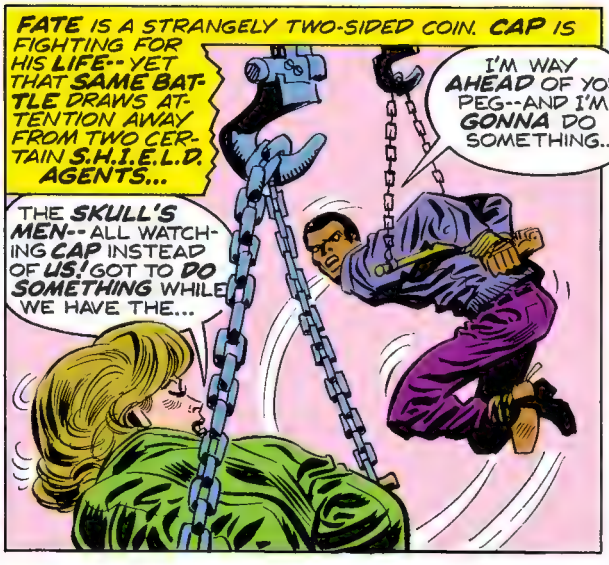

WELL, I-- FEEL LIKE CHECKING OUT SOME OTHER PARTS OF THE COUNTRY NOW THAT SPRING'S COMING ON.
BUT I'LL BE BACK --SOMETIME.
WELL... IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, DAVE.
GOOD-BYE...
GOODBYE.
"IF THAT'S WHAT I WANT"! BLAST IT! IT'S THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD I WANT!
BUT IF I STAY--
--I'LL END UP MAKING A PLAY FOR YOU, SHARY--
--AND I KNOW THAT'S THE LAST THING IN THE WORLD YOU'D WANT!
BOY, THIS ISSUE'S JUST A BUNDLE OF LAUGHS, HUH?
JORDL, PLACE CAPTAIN AMERICA INSIDE THE VAULT WITH HIS MINDLESS PROTEGE!
I BELIEVE THE TIME HAS COME TO SEE HOW WELL THE MASTER TAUGHT THE STUDENT IN THE ART OF COMBAT!
YOU WILL FIND, CAPTAIN, THAT THE FALCON FEELS LITTLE PAIN IN HIS PRESENT CONDITION--AND ABSOLUTELY NO LOYALTY TOWARD YOU--
--SO YOUR CHOICE IS VERY EASILY UNDERSTOOD:
KLANGG!
"KILL YOUR PARTNER--
"--OR LET HIM KILL YOU!"
GOOD LORD! THIS IS THE SECOND TIME FALC'S BEEN TURNED AGAINST ME--*
--AND THIS TIME HE'LL BE FIGHTING WITH HIS FULL HUMAN SKILL!
*SEE CA & F #164. --LEN.


FWOPP!
UHHHNN.!
HE'S GOT ME AT A DISADVANTAGE...! GOT TO STALL FOR TIME LONG ENOUGH...
...TO WORK MY SHIELD BACK AND FORTH ACROSS MY WRISTS...

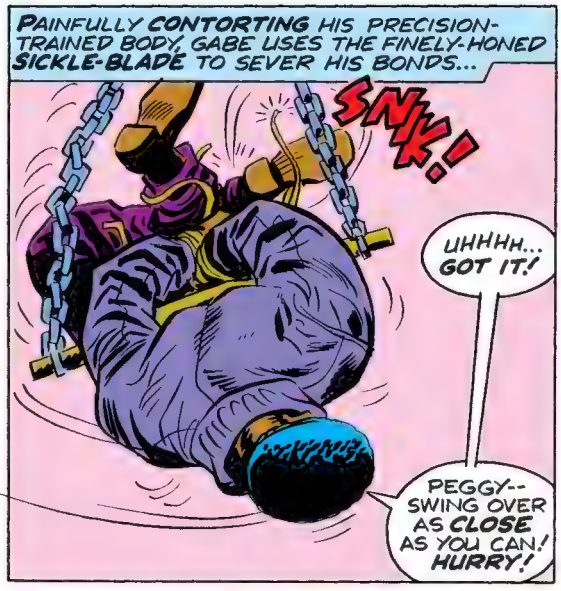
...UNTIL IT CUTS MY BONDS!
CHUK!


OKAY, I FREED MYSELF--BUT WHAT DO I DO NOW? MAYBE WE'RE ON EQUAL TERMS--
SKOKK!
--BUT I DON'T WANT TO HURT SAM...

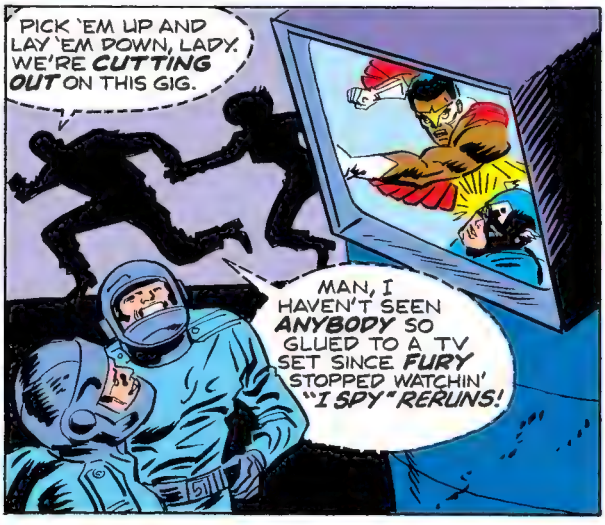
KUHHHGNN!
SO MUCH FOR THAT PROBLEM... THE SKULL IS RIGHT, HE DOESN'T EVEN FEEL MY BLOWS IN HIS ZOMBIE STATE!
BA-THOK!
I CAN'T PLAY AROUND!

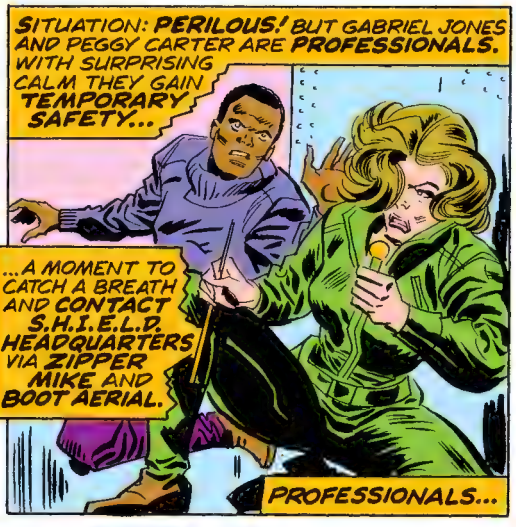

FATE IS A STRANGELY TWO-SIDED COIN. CAP IS FIGHTING FOR HIS LIFE--YET THAT SAME BATTLE DRAWS ATTENTION AWAY FROM TWO CERTAIN S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS...
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, PEG--AND I'M GONNA DO SOMETHING...
THE SKULL'S MEN--ALL WATCHING CAP INSTEAD OF US! GOT TO DO SOMETHING WHILE WE HAVE THE...

FWIK!
...NOW!

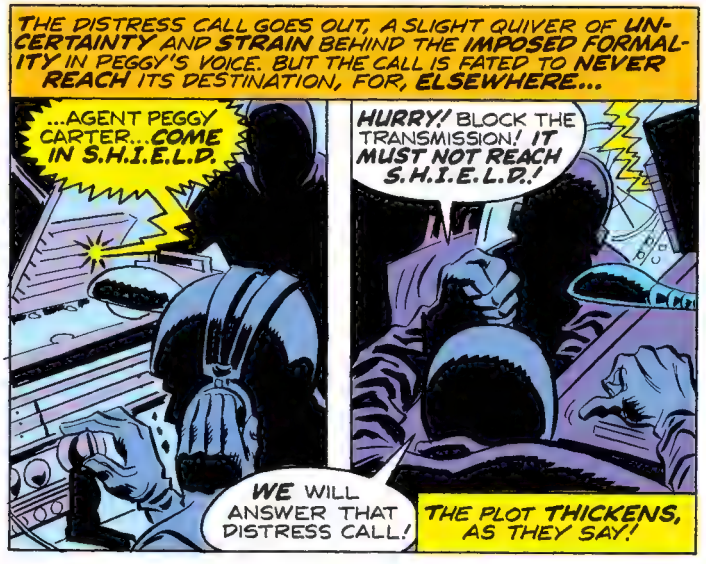

PAINFULLY CONTORTING HIS PRECISION-TRAINED BODY, GABE USES THE FINELY-HONED SICKLE-BLADE TO SEVER HIS BONDS...
SNIK!
UHHHH... GOT IT!
PEGGY--SWING OVER AS CLOSE AS YOU CAN! HURRY!

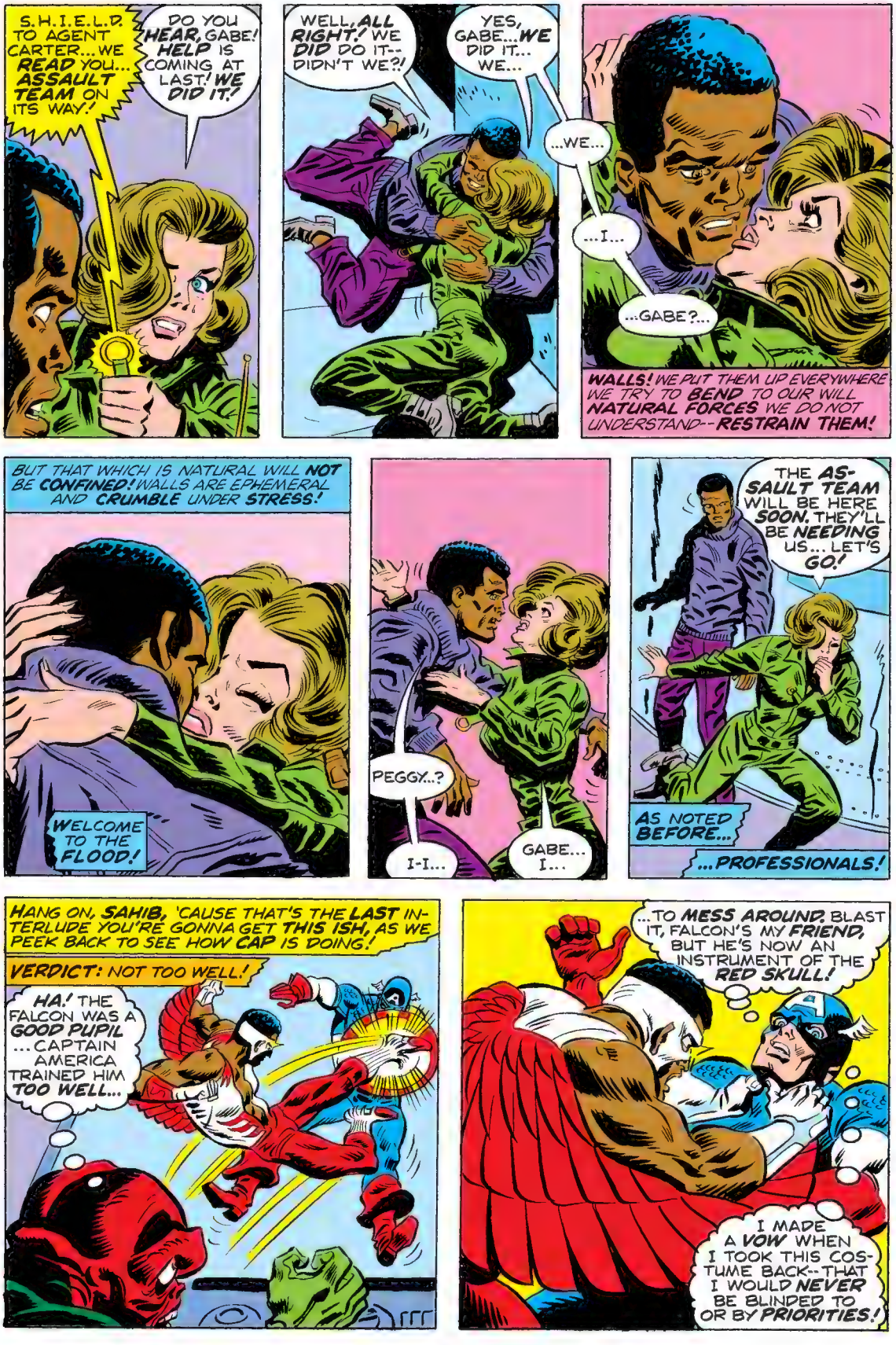
AND, PEG, WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T GET THE HICCUPS...
...I'D NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF IF I MISSED!
SNIK!


PICK 'EM UP AND LAY 'EM DOWN, LADY. WE'RE CUTTING OUT ON THIS GIG.
MAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYBODY SO GLUED TO A TV SET SINCE FURY STOPPED WATCHIN' "I SPY" RERUNS!

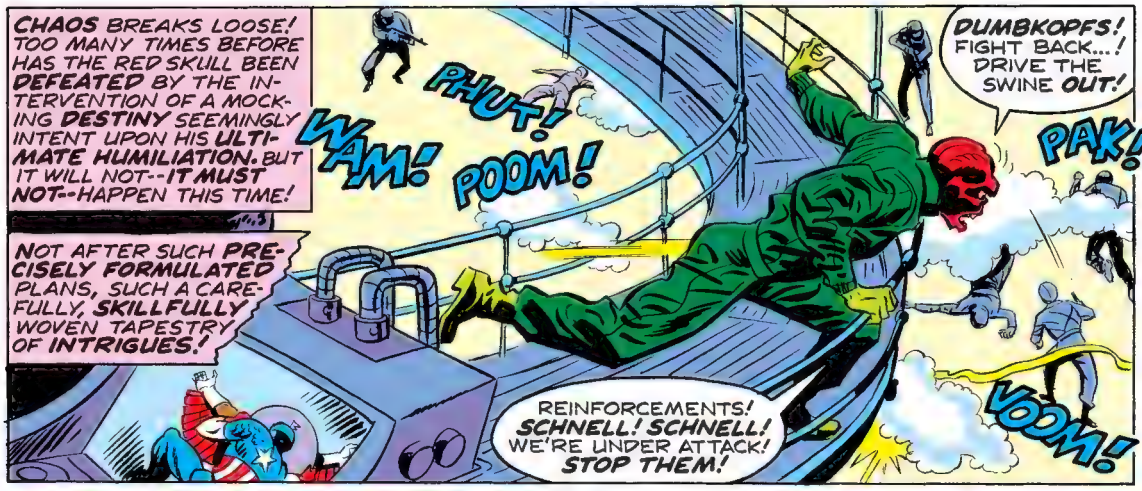

SITUATION: PERILOUS! BUT GABRIEL JONES AND PEGGY CARTER ARE PROFESSIONALS. WITH SURPRISING CALM THEY GAIN TEMPORARY SAFETY...
...A MOMENT TO CATCH A BREATH AND CONTACT S.H.I.E.L.D. HEADQUARTERS VIA ZIPPER MIKE AND BOOT AERIAL.
PROFESSIONALS...

THEY WANT TO STOP, ASK EACH OTHER IF THEY ARE HURT, PERHAPS TAKE TIME TO TEND WOUNDS, BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT! BUT, FOR THEM, THERE ARE PRIORITIES THAT MUST COME BEFORE MERE HUMAN NEEDS!
CALLING S.H.I.E.L.D.... PEGGY CARTER CALLING S.H.I.E.L.D.! FOR GOD'S SAKE, COME IN!
PROFESSIONALS!


THE DISTRESS CALL GOES OUT, A SLIGHT QUIVER OF UNCERTAINTY AND STRAIN BEHIND THE IMPOSED FORMALITY IN PEGGY'S VOICE. BUT THE CALL IS FATED TO NEVER REACH ITS DESTINATION, FOR, ELSEWHERE...
...AGENT PEGGY CARTER... COME IN S.H.I.E.L.D.
HURRY! BLOCK THE TRANSMISSION! IT MUST NOT REACH S.H.I.E.L.D.!
WE WILL ANSWER THAT DISTRESS CALL!
THE PLOT THICKENS, AS THEY SAY!


S.H.I.E.L.D. TO AGENT CARTER... WE READ YOU... ASSAULT TEAM ON ITS WAY!
DO YOU HEAR, GABE! HELP IS COMING AT LAST! WE DID IT!
WELL, ALL RIGHT! WE DID DO IT-- DIDN'T WE?!
YES, GABE... WE DID IT... WE...
...WE...
...I...
...GABE?...
WALLS! WE PUT THEM UP EVERYWHERE WE TRY TO BEND TO OUR WILL NATURAL FORCES WE DO NOT UNDERSTAND-- RESTRAIN THEM!
BUT THAT WHICH IS NATURAL WILL NOT BE CONFINED! WALLS ARE EPHEMERAL AND CRUMBLE UNDER STRESS!
WELCOME TO THE FLOOD!
PEGGY...?
I-I...
GABE... I...
THE ASSAULT TEAM WILL BE HERE SOON. THEY'LL BE NEEDING US... LET'S GO!
AS NOTED BEFORE...
...PROFESSIONALS!
HANG ON, SAHIB, 'CAUSE THAT'S THE LAST INTERLUDE YOU'RE GONNA GET THIS ISH, AS WE PEEK BACK TO SEE HOW CAP IS DOING!
VERDICT: NOT TOO WELL!
HA! THE FALCON WAS A GOOD PUPIL ... CAPTAIN AMERICA TRAINED HIM TOO WELL...
...TO MESS AROUND. BLAST IT, FALCON'S MY FRIEND, BUT HE'S NOW AN INSTRUMENT OF THE RED SKULL!
I MADE A VOW WHEN I TOOK THIS COSTUME BACK--THAT I WOULD NEVER BE BLINDED TO OR BY PRIORITIES!

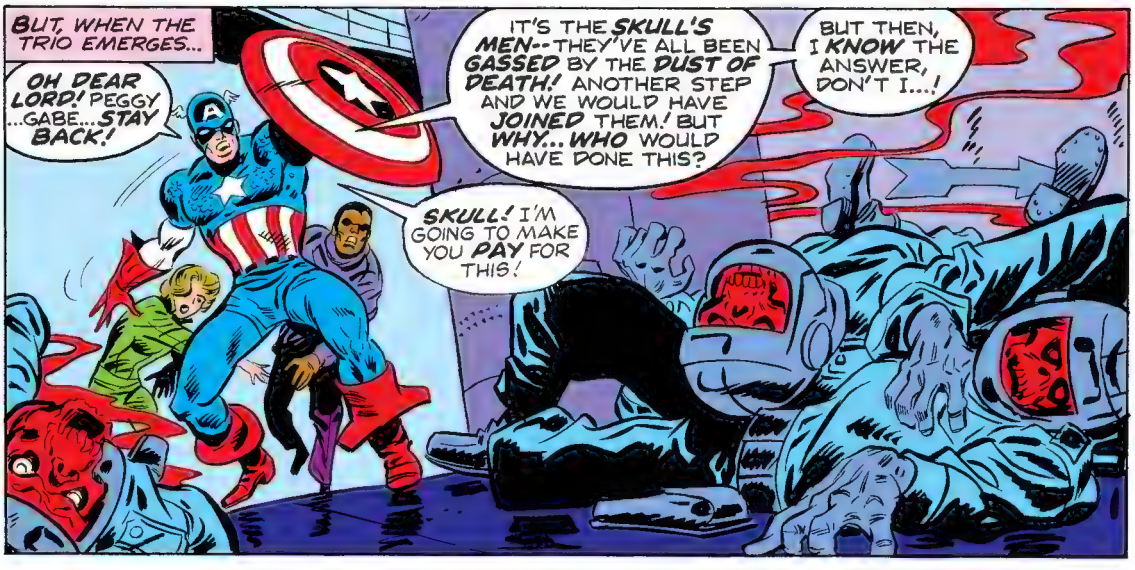
SPATAANNNG!
YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE, SKULL!
WE'RE PLAYING FOR KEEPS NOW, FIEND! IT'S EITHER SAM OR ME...
KRANG!
...TO THE DEATH!
AND, MAYBE, AFTER THE SKULL IS CHOKING IN HIS OWN PUTRID SLIME, I'LL BE ABLE TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT THE REAL SAM WILSON WOULD'VE WANTED IT THIS WAY!
MAYBE SO, CAP. BUT YOU HESITATE BECAUSE YOU NEED THAT CONVICTION NOW-- WITH YOUR SHIELD POISED TO CRUSH FALCON'S WINDPIPE...
...AND YOU CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT, AFTER ALL, MAYBE THIS IS WHAT THE RED SKULL WANTS ...FOR ANOTHER PARTNER TO DIE BY "YOUR HANDS"!
WHILE, FROM HIS ELECTRONIC VANTAGE POINT...
FOOL! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING... WHAT THE...?
KARAASSH!
NO! IT CAN'T BE... WE'RE UNDER SIEGE!
SHOTS! MY GOD-- PEGGY AND GABE ARE STILL OUT THERE...!

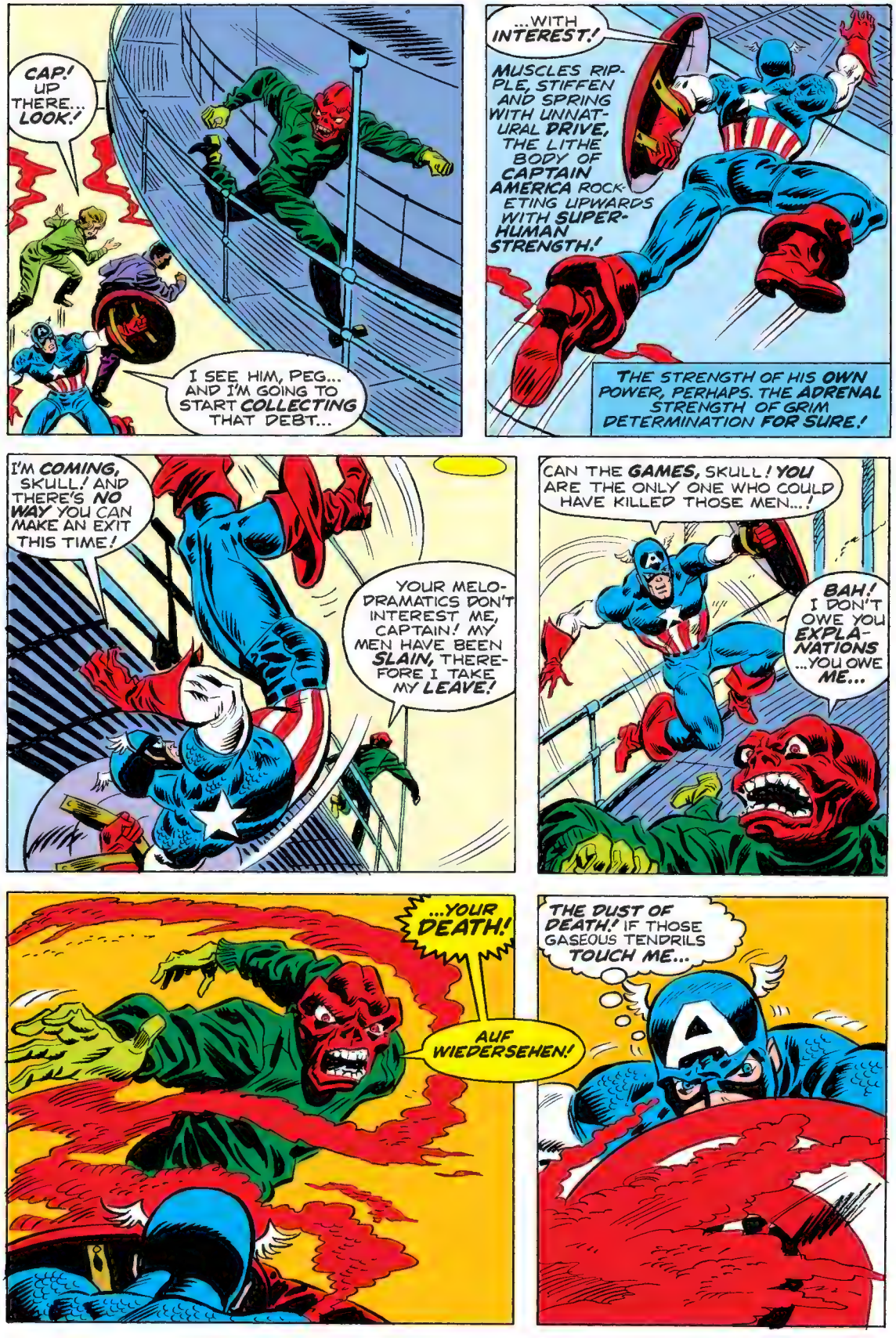

CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE! TOO MANY TIMES BEFORE HAS THE RED SKULL BEEN DEFEATED BY THE INTERVENTION OF A MOCKING DESTINY SEEMINGLY INTENT UPON HIS ULTIMATE HUMILIATION. BUT IT WILL NOT--IT MUST NOT--HAPPEN THIS TIME!
PHUT!
WAM!
POOM!
DUMBKOPFS! FIGHT BACK...! DRIVE THE SWINE OUT!
PAK!
VOOM!
NOT AFTER SUCH PRECISELY FORMULATED PLANS, SUCH A CAREFULLY, SKILLFULLY WOVEN TAPESTRY OF INTRIGUES!
REINFORCEMENTS! SCHNELL! SCHNELL! WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! STOP THEM!

WHAM!
NOW WHAT...?

GABE! PEGGY! YOU'RE...
NO TIME FOR THAT, AVENGER! WE GOTTA GET MOVING! AND, FRANKLY, I DON'T KNOW ANY MORE THAN YOU DO!
WE CALLED FOR S.H.I.E.L.D.--ENDED UP WITH THESE STRANGE DUDES I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE! I'M NOT SURE THEY'RE THE GOOD GUYS--BUT THEY KEEP SHOOTING AT SKULL'S BOYS!

COME ON--SEEMS TO ME WE ALL HAVE PROMISES TO KEEP WITH THE SKULL!
LEAVE SAM--ANYTHING WE CAN DO FOR HIM WILL HAVE TO GET DONE OUT THERE!


BUT, WHEN THE TRIO EMERGES...
OH DEAR LORD! PEGGY ...GABE...STAY BACK!
IT'S THE SKULL'S MEN--THEY'VE ALL BEEN GASSED BY THE DUST OF DEATH! ANOTHER STEP AND WE WOULD HAVE JOINED THEM! BUT WHY... WHO WOULD HAVE DONE THIS?
BUT THEN, I KNOW THE ANSWER, DON'T I...!
SKULL! I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU PAY FOR THIS!


CAP! UP THERE... LOOK!
I SEE HIM, PEG... AND I'M GOING TO START COLLECTING THAT DEBT...
...WITH INTEREST!
MUSCLES RIPPLE, STIFFEN AND SPRING WITH UNNATURAL DRIVE, THE LITHE BODY OF CAPTAIN AMERICA ROCKETING UPWARDS WITH SUPER-HUMAN STRENGTH!
THE STRENGTH OF HIS OWN POWER, PERHAPS. THE ADRENAL STRENGTH OF GRIM DETERMINATION FOR SURE!
I'M COMING, SKULL! AND THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN MAKE AN EXIT THIS TIME!
YOUR MELODRAMATICS DON'T INTEREST ME, CAPTAIN! MY MEN HAVE BEEN SLAIN, THEREFORE I TAKE MY LEAVE!
CAN THE GAMES, SKULL! YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE KILLED THOSE MEN...!
BAH! I DON'T OWE YOU EXPLANATIONS ...YOU OWE ME...
...YOUR DEATH!
AUF WIEDERSEHEN!
THE DUST OF DEATH! IF THOSE GASEOUS TENDRILS TOUCH ME...

BUT DEADLY OR NO-- THIS STUFF ISN'T GOING TO STOP MY PURSUIT OF THE RED SKULL...
...NOT BY A LONG SHOT!
BUT, WHEN THE GOOD CAPTAIN LANDS BACK ON HIS FEET, THE DEADLY DUST WHIRLED AWAY...
GONE!
BLAST IT-- NO! NOT AGAIN! NOT AGAIN! HE'S ESCAPED!
BUT IT DOESN'T END HERE, SKULL! YOU'RE OUT THERE ...SOMEWHERE! I'LL FIND YOU, SOMEHOW ...AND WHEN I DO...!
RAGING AT UNANSWERING STILLNESS CAN BE GREAT THERAPY, BUT THERE ARE OTHER MATTERS AT HAND...
CAP! THE FALCON --HE DROPPED LIKE A SACK OF STONES THE MOMENT SKULL MADE HIS ESCAPE!
HE SEEMS TO BE DEEP IN A COMA!
MY PARTNER-- MY FRIEND FOR YEARS-- A CREATION OF THE RED SKULL? AND NOW... THIS!
HAS THE WHOLE WORLD GONE MAD?!
MAYBE, CAP, MAYBE!
NEXT ISSUE: A SHOCKER AS STRANGE AS ITS TITLE...
MAYHEM IS THE MADNESS MAZE!
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE, YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE HERE IN THIRTY!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
187
JULY
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™ AND THE FALCON™
SURRENDER, AVENGER-- WHILE YOU STILL CAN!
NOT EVEN YOU CAN ESCAPE THE DEMON-DRUID'S DEATH-TRAP... ALIVE!
MADNESS IS THE MURDER-MAZE!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

JOHN WARNER SCRIPT • FRANK ROBBINS ART • F. CHIARAMONTE INKS • C. VETTER LETTERING • G. ROUSSOS COLORIST • LEN WEIN EDITOR

The MADNESS MAZE!

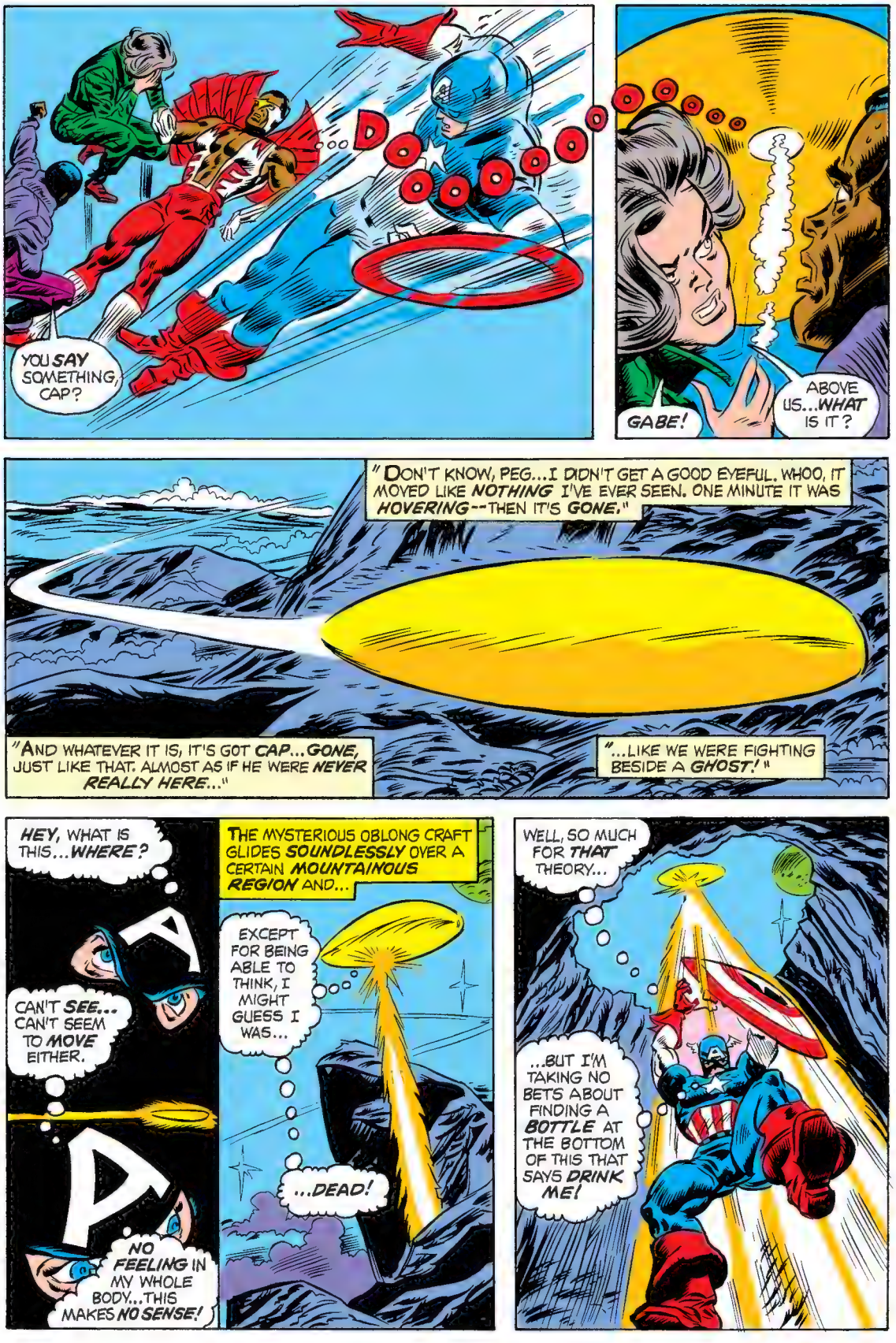
SPEEDY RECAP: THE RED SKULL HAS ESCAPED--BUT NOT BEFORE REVEALING THAT THE FALCON WAS ACTUALLY HIS DUPE! NOW, SAM WILSON LIES DEATHLY STILL ON THE GROUND, IN A DEEP COMA.

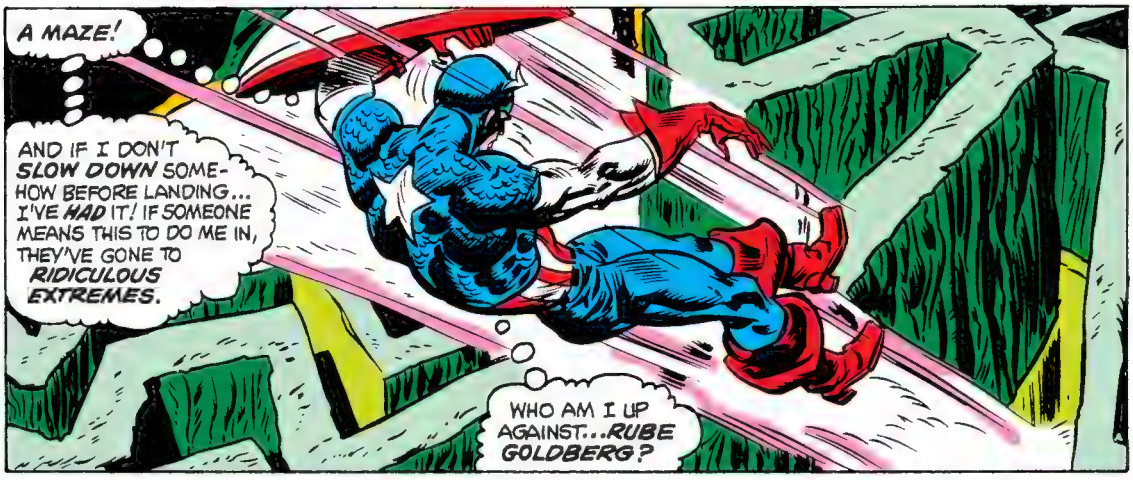
GOT THAT? GOOD! 'CAUSE THAT'S ALL THE RECAP YOU'RE BOUND TO GET THIS ISSUE...!

IT'S A FAKE, CAP--IT'S GOTTA BE! THAT FILTHY NAZI...

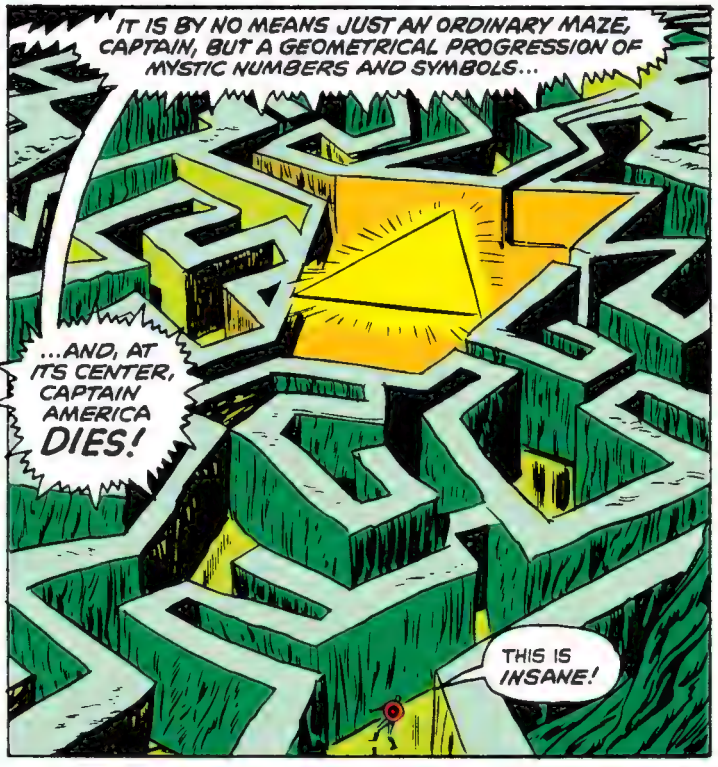
EASY, GABE... I'VE GOT TO THINK!

OH, LORD, IT'S ALL SO BLASTED CRAZY-- SENSELESS! BUT, RIGHT NOW, THE BEST THING WE CAN ...


YOU SAY SOMETHING, CAP?
DOOOOOO
GABE!
ABOVE US...WHAT IS IT?
"DON'T KNOW, PEG...I DIDN'T GET A GOOD EYEFUL. WHOO, IT MOVED LIKE NOTHING I'VE EVER SEEN. ONE MINUTE IT WAS HOVERING--THEN IT'S GONE."
"AND WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S GOT CAP...GONE, JUST LIKE THAT. ALMOST AS IF HE WERE NEVER REALLY HERE..."
"...LIKE WE WERE FIGHTING BESIDE A GHOST!"
HEY, WHAT IS THIS...WHERE?
CAN'T SEE... CAN'T SEEM TO MOVE EITHER.
NO FEELING IN MY WHOLE BODY...THIS MAKES NO SENSE!
THE MYSTERIOUS OBLONG CRAFT GLIDES SOUNDLESSLY OVER A CERTAIN MOUNTAINOUS REGION AND...
EXCEPT FOR BEING ABLE TO THINK, I MIGHT GUESS I WAS...
...DEAD!
WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT THEORY...
...BUT I'M TAKING NO BETS ABOUT FINDING A BOTTLE AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS THAT SAYS DRINK ME!

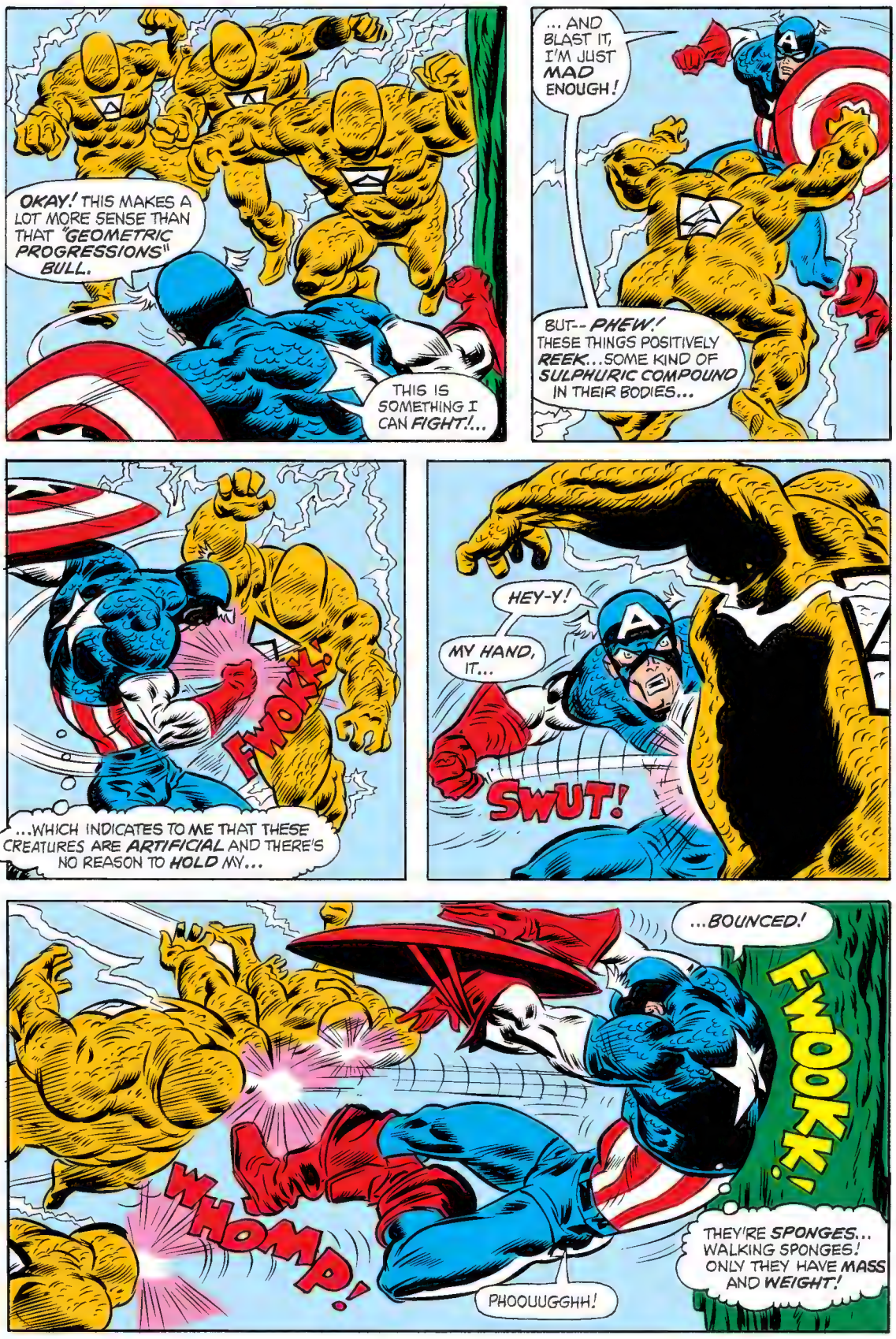

A MAZE!
AND IF I DON'T SLOW DOWN SOMEHOW BEFORE LANDING... I'VE HAD IT! IF SOMEONE MEANS THIS TO DO ME IN, THEY'VE GONE TO RIDICULOUS EXTREMES.
WHO AM I UP AGAINST...RUBE GOLDBERG?

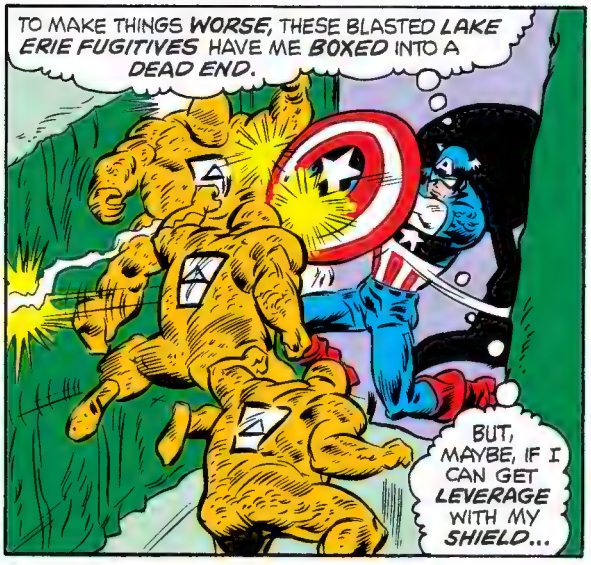
SALUTATIONS, CAPTAIN AMERICA! YOU ARE IN THE MAZE OF THE ANCIENTS!
AT THE LAST MOMENT... THE BEAM SLOWED MY FALL.
BUT THAT VOICE... I DON'T RECOGNIZE IT.


IT IS BY NO MEANS JUST AN ORDINARY MAZE, CAPTAIN, BUT A GEOMETRICAL PROGRESSION OF MYSTIC NUMBERS AND SYMBOLS...
...AND, AT ITS CENTER, CAPTAIN AMERICA DIES!
THIS IS INSANE!

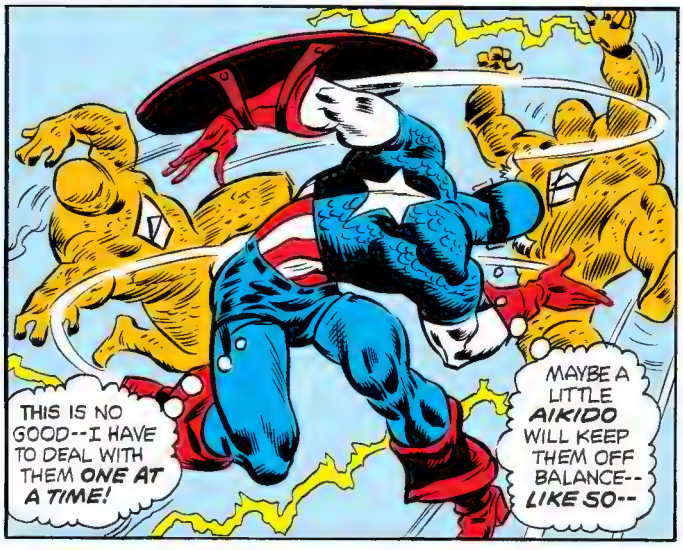
SOMEONE IS GOING TO A GREAT DEAL OF TROUBLE JUST TO KILL ME--WELL, I WOULDN'T WANT TO DISAPPOINT THEM.
BESIDES, STANDING AROUND ISN'T GETTING ME ANYWHERE!

AND THEN, A SINGLE INDESCRIBABLE SOUND...
NOW WHAT...?
SKRIK!

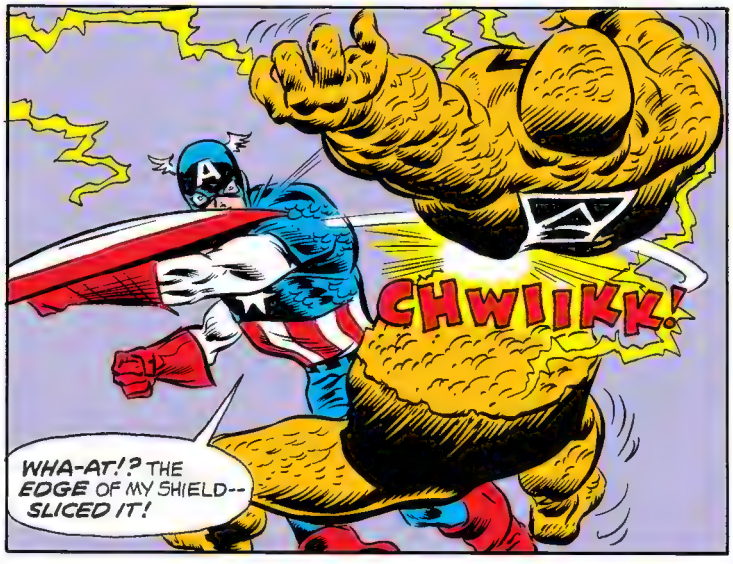

OKAY! THIS MAKES A LOT MORE SENSE THAN THAT "GEOMETRIC PROGRESSIONS" BULL.
THIS IS SOMETHING I CAN FIGHT!...
... AND BLAST IT, I'M JUST MAD ENOUGH!
BUT-- PHEW! THESE THINGS POSITIVELY REEK... SOME KIND OF SULPHURIC COMPOUND IN THEIR BODIES...
FWOK!
...WHICH INDICATES TO ME THAT THESE CREATURES ARE ARTIFICIAL AND THERE'S NO REASON TO HOLD MY...
HEY-Y!
MY HAND, IT...
SWUT!
WHOMP!
PHOOUUGGHH!
...BOUNCED!
FWOOKK!
THEY'RE SPONGES... WALKING SPONGES! ONLY THEY HAVE MASS AND WEIGHT!

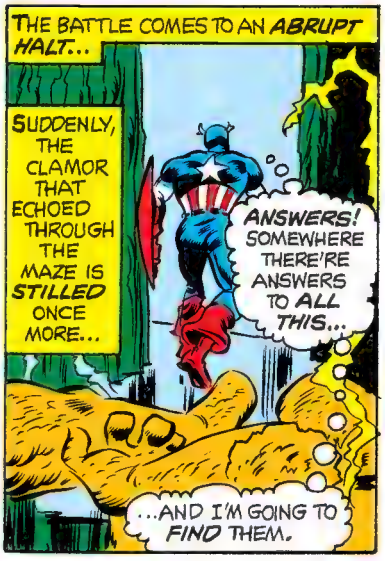

TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, THESE BLASTED LAKE ERIE FUGITIVES HAVE ME BOXED INTO A DEAD END.
BUT, MAYBE, IF I CAN GET LEVERAGE WITH MY SHIELD...

AAAHHH!
NO GO ON THAT IDEA! I'M JUST DESTROYING MYSELF!
FWAKK!


THIS IS NO GOOD--I HAVE TO DEAL WITH THEM ONE AT A TIME!
MAYBE A LITTLE AIKIDO WILL KEEP THEM OFF BALANCE--LIKE SO--

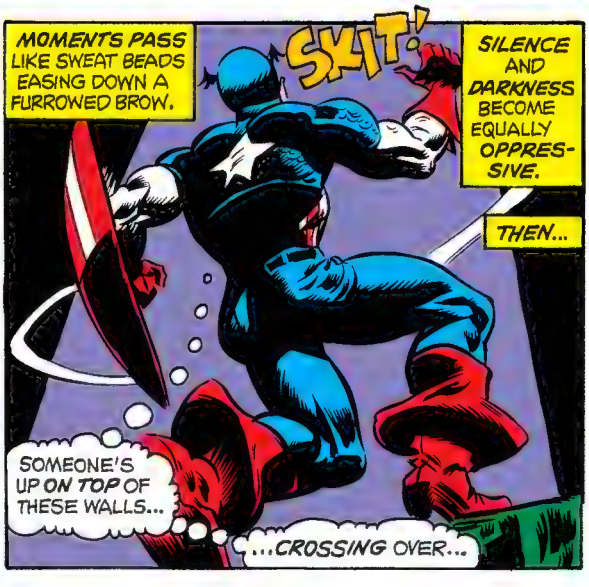
--THAT WAY I CAN DEVOTE ALL MY ATTENTION TO YOU, BEAUTIFUL!
IF I CAN JUST KEEP OUT OF THE WAY OF MY SHIELD...!


CHWIIKK!
WHA-AT!? THE EDGE OF MY SHIELD--SLICED IT!


THE BATTLE COMES TO AN ABRUPT HALT...
SUDDENLY, THE CLAMOR THAT ECHOED THROUGH THE MAZE IS STILLED ONCE MORE...
ANSWERS! SOMEWHERE THERE'RE ANSWERS TO ALL THIS...
...AND I'M GOING TO FIND THEM.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE. THE WALLS ARE TOO HIGH AND STEEP TO PULL MYSELF OUT...
...AND, AT THE CENTER--WHICH COULD BE AROUND THE NEXT CORNER--IS... WHAT?
RAAACH
BRAAK
CHAK
BRUKKA WHIRRR
HUH?? WHAT IN SAM HILL WAS...
...IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING IS EATING THE MAZE! DOESN'T ANYTHING MAKE SENSE AROUND HERE?
GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, ROGERS. THINK IT OUT! THINK IT OUT!
DEAD END? BUT I FELT A DRAFT FROM HERE MERE MOMENTS BEFORE.
KKRRAATCH!
WELL, IT'S THIS WAY NOW.

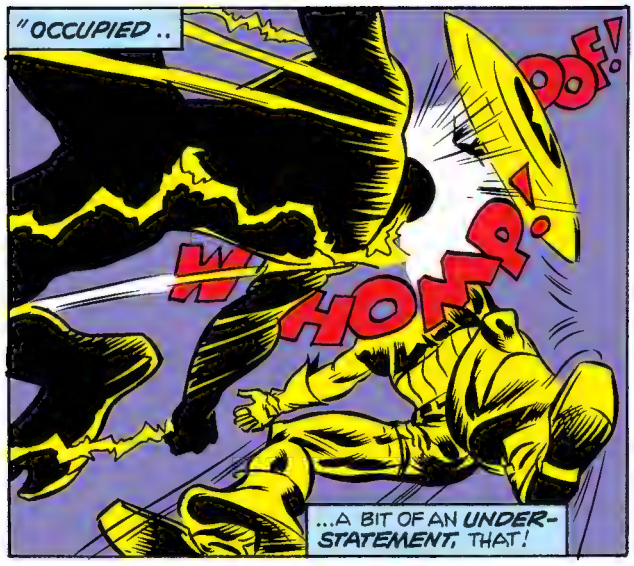
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING...
OH, GREAT!
SOME IDIOT TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS. MORE GAMES.


MOMENTS PASS LIKE SWEAT BEADS EASING DOWN A FURROWED BROW.
SKIT!
SILENCE AND DARKNESS BECOME EQUALLY OPPRESSIVE.
THEN...
SOMEONE'S UP ON TOP OF THESE WALLS...
...CROSSING OVER...

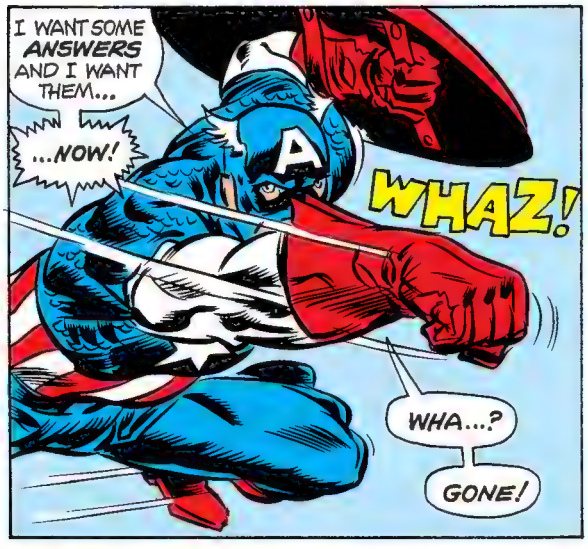
I CAUGHT A GLIMMER OF MOTION. AND FROM THE SOUND OF IT--WHOEVER-IT-IS IS LANDING ATOP THE WALL TO MY LEFT.
WHIIITT
SO LET'S GO FISHING AND SEE WHAT WE CATCH.
ANSWER: A BIG FAT ZERO.
WHOEVER IT IS, THEY'RE JUST KEEPING TABS ON ME--THEY'RE NOT READY TO ATTACK...
...NOT...
Y-E-E-E-T!
DUMB! DUMB! DUMB!
I WAS SO DISTRACTED WATCHING THE TOPS OF THE WALLS, I DIDN'T SEE THE OPEN SHAFT...
C'MON, HERO! GET YOUR ACT TO-GETHER!
SPEND A LITTLE LESS TIME RATIONALIZING BIT MORE TIME KEEPING YOUR REFLEXES PRIMED.

BUT AS CAP HESITATES A MOMENT TO CATCH HIS BREATH, FROM ABOVE HIM COMES A SUBTLE, YET SOMEHOW OMINOUS HUM...
UH-OH... THAT SLIDING DOOR IS CLOSING THE SHAFT! SOMEONE DOESN'T WANT ME GETTING OUT OF HERE.
SRRUUM!
SUPPLE MUSCLES RIPPLING LIKE COILS RELEASED IN A WAVE, CAP JUMPS...
UNFORTUNATELY, I'M NOT QUITE IN AGREEMENT WITH MY HOST...
...SOMETHING I PLAN ON MAKING PAINFULLY OBVIOUS!
WHANNGG!
...AS SOON AS I FIND SAID HOST!
I'M GETTING PRETTY SICK OF THIS WHOLE MESS...
WHOEVER HAS BEEN TRYING TO KILL ME HAS BEEN DOING AN AWFULLY LAME JOB...
...NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, UNDERSTAND...
...BUT BLAST IT, I'M TIRED OF BEING A CLAY PIGEON IN A TURKEY SHOOT!
COME ON OUT AND FACE ME... DO YOU HEAR ME?!
KLAK! RAK!
WHA... THAT SOUND AGAIN. LIKE THE WHOLE MAZE...
HA HA HA HA HA HAH
...WAS FALLING TO PIECES AROUND ME!

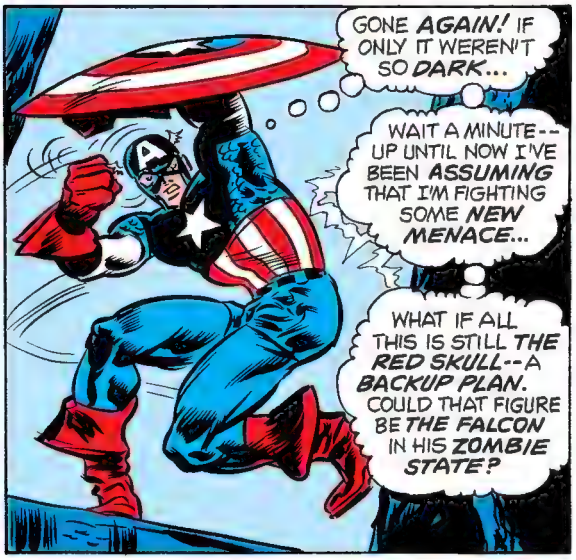
THE GLARE OF A MONITOR SCREEN WASHES OUT ACROSS AN OTHERWISE DARKENED ROOM...
...A STRANGE, DRY LAUGHTER RASPS OUT AS HANDS REACH FOR LEVERS, EACH LEVER BRINGING LAUGHTER RENEWED AS IT IS LOWERED.
FOOL! PITIFUL, POMPOUS FOOL!
"HE DOESN'T YET SEE THE PURPOSE OF THIS MAZE...FOR AS HE TURNS EACH CORNER, THE ENTIRE MAZE SHIFTS AND CHANGES...
SKRIK
KLAK!
"...ALL TOWARDS ONE END.
"CAPTAIN AMERICA CAN ONLY GO FORWARD, OR BACKWARDS, AS I DICTATE. NO MATTER HOW HE TURNS...
"...THE MAZE ADJUSTS TO LEAD HIM WHERE I WANT.
"WITH EACH LEVER I ACTIVATE, A SLIDING WALL OPENS OR CLOSES, WHATEVER IS NEEDED TO DRIVE CAPTAIN AMERICA FURTHER INTO THE LABYRINTH...
CHAK!
CHUK!
CHUK!
WHANG!
PHWAM!
"...CLOSER TO HIS ULTIMATE DESTRUCTION...
"...AT THE HEART OF THE MAZE!
"CAPTAIN AMERICA IS A SYMBOLIC HERO--EVEN AS I HAVE FOUND AN INHERENT SYMBOLISM IN MY EVIL...
KLAK!
WAP!
SKRIK
"IT IS FITTING ENOUGH JEST THAT HE THEN DIE A SYMBOLIC DEATH AT MY HANDS!
"UNTIL THEN, I AM SATISFIED TO TOY WITH THE GOOD CAPTAIN...
"...ASIDE FROM KEEPING HIM TOO OCCUPIED TO THINK, IT SERVES ANOTHER FUNCTION --HIS FRUSTRATION AMUSES ME!"


"OCCUPIED ..
POOF!
WHOMP!
...A BIT OF AN UNDER-STATEMENT, THAT!

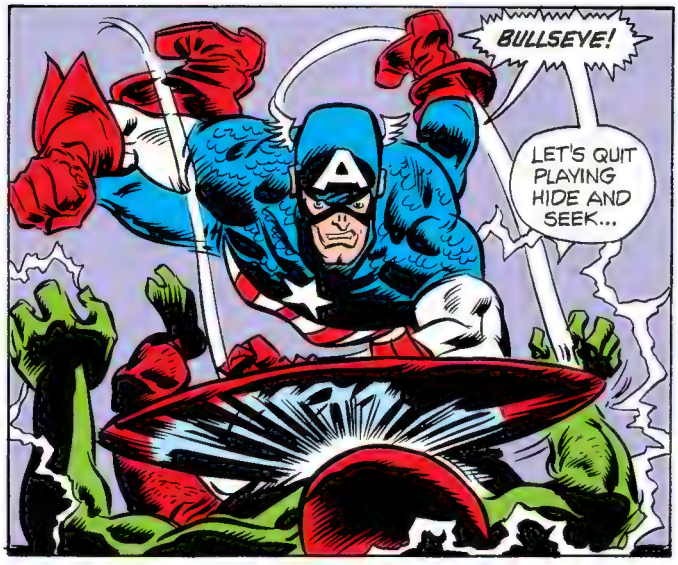
THAT CUTS IT-- I'VE BEEN ON THE RECEIVING END TOO LONG!
KRANG!

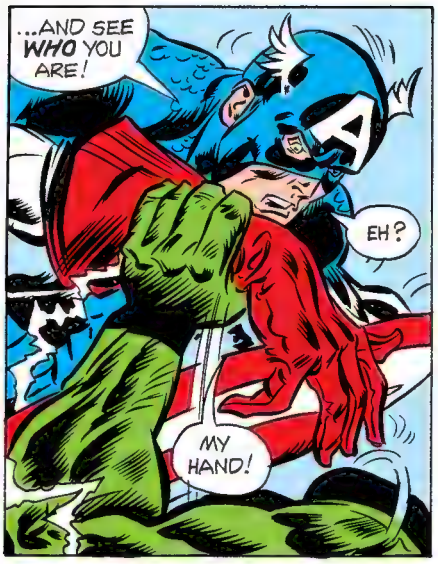

I WANT SOME ANSWERS AND I WANT THEM...
...NOW!
WHAZ!
WHA...?
GONE!

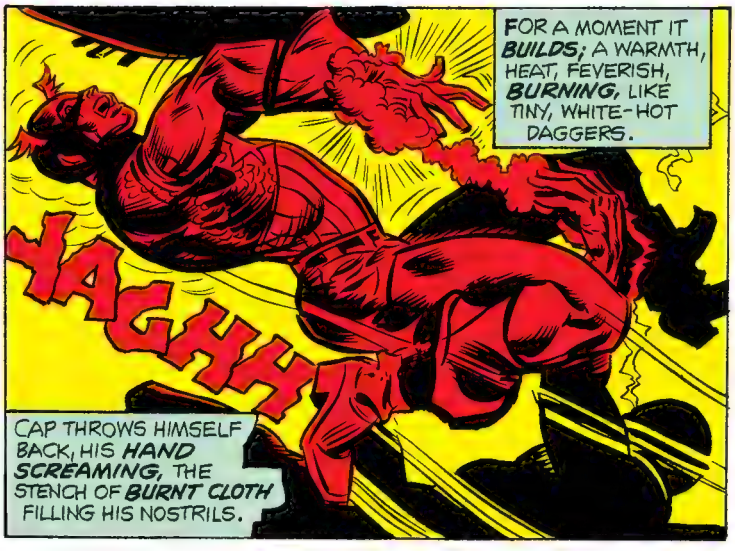
BUT HE WAS RIGHT HERE. WHERE COULD HE HAVE...
WUUHHHMMPHH
WOK


GONE AGAIN! IF ONLY IT WEREN'T SO DARK...
WAIT A MINUTE-- UP UNTIL NOW I'VE BEEN ASSUMING THAT I'M FIGHTING SOME NEW MENACE...
WHAT IF ALL THIS IS STILL THE RED SKULL--A BACKUP PLAN. COULD THAT FIGURE BE THE FALCON IN HIS ZOMBIE STATE?

IT MAKES A CRAZY SORT OF SENSE... SKULL WOULD WANT ME TO KILL SAM, HOPING TO BREAK ME...
...BUT HOW CAN I KNOW FOR SURE?
ONE CHANCE...

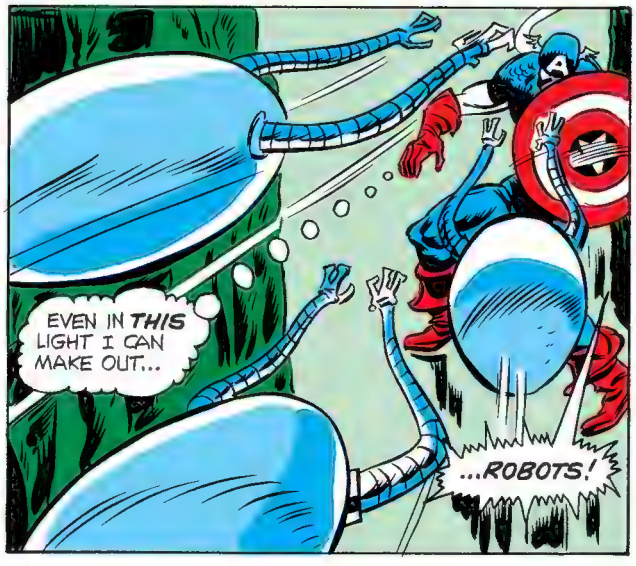

BULLSEYE!
LET'S QUIT PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK...

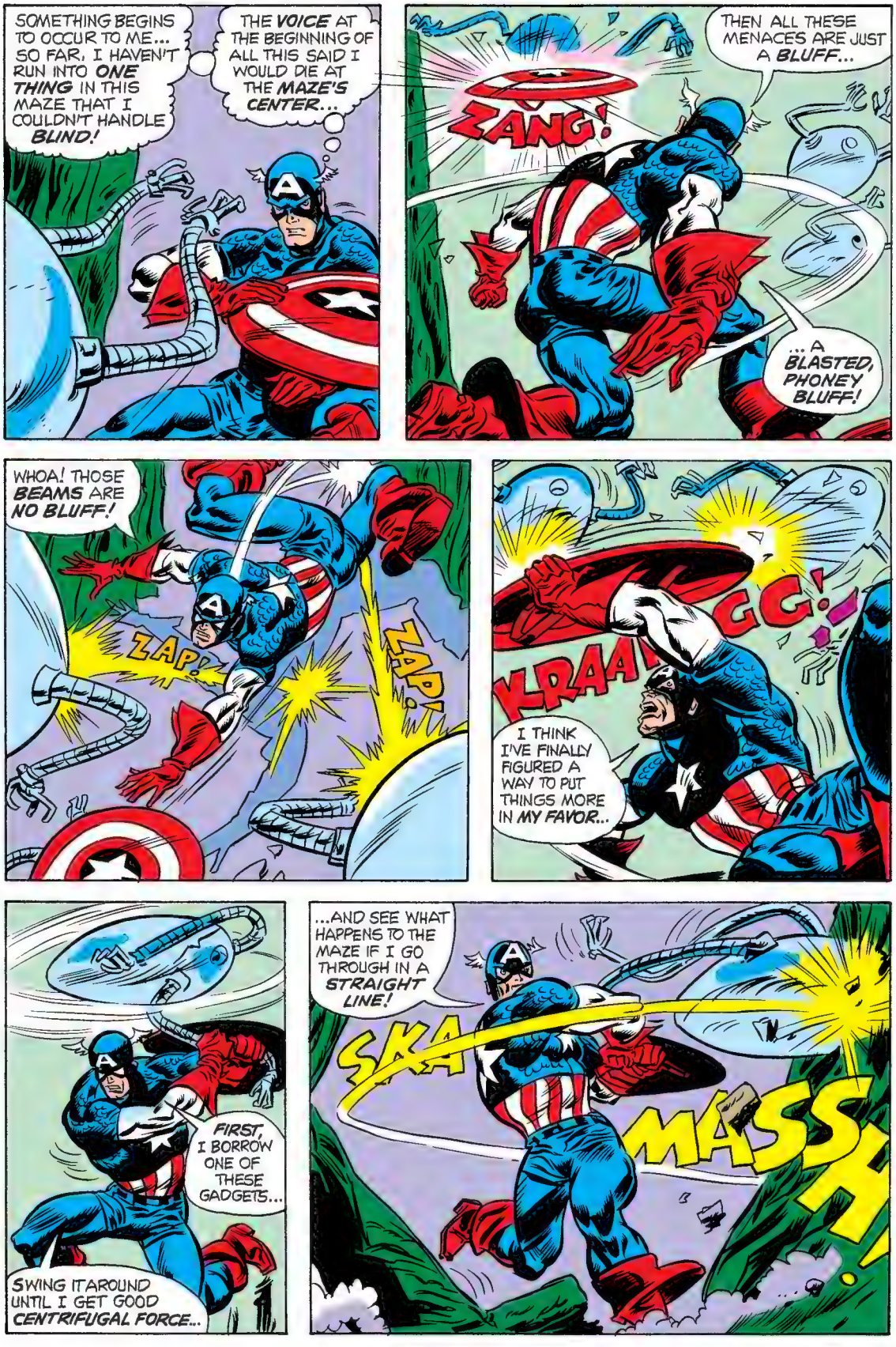

...AND SEE WHO YOU ARE!
EH?
MY HAND!

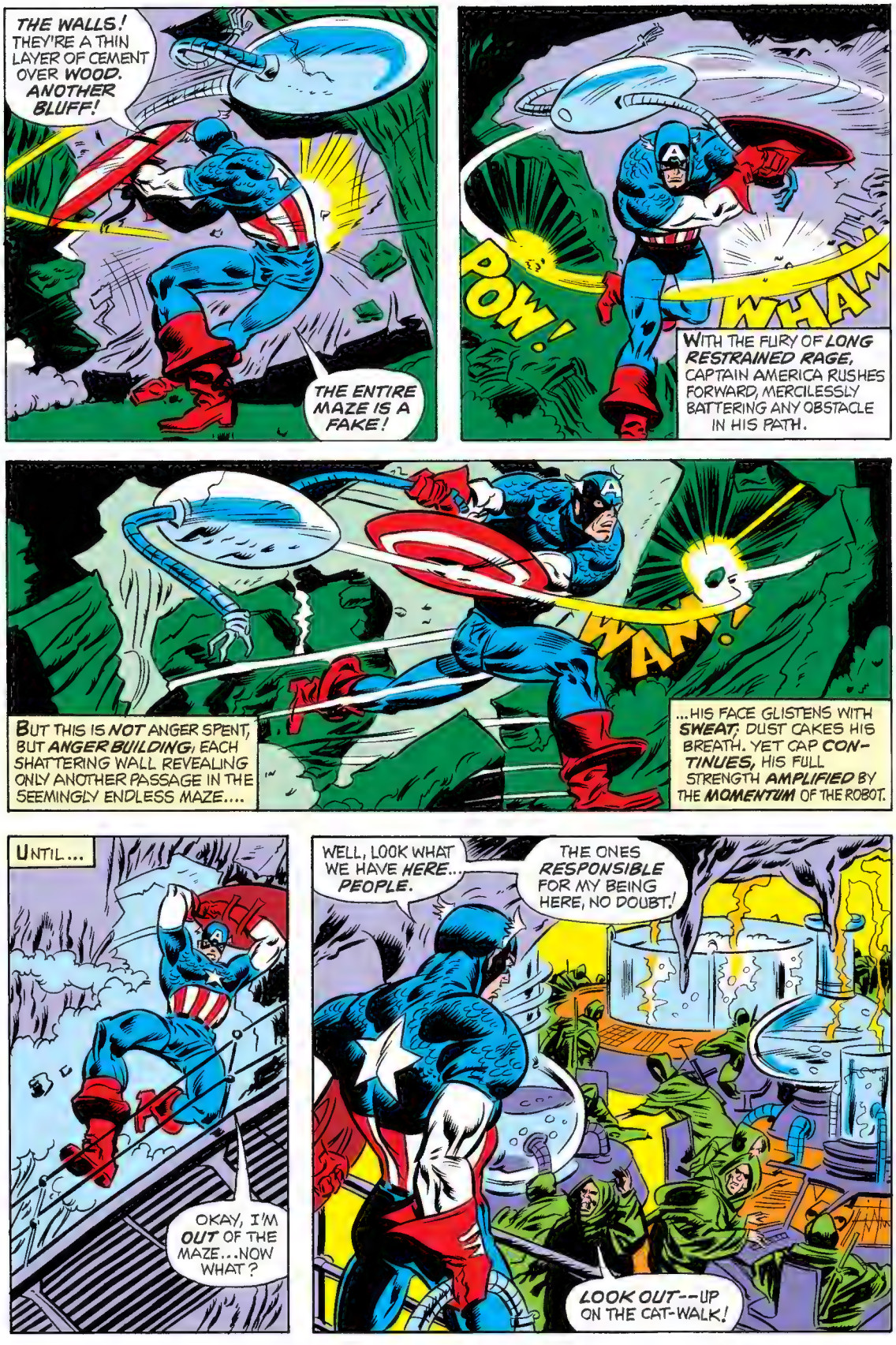

FOR A MOMENT IT BUILDS; A WARMTH, HEAT, FEVERISH, BURNING, LIKE TINY, WHITE-HOT DAGGERS.
AGHH
CAP THROWS HIMSELF BACK, HIS HAND SCREAMING, THE STENCH OF BURNT CLOTH FILLING HIS NOSTRILS.

LORD.

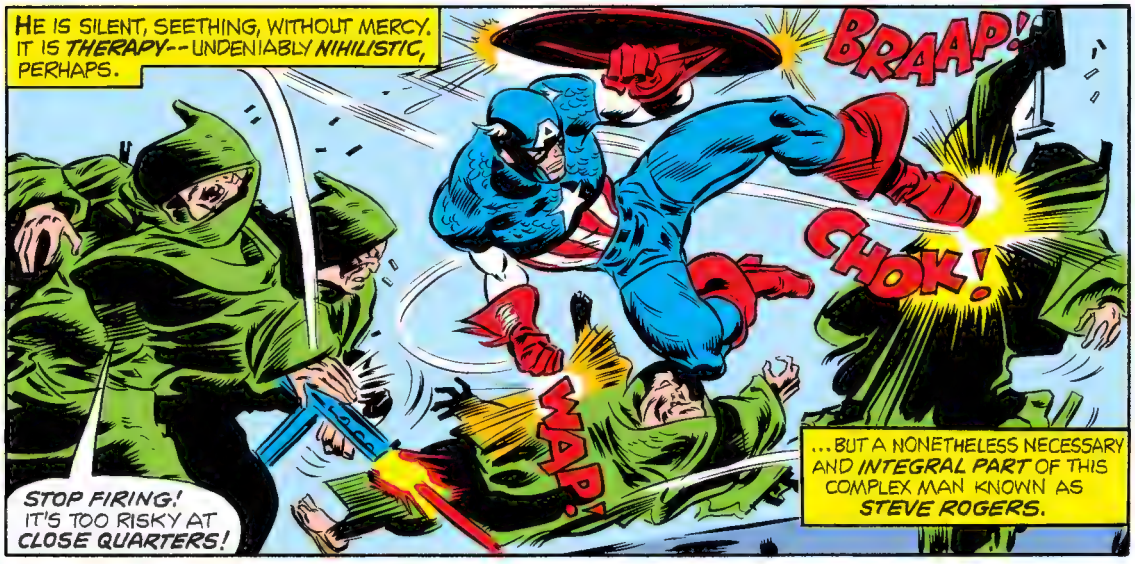
HE'S GONE AGAIN... BUT ONE THING'S SURE, THAT WASN'T THE FALCON!
THAT STILL DOESN'T ANSWER WHO... EH? SOUNDS AGAIN...

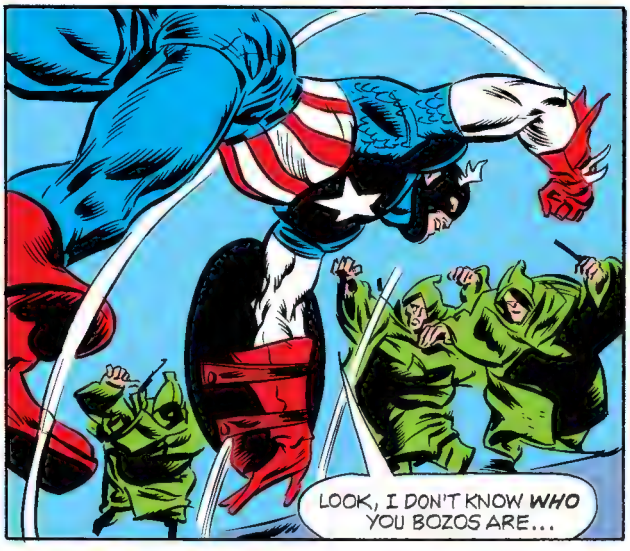

EVEN IN THIS LIGHT I CAN MAKE OUT...
...ROBOTS!


SOMETHING BEGINS TO OCCUR TO ME... SO FAR, I HAVEN'T RUN INTO ONE THING IN THIS MAZE THAT I COULDN'T HANDLE BLIND!
THE VOICE AT THE BEGINNING OF ALL THIS SAID I WOULD DIE AT THE MAZE'S CENTER...
ZANG!
THEN ALL THESE MENACES ARE JUST A BLUFF...
...A BLASTED, PHONEY BLUFF!
WHOA! THOSE BEAMS ARE NO BLUFF!
ZAP!
ZAP!
KRAA
GG!
I THINK I'VE FINALLY FIGURED A WAY TO PUT THINGS MORE IN MY FAVOR...
FIRST, I BORROW ONE OF THESE GADGETS...
SWING IT AROUND UNTIL I GET GOOD CENTRIFUGAL FORCE...
...AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO THE MAZE IF I GO THROUGH IN A STRAIGHT LINE!
SKA
MASS!

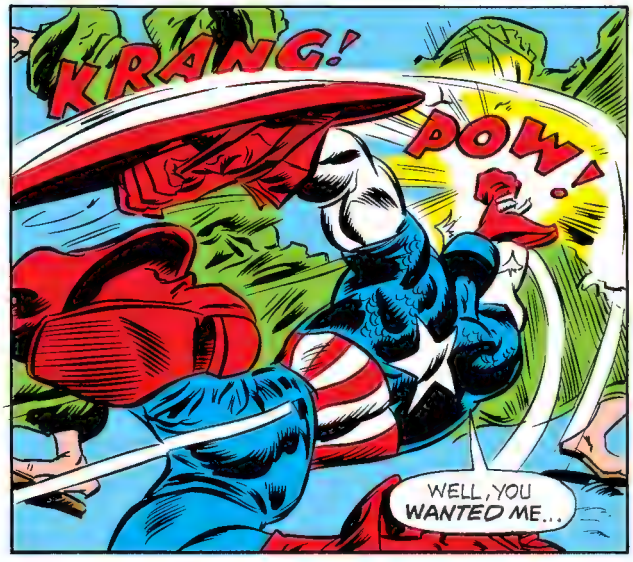

THE WALLS! THEY'RE A THIN LAYER OF CEMENT OVER WOOD. ANOTHER BLUFF!
THE ENTIRE MAZE IS A FAKE!
POW!
WHAM
WITH THE FURY OF LONG RESTRAINED RAGE, CAPTAIN AMERICA RUSHES FORWARD, MERCILESSLY BATTERING ANY OBSTACLE IN HIS PATH.
WAM!
BUT THIS IS NOT ANGER SPENT, BUT ANGER BUILDING, EACH SHATTERING WALL REVEALING ONLY ANOTHER PASSAGE IN THE SEEMINGLY ENDLESS MAZE....
...HIS FACE GLISTENS WITH SWEAT; DUST CAKES HIS BREATH. YET CAP CONTINUES, HIS FULL STRENGTH AMPLIFIED BY THE MOMENTUM OF THE ROBOT.
UNTIL...
OKAY, I'M OUT OF THE MAZE...NOW WHAT?
WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE... PEOPLE.
THE ONES RESPONSIBLE FOR MY BEING HERE, NO DOUBT!
LOOK OUT--UP ON THE CAT-WALK!

CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ANGRY! IT IS AN ANGER THAT HAS ACCUMULATED, NOT JUST IN THE MAZE, BUT BEFORE--FROM THE RED SKULL, HIS QUEST FOR PURPOSE AS NOMAD AND THE MYRIAD OTHER FRAGMENTS OF LIFE THAT HAVE ALL COME DOWN ON HIS HEAD IN TOO SHORT A TIME.
YING!
CHAK CHAK
KRAK
YET THE REAL SRUR FOR HIS RAGE IS SAM WILSON, FROM WHOSE SIDE HE WAS TORN AT A MOMENT WHEN HE WAS NEEDED!
WHAP
KLIPOK
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ANGRY--A FURY WHICH SCREAMS TO BE UNLEASHED!


HE IS SILENT, SEETHING, WITHOUT MERCY. IT IS THERAPY--UNDENIABLY NIHILISTIC, PERHAPS.
BRAAP!
CHOK!
WAP!
STOP FIRING! IT'S TOO RISKY AT CLOSE QUARTERS!
...BUT A NONETHELESS NECESSARY AND INTEGRAL PART OF THIS COMPLEX MAN KNOWN AS STEVE ROGERS.

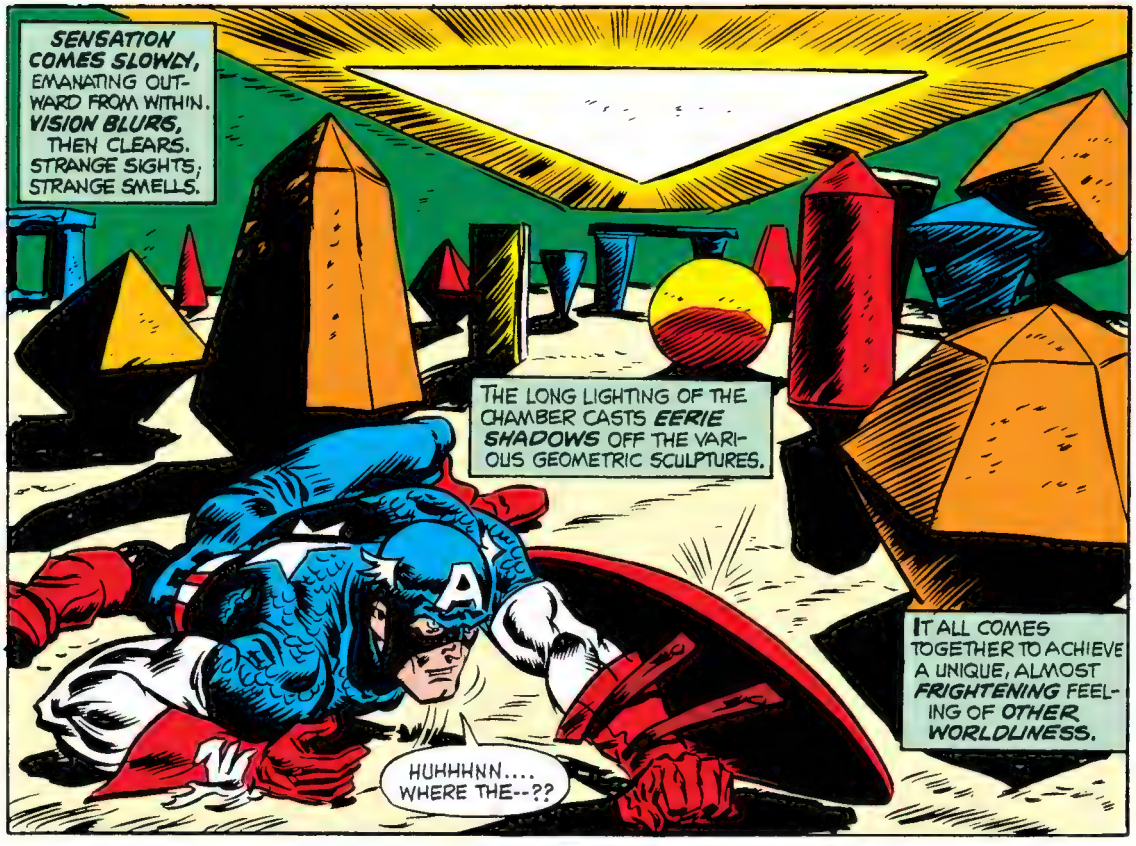

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU BOZOS ARE...

...AND I'M NOT SURE I MUCH CARE...
...AND I ESPECIALLY DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'D GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE JUST TO ELIMINATE ME.
POK!
WOK!


KRANG!
POW!
WELL, YOU WANTED ME...

...AND YOU GOT ME!
KARASH!

BLAST IT, I DON'T WANT YOU--YOU'RE JUST LACKEYS!
BOP
BAP!
KRAANNG!
POW!
WHO'S BEHIND THIS OPERATION, AND WHY WAS I BROUGHT HERE?
ANSWER ME!!
VAP!
SUDDENLY HIS WHOLE BODY SEEMS ON FIRE...
WOK
HE GROPES, STRAINING FOR STABILITY, FEEBLY LASHING OUT...
YAAAHHH!!
HIS HEAD SWIMS AND HIS EYES DANCE OUT OF FOCUS. DARKNESS ENVELOPS HIM.
WHOP
QUICKLY! PREPARE HIM FOR THE MASTER!


SENSATION COMES SLOWLY, EMANATING OUTWARD FROM WITHIN. VISION BLURS, THEN CLEARS. STRANGE SIGHTS; STRANGE SMELLS.
THE LONG LIGHTING OF THE CHAMBER CASTS EERIE SHADOWS OFF THE VARIOUS GEOMETRIC SCULPTURES.
IT ALL COMES TOGETHER TO ACHIEVE A UNIQUE, ALMOST FRIGHTENING FEELING OF OTHER WORLDLINESS.
HUHHHNN.... WHERE THE--??

THE ARENA OF AGES, CAPTAIN AMERICA, WHERE YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN DEPOSITED HAD YOU REACHED THE MAZE'S CENTER.
A MINOR SETBACK, THAT.
BUT YOUR DEATH IS STILL INEVITABLE-- AS IS THE ULTIMATE FALL OF S.H.I.E.L.D.-- AT THE HAND OF THE DRUID!!

THIS, THEN, IS BOTH DEATH-KNELL AND CALL TO BATTLE, ALL HAILED BY THE ELIMINATION OF S.H.I.E.L.D.'S NUMBER ONE OPERATIVE!
YOU'RE CRAZY. I'M NOT ANYONE'S OPER--WHA??

THE VERY AIR SEEMS TO COME ALIVE WITH ENERGY; OPPRESSIVE, LIKE THE AIR BEFORE A THUNDERSTORM.
FOOTFALLS ECHO HEAVILY WITHIN THE DISTORTING ACOUSTICS OF THE ARENA. CAP FEELS A SUDDEN SHARP ACRIDITY IN HIS NOSTRILS.
HE IS CALLED-- THE ALCHEMOID!!
HE IS A WALKING STORE-HOUSE OF ALCHEMICAL ENERGIES, SPECIALLY TRAINED TO BE UNDEFEATABLE...
...AMPLE DEMONSTRATION TO THE WORLD OF THE POWER OF ALCHEMY--THE POWER OF THE DRUID!

NEXT ISSUE: CAPTAIN AMERICA VS. THE ALCHEMOID... FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO STILL HAVEN'T HAD THEIR FILL OF NON-STOP ACTION! AND THE RETURN OF THE SUB-PLOTS FOR THOSE WHO HAVE... PLUS! THE FATE OF THE FALCON!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
188
AUG
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
AVENGER, MY HANDS CAN BURN THRU SOLID STEEL--
--WHICH IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THEY'LL DO TO YOU!
THE ASSAULT OF THE ALCHEMOID!

1941! The world at war! And in a full-security laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became *Captain America*, the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he struck back at the Axis' treacherous attack— until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation*...to awaken in the *mid-1960's*, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that day, *Captain America* has sought his destiny in this *brave new world.*

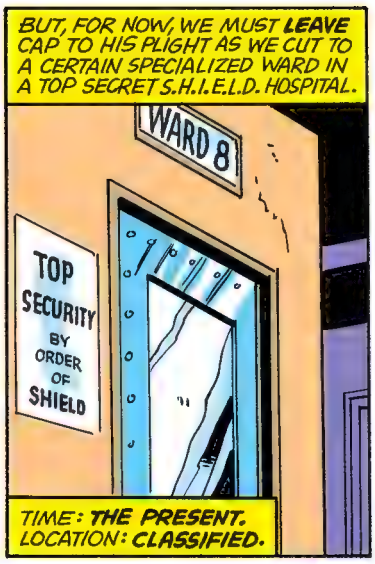
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

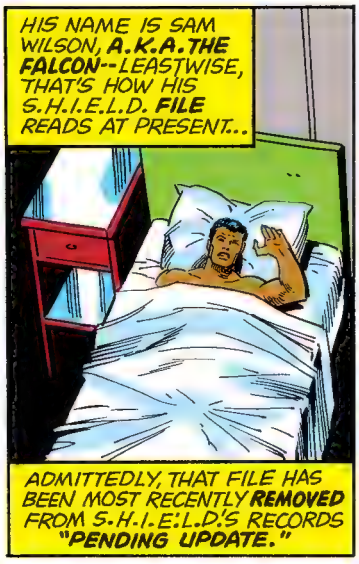
JOHN WARNER WRITER • SAL BUSCEMA BREAKDOWNS • V. COLLETTA FINISHED ART • I. WATANABE LETTERER • DON WARFIELD COLORIST & LEN WEIN EDITOR

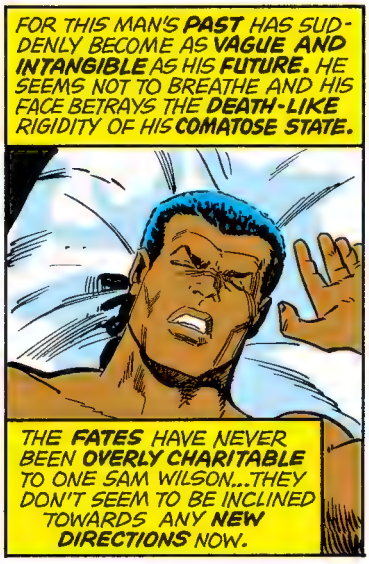
INVITE YOU TO A...
DRUID-WAR
GEE, NEVER A DULL MOMENT DEPARTMENT: IN A NUTSHELL, AFTER FIGHTING THE INSIDIOUS RED SKULL TO A STANDSTILL...*
FFFSSTHAK
...DURING WHICH TIME, HE LEARNED THAT THE FALCON MIGHT ACTUALLY BE THE SKULL'S MOST SECRET WEAPON...
...CAPTAIN AMERICA WAS SUDDENLY WRENCHED AWAY FROM HIS COMATOSE FRIEND'S SIDE AND PLUNGED INTO A NIGHTMARE WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH-TRAPS BY THE DRUID** AND ULTIMATELY, IN THE ARENA OF THE ANCIENTS, CAME FACE-TO FACE WITH, THE ALCHEMOID!
HENCE, THE SCENE ABOVE.
*CA & F #186 --LEN.
**LAST ISH--L.

LORD, WHATEVER THAT IS, IT PACKS A WALLOP AND A HALF. AND JUDGING FROM THE OILY OOZE THAT'S COVERING HIM, HE'S THE ONE WHO BURNED UP MY GLOVE IN THE MAZE...
WHICH MEANS I'M GOING FOR HIT-AND-RUN TACTICS--'CAUSE IF HE GETS CLOSE ENOUGH FOR A BEAR HUG AND IT'LL BE ALL OVER!
CAPTAIN AMERICA--BAH! YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN A CRINGING COWARD!
MISTAKE NUMBER ONE, MISTER! NEVER CONFUSE "WHY GO TO HIM WHEN HE'LL COME TO ME" FOR COWARDICE...
SPA-TANG!
URRRGHH!
...IT ONLY LEAVES YOUR DEFENSES OPEN FOR THIS!
YOUR MISTAKE, HERO! YOU EXPECTED YOUR SHIELD TO WIND ME, SO I COULDN'T REACT FAST ENOUGH TO DO THIS!
GUUNNNGG!
SUDDENLY THE AIR BECOMES THICK, HOT, WEIGHING DOWN HIS LUNGS. CAP'S KNEES WEAKEN AND HE FIGHTS TO STAY ON HIS FEET, KNOWING THAT TO SUCCUMB TO THE STAGGERING POWER OF THAT BLOW COULD ONLY MEAN DEATH!

OBSERVE, DRUID MEN. OUR MOMENT OF SUPREME TRIUMPH IS UNALTERABLY AT HAND.
OBSERVE AND LEARN WHY THE DRUID IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MASTER OF ALL MEN!
I CREATED THE ALCHEMOID AND I CAN CREATE MORE, THE FORERUNNERS OF AN INVASION THAT WILL SWEEP AWAY S.H.I.E.L.D. AND WHOEVER ELSE TRIES TO HALT THE TIDE OF DRUIDISM.
A SYMBOL IS CAPTAIN AMERICA, TO BE READ FOR PORTENTS AND POWER...
"...IN THIS CASE, POWER IS IMPOTENT AS THE NATION WHOSE NAME HE BEARS."
YOU'RE WASHED UP, HERO. I'M THE NEW WARRIOR, FOR A NEW AGE OF DRUIDISM.
SKOWW
TELL ME--WHY IS IT THAT THE PAWNS OF EVERY WOULD-BE CONQUEROR FROM HITLER ON DOWN ALL SOUND LIKE WALKING PROPAGANDA BROADCASTS?
I'M THE ALCHEMOID--DO YOU HEAR ME? THE ENERGIES BORNE BY UNSTABLE ALCHEMICAL REACTIONS IN MY BODY MAKE ME INVINCIBLE.
KA-FAKK!
WHOOO! THAT I WASN'T EXPECTING. I'M BEGINNING TO WONDER IF HE ISN'T RIGHT.
IF MY REFLEXES HAD BEEN A FRACTION SLOWER...


BUT, FOR NOW, WE MUST LEAVE CAP TO HIS PLIGHT AS WE CUT TO A CERTAIN SPECIALIZED WARD IN A TOP SECRET S.H.I.E.L.D. HOSPITAL.
WARD 8
TOP SECURITY BY ORDER OF SHIELD
TIME: THE PRESENT. LOCATION: CLASSIFIED.


HIS NAME IS SAM WILSON, A.K.A. THE FALCON--LEASTWISE, THAT'S HOW HIS S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE READS AT PRESENT...
ADMITTEDLY, THAT FILE HAS BEEN MOST RECENTLY REMOVED FROM S.H.I.E.L.D.'S RECORDS "PENDING UPDATE."


FOR THIS MAN'S PAST HAS SUDDENLY BECOME AS VAGUE AND INTANGIBLE AS HIS FUTURE. HE SEEMS NOT TO BREATHE AND HIS FACE BETRAYS THE DEATH-LIKE RIGIDITY OF HIS COMATOSE STATE.
THE FATES HAVE NEVER BEEN OVERLY CHARITABLE TO ONE SAM WILSON...THEY DON'T SEEM TO BE INCLINED TOWARDS ANY NEW DIRECTIONS NOW.

WHILE, DOWN THE HALL...
LOOK YOURSELF, MAN. FIRST, YOU DRAG ME DOWN HERE WITH SOME JIVE ABOUT MY MAN'S NEEDIN' LEILA...
...THEN I CAN'T GET NEAR SAM WITHOUT YOU GOING INTO YOUR MATINEE SECRET AGENT SHTICK.

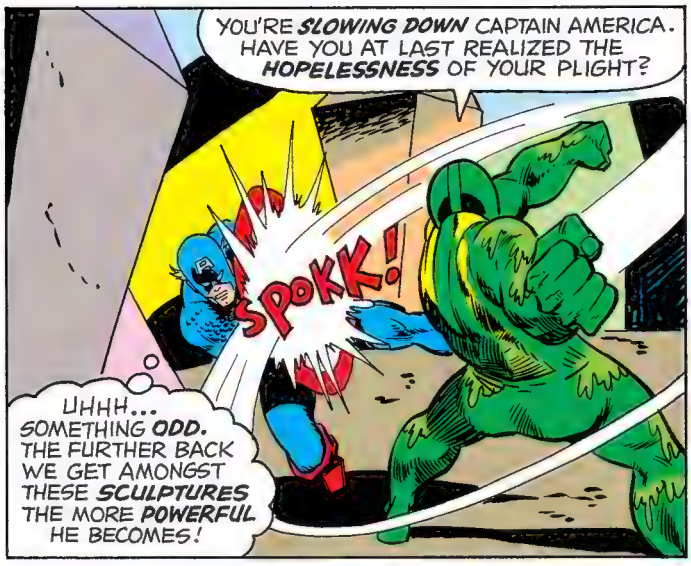
THIS ALL DOES SEEM A BIT IRREGULAR, MAN. I MEAN, CIVILIANS AREN'T EVEN ALLOWED IN THIS INSTALLATION.
WELL, SUPPOSE WE CUT THE BULL AND YOU TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT?
I THINK YOU OWE US ALL AN EXPLANATION!

HEY, WE'RE ALL ON THE SAME SIDE, REMEMBER. UNTIL FALCON WAKES UP, WE DON'T KNOW WHAT STATE OF MIND HE'LL BE IN. HE COULD STILL BE WAITING ORDERS FROM THE RED SKULL.
BUT, EVEN IF HE IS OKAY, IT'S STILL GOING TO BE ROUGH ON HIM, AFTER ALL HE'S BEEN THROUGH. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE, MISS TAYLOR...

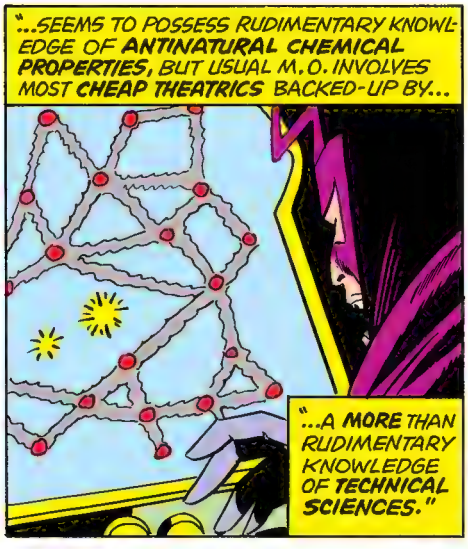
...WE FIGURED IT'D BE BETTER FOR HIM TO MAKE UP TO A FAMILIAR FACE... IF HE'S ALL RIGHT.

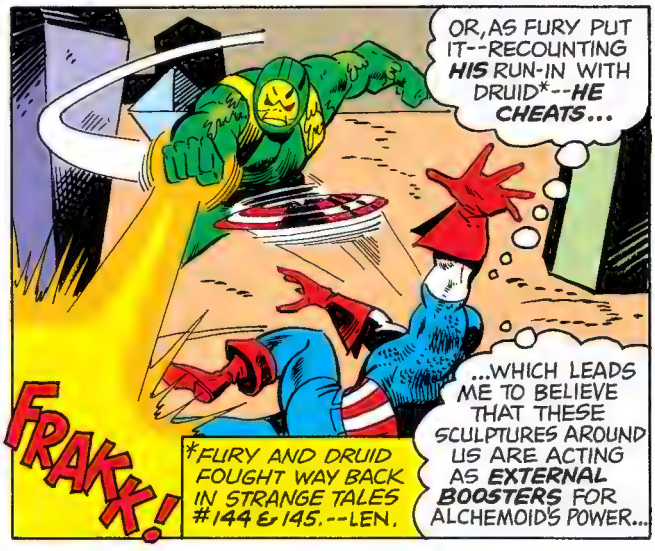
EH... MY HEAD FEELS LIKE...
...WHOOOO...
...THERE...
NOMAD!
HEY, MAN, YOU TORE THAT CAPE OFF ONCE. DON'CHA KNOW YOU LOOK SILLY WITH ONE ON?
BUT IT'S SURE GOOD TO SEE YOU, STEVE...
...STEVE...
HEY, YOU'RE NOT STEVE. I REMEMBER-- HE'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AGAIN.
HA HA HAH HA
HA HA HAH HA HA HAA HA HAAA
MY GOD--NO! YOU'RE NOT CAP. HE'S NOT DEAD...DO YOU HEAR ME?
HA HA HA HA! YOU ARE MINE. MINE!
I'M COMING FOR YOU-- SOMEWHERE OUT THERE. BUT YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHEN... OR HOW!
YAAAHHHHHHHHH
SAM!
HEY, I THINK WE'VE GOT TROUBLE, BILL.

SAM! SAM! WHAT ARE THEY DOIN' TO YA?
PLEASE, MISS. STAY BACK. HE COULD BE DANGEROUS--
RUSS AND BILL ARE EXPERIENCED AGENTS. LET THEM HANDLE THIS.
WAIT JUST ONE BLASTED MINUTE. HANDLE WHAT? THAT AGENT HAD A GUN WHEN HE RUSHED IN ON FALCON!
THIS IS A HOSPITAL, ISN'T IT--YOU KNOW, THE KIND OF PLACE PEOPLE GO TO GET HEALED?
COOL IT, JONES. THAT GUN CONTAINS TRANQUILIZING DARTS ...AN UNFORTUNATE, BUT NECESSARY PRECAUTION!
BUT WHEN THE AGENT COMES BACK OUT...
WHATEVER HAPPENED IN THERE, FALCON'S BACK IN A COMA AGAIN ...WHICH MEANS WE'RE BACK WHERE WE STARTED.
TOP SECURITY
ORDERLY, TAKE OVER. RUSS AND I ARE GOING TO BE TIED UP...
...WITH YOU, LADY. AND NEVER MIND THE VERBAL ABUSE, I'M SICK OF IT! OUR JOB IS TO FIND OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT SAM WILSON'S HISTORY. ONE WAY OR ANOTHER YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE US SOME OF THE ANSWERS!
SO THAT'S IT ... YOU THINK I KNOW SOMETHING THAT...
WE DON'T THINK ANYTHING. THAT'S FOR YOU TO TELL US. WE'VE GOT A PLACE ALL SET UP WHERE YOU CAN TELL EVERYTHING!
HEY, DUDE! YOU CAN'T JUST... LET GO!
DEAR GOD--WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?


YOU'RE SLOWING DOWN CAPTAIN AMERICA. HAVE YOU AT LAST REALIZED THE HOPELESSNESS OF YOUR PLIGHT?
SPOKK!
UHHH... SOMETHING ODD. THE FURTHER BACK WE GET AMONGST THESE SCULPTURES THE MORE POWERFUL HE BECOMES!

DRUIDS USED TO ARRAY GEOMETRIC SYMBOLS INTO "POWER PATTERNS". BUT THERE'S MORE TO THIS... AND THE KEY IS THE DRUID HIMSELF...
I NEVER MET THE HIM BEFORE TODAY, BUT I REMEMBER HIS S.H.I.E.L.D. FILE...


"...SEEMS TO POSSESS RUDIMENTARY KNOWLEDGE OF ANTINATURAL CHEMICAL PROPERTIES, BUT USUAL M.O. INVOLVES MOST CHEAP THEATRICS BACKED-UP BY...
"...A MORE THAN RUDIMENTARY KNOWLEDGE OF TECHNICAL SCIENCES."


OR, AS FURY PUT IT--RECOUNTING HIS RUN-IN WITH DRUID*--HE CHEATS...
FRAKK!
*FURY AND DRUID FOUGHT WAY BACK IN STRANGE TALES #144 & 145.--LEN.
...WHICH LEADS ME TO BELIEVE THAT THESE SCULPTURES AROUND US ARE ACTING AS EXTERNAL BOOSTERS FOR ALCHEMOID'S POWER...

AND, IN TURN--PROVIDED MY ASSUMPTIONS ARE RIGHT--GIVES ME A PLAN OF ACTION!
SPAANGG

HEADS UP, UGLY. IT'S BEEN A NICE FIGHT--BUT WHAT SAY WE GET THIS OVER WITH QUICKLY, SO I CAN GET BACK TO YOUR BOSS!
GAHHHKK!
WOKK!

WITH THE SUDDEN GALVANIZATION OF DECISION, CAP STREAKS INTO MOTION, PUMMELED, ACHING MUSCLES WORKING WITH STARTLING FLUIDY AND GRACE.
BLAST YOU-- WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! THAT WON'T SAVE YOU--YOU CAN'T KEEP HOPPING AROUND FOREVER!
THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, CAP SLOWS, LANDING TESTILY AS IF HE WAS...
...WAITING...
HAH! WHAT DID I TELL YOU! YOU JUST HOLD STILL NOW--IT WON'T HURT A BIT!
BA-KOW
SORRY, MISTER--I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS!
NO! FOOL! DON'T YOU SEE WHAT CAPTAIN AMERICA IS DOING??
HE'S MANIPULATING YOU INTO DESTROYING YOUR OWN POWER FEED STATIONS!
FINISH HIM-- NOW! USE YOUR FULL POWER!
FRAKK!
WUUUGH!
DRUID INCREASED MY POWER--I CAN FEEL IT. POWER THAT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS TO THE ALCHEMOID.
YOU'RE FINISHED, AVENGER! MY ENERGIES ARE UNLIMITED --YET YOUR LIMBS ARE WEARY. VICTORY IS INEVITABLY MINE!
CAN'T GET UP...IN TIME...

I AM POWER INCARNATE!
I...
...AM...
SKAKK
SILENCE...
SILENCE--LIKE A HOLE CUT IN THE FABRIC OF REALITY, THREATENING TO SWALLOW CAPTAIN AMERICA WHOLE.
THE SILENCE OF APOCALYPSE!
OH MY GOD...
MILES AWAY, ABOVE THE SPINNING EARTH, GLIDES THE HELI-CARRIER THAT IS OPERATIONS BASE FOR S.H.I.E.L.D.
...WHERE OTHER EVENTS BEGIN TO TAKE FORM...
...EVENTS INVOLVING AGENTS PEGGY CARTER AND GABRIEL JONES...
... AND, IN ABSENTIA, THE FALCON!

OKAY, NICK, WHAT'S UP? HEYYY, YOU'RE NOT NICK FURY.
BUT WE GOT OUR CALL ON A-I PRIORITY CHANNEL!
THE NAME'S COCHREN-- JEFF COCHREN, FIELD OPERATIONS CO-DIRECTOR...

EVEN COLONEL FURY CAN'T BE EVERYWHERE AT ONCE AND WE STILL FIND HUMANS PREFERABLE TO L.M.D.'S.
ANYWAY, AS OF NOW, YOU BOTH HAVE A NEW ASSIGNMENT...IN LOS ANGELES. AT LEAST THAT'LL BE YOUR STARTING PLACE.
YOU'LL BE CHECKING OUT SAM WILSON, A.K.A. THE FALCON...WE WANT TO KNOW ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING. WE'VE GOT TO EVALUATE JUST HOW MUCH OF THE SKULL'S STORY IS TRUE.

WAIT A MINUTE...I THINK WE CAN DO THE FALCON MORE GOOD RIGHT HERE-- BEING AROUND WHEN HE NEEDS US.
I WASN'T ASKING MISTER. WE'LL HANDLE THE FALCON JUST FINE OURSELVES.
YEAH? LIKE YOU HANDLED LEILA DOWN THERE, NO DOUBT!

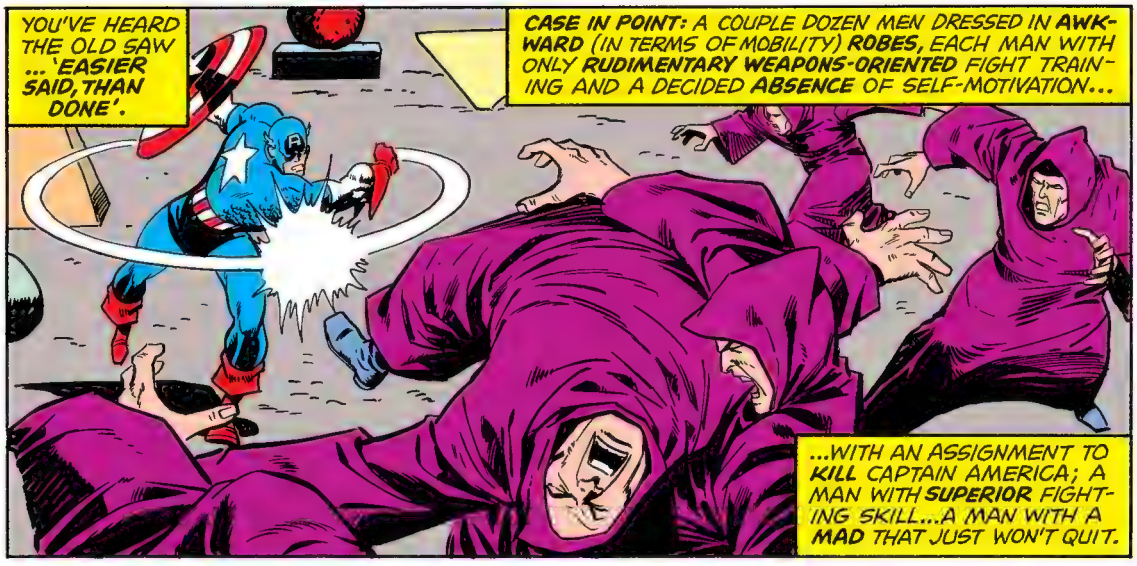
BACK DOWN, JONES. I UNDERSTAND YOUR FEELINGS, BUT WE HAVE A JOB TO DO--AN IMPORTANT ONE. RIGHT NOW THE FALCON COULD BE A THREAT TO NATIONAL SECURITY.
THE MORE WE KNOW ABOUT HIM THE SOONER WE CAN HELP HIM. NOW YOU CONVINCE ME LEILA WOULD HAVE CO-OPERATED UNLESS TRICKED--!

OKAY, SURE, YOU'VE GOT ALL THE ANSWERS, HAVEN'T YOU. SO WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD ONE WORD ABOUT CAP?
HAS ANYBODY BOTHERED TO FIND OUT WHERE HE IS?

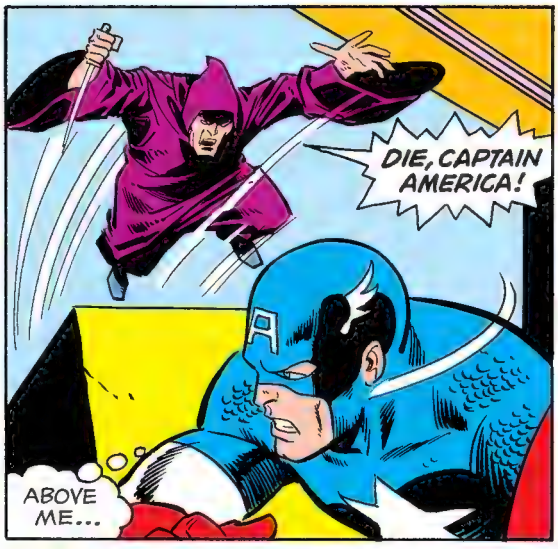
AS A MATTER OF FACT, WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THAT LITTLE PROBLEM.
YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT WE THINK WE KNOW WHERE HE IS RIGHT NOW.

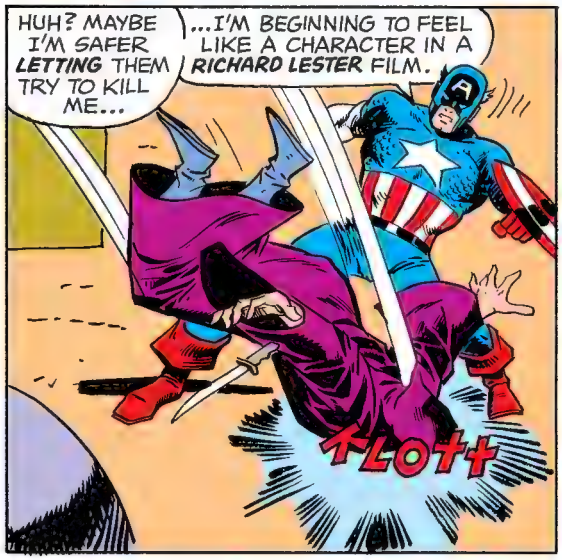
"WE ARE MOMENTARILY--UP ON THE FLIGHT DECK--PREPARING A FULL ASSAULT UPON..."
THE DRUID--HE'S A STRANGE ONE.
DON'T LET HIM FOOL YOU, KOENIG... HE LACKS SOMEWHAT IN FORESIGHT, BUT HE HAS A TECHNICAL KNOWLEDGE THAT MAKES HIM POTENTIALLY CAPABLE OF ALMOST ANYTHING!
FILE # 38
DRUID
OUR ADVANTAGE WILL BE, HOPEFULLY, THAT HE WON'T SUSPECT S.H.I.E.L.D. IS ON TO HIM.
SPEAKING OF THE DRUID--NOT TO FORGET CAPTAIN AMERICA EITHER--
"LET US RETURN TO A MOMENT SCARCELY A HEARTBEAT AFTER THE ALCHEMOID'S DEATH.
THAT BLASTED FOOL! HE COULD HAVE DESTROYED YOU BEFORE HIS POWER-INTAKE OVERLOADED. A RARE MOMENT OF DESTINY WAS HIS AND HE THREW IT AWAY!
YOU'RE INSANE!

A MAN HAS JUST DIED-- HIS DEATH IS MEANINGLESS TO YOU, YOU CAN ONLY SEE THAT HE HAS FAILED TO KILL ME.
I'VE BEEN THROUGH A LOT IN THE PAST FEW WEEKS. I SHED ONE IDENTITY AND FOUND MY REAL ONE. I'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY THE SERPENT SQUAD AND THE RED SKULL...
...AND I'VE TAKEN NEW OATHS TO PROTECT PEOPLE FROM MANIACS LIKE YOU, WHEREVER YOU SHOW UP, WHATEVER FORM YOU TAKE.
BUT, YOU KNOW SOMETHING? FOR A FEW MINUTES I'M GOING TO FORGET THOSE OATHS.
I'M GOING TO STOP YOU FOR ONLY ONE REASON-- THE ALCHEMOID! YOUR DEFEAT WILL BE VENGEANCE--EVIL AS HE WAS--FOR HIS WAS THE KIND OF EVIL THAT IS PURPOSELY BRED AND EXPLOITED BY SCUM LIKE YOU!
IMPRESSIVE WORDS, CAPTAIN--THE KIND ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN.
YOUR PROBLEM, EXACTLY. YOU WASTE PRECIOUS SYMBOLS. YOU USE WORDS TO DISPLACE YOUR ANGER. YOU HAVE INSUFFICIENT KILLER INSTINCT TO SURVIVE A WORLD...
...WHERE THE ELEMENTS SEEK THE DOMINATION OF MAN.
CYLINDERS-- EXPLODED INTO PILLARS OF FLAME.
...GONE?
ATTACK, DRUID MEN! USE YOUR NUMBERS FOR THE GLORY OF THE DRUID ELITE!
CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE!


YOU'VE HEARD THE OLD SAW ... 'EASIER SAID, THAN DONE'.
CASE IN POINT: A COUPLE DOZEN MEN DRESSED IN AWKWARD (IN TERMS OF MOBILITY) ROBES, EACH MAN WITH ONLY RUDIMENTARY WEAPONS-ORIENTED FIGHTING AND A DECIDED ABSENCE OF SELF-MOTIVATION...
...WITH AN ASSIGNMENT TO KILL CAPTAIN AMERICA; A MAN WITH SUPERIOR FIGHTING SKILL...A MAN WITH A MAD THAT JUST WON'T QUIT.

LOTS OF LUCK, FELLAS...
SPAAKK
...YOU'LL NEED IT!

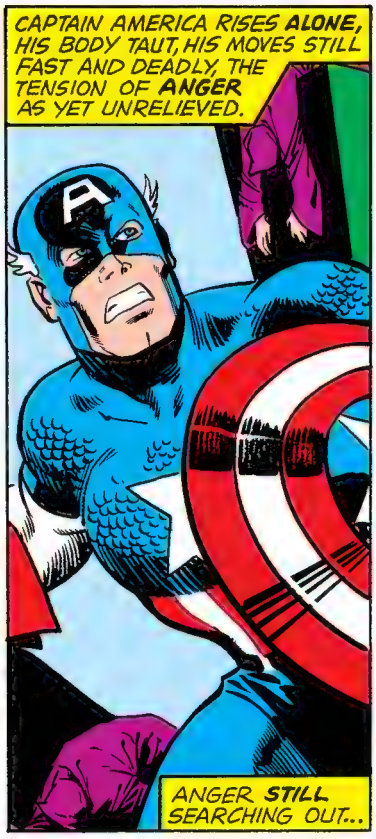

DIE, CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ABOVE ME...


HUH? MAYBE I'M SAFER LETTING THEM TRY TO KILL ME...
...I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CHARACTER IN A RICHARD LESTER FILM.
FLOTT

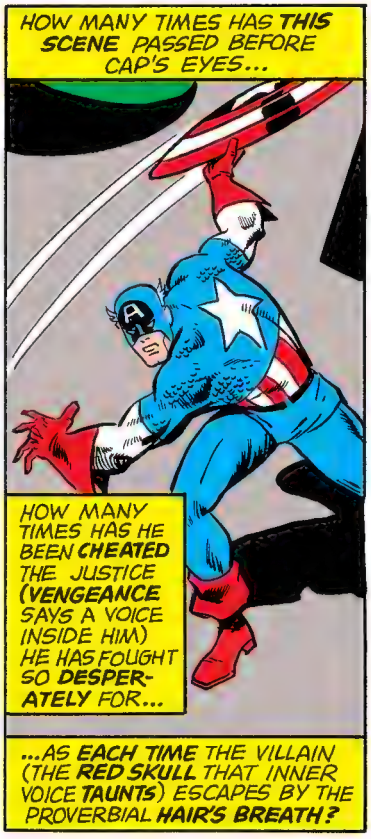
STOP HIM-- HE'S ONLY ONE MAN!
LORD, HAVE I EVER HEARD THAT CLICHÉ BEFORE...

SKOW
KOW
I'M SICK OF YOU--DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I DON'T EVEN RELATE TO YOU AS **HUMAN BEINGS** ANYMORE--YOU'RE NOTHING MORE THAN IDENTITY-LESS PURPLE ROBES, **MINDLESS!** ALL YOU'RE DOING IS SLOWING MY PURSUIT OF THE **DRUID!**

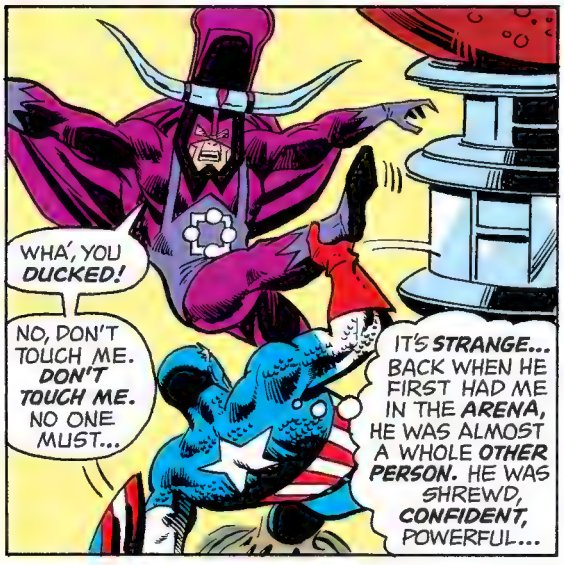
BUT, I **WON'T** BE STOPPED...
...CERTAINLY NOT BY **YOU!**


CAPTAIN AMERICA RISES **ALONE,** HIS BODY TAUT, HIS MOVES STILL FAST AND DEADLY, THE TENSION OF **ANGER** AS YET UNRELIEVED.
ANGER **STILL** SEARCHING OUT...

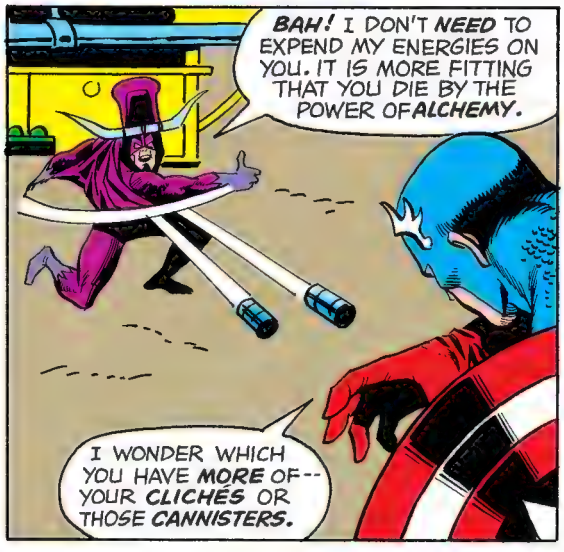
...A **TARGET...**
...UPON WHICH IT CAN **FOCUS.**
DRUID!
DÉJÀ VU...


HOW MANY TIMES HAS **THIS SCENE** PASSED BEFORE CAP'S EYES...
HOW MANY TIMES HAS HE BEEN **CHEATED** THE JUSTICE (**VENGEANCE** SAYS A VOICE INSIDE HIM) HE HAS FOUGHT SO **DESPERATELY** FOR...
...AS **EACH TIME** THE VILLAIN (THE **RED SKULL** THAT INNER VOICE **TAUNTS**) ESCAPES BY THE PROVERBIAL **HAIR'S BREATH?**

DÉJÀ VU...
...IT ENDS NOW...
WHUT
SHOK!
...AND THEN SOME!
OKAY, DRUID! IT'S JUST THE TWO OF US NOW--
--ALL YOUR BOYS ARE EITHER RACKED UP OR LICKING THEIR WOUNDS. LET'S SEE WHAT YOU CAN DO MAN TO MAN...
KAAA
MAAAR
...IF YOU'LL PARDON THE COMPLIMENT!
IF I'D BEEN WEARING THE BODY FLUID I HAD WHEN I FOUGHT NICK FURY...
BUT YOU'RE NOT, DRUID. IT'S JUST YOU AND ME NOW...
SO GET UP... I WOULDN'T KICK ANY MAN WHILE HE'S DOWN-- NOT EVEN YOU. I'D HATE TO SOIL MY BOOTS.
MOCK ME?
MOCK ME?
STOP IT, DO YOU HEAR ME! I'LL SILENCE YOU, FOOL, YOU'LL SEE!
NOW WHAT...?
FOOOK!
A BURST OF VAPOR SPREADS AT CAP'S FEET, AND WHEN IT CLEARS...
OH, GREAT! JUST FINE! THOSE CYLINDERS TURNED THIS FLOOR INTO A GLUE PIT. THE HARDER I PULL, THE MORE IT HOLDS...
...AND IT DOESN'T LOOK TO ME LIKE DRUID WANTS TO GIVE ME TIME TO WORK MY WAY OUT!
WHERE'S YOUR MOCKERY NOW, CAPTAIN... NOW THAT YOU'RE ABOUT TO DIE!

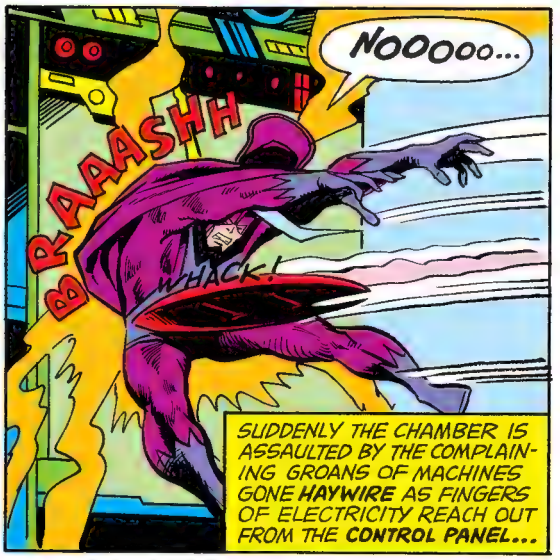

WHA', YOU DUCKED!
NO, DON'T TOUCH ME. DON'T TOUCH ME. NO ONE MUST...
IT'S STRANGE... BACK WHEN HE FIRST HAD ME IN THE ARENA, HE WAS ALMOST A WHOLE OTHER PERSON. HE WAS SHREWD, CONFIDENT, POWERFUL...

NOW, AS HIS PLANS COLLAPSE, HE'S SUDDENLY BECOME A FRIGHTENED, DESPERATE PARANOID, HIS MIND SO CLOUDED BY HIS EMOTIONAL INTENSITY HE CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT.
YOU JUST HANG ON A MOMENT, DRUID, WHILE I GET MYSELF OUT OF THIS GOO!

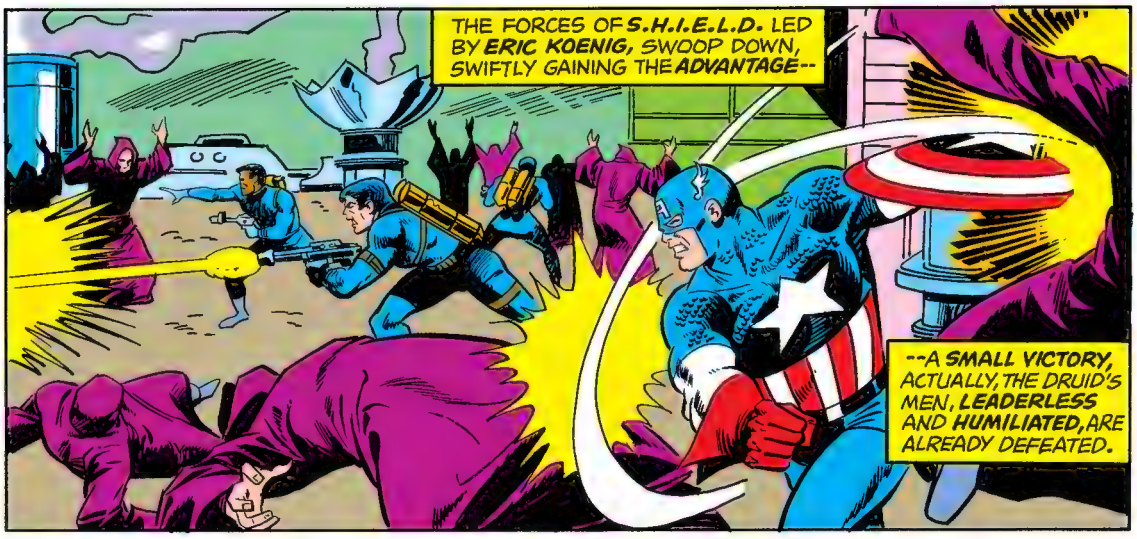

BAH! I DON'T NEED TO EXPEND MY ENERGIES ON YOU. IT IS MORE FITTING THAT YOU DIE BY THE POWER OF ALCHEMY.
I WONDER WHICH YOU HAVE MORE OF-- YOUR CLICHÉS OR THOSE CANNISTERS.

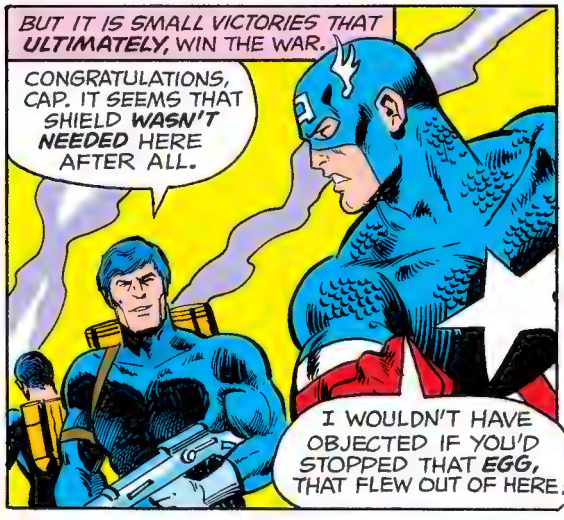
BUT FRANKLY, CAPTIVE AUDIENCE OR NOT, YOU DON'T REALLY THINK I'M GOING TO LET THOSE THINGS HIT ME?
SPREKK!

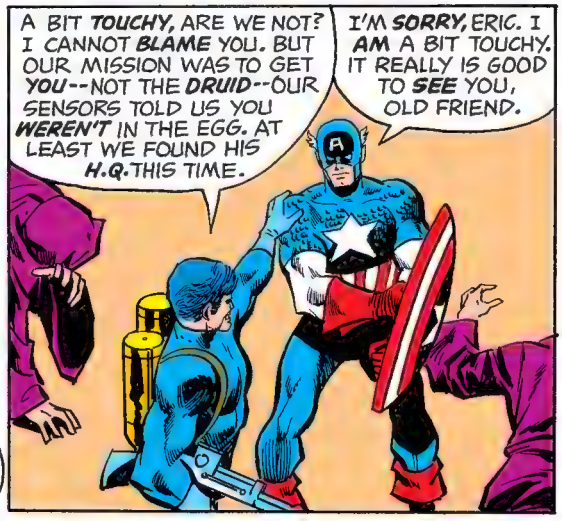
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT GAS IS, BUT SEEING THE WAY IT GRIPS MY SHIELD LIKE A LIQUID, I'D JUST AS SOON IT RUBBED OFF ON YOU!


NOOOOO...
BRAAASHH
WHACK!
SUDDENLY THE CHAMBER IS ASSAULTED BY THE COMPLAINING GROANS OF MACHINES GONE HAYWIRE AS FINGERS OF ELECTRICITY REACH OUT FROM THE CONTROL PANEL...

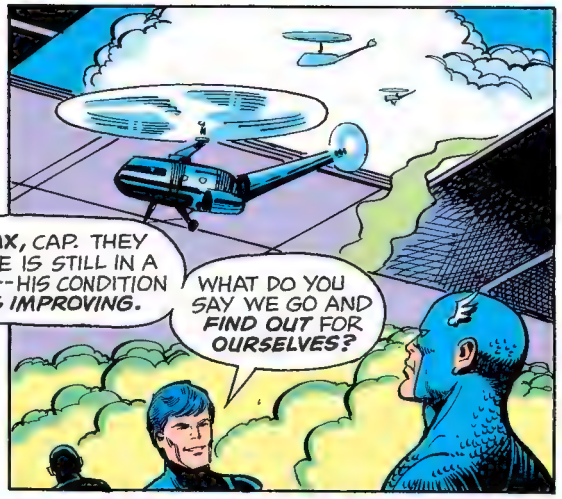
THEN EVERYTHING BREAKS LOOSE...
...AND WE DO MEAN EVERYTHING.
KAK-OOOM
DRUID-- HELP US!
UNFORTUNATELY THE DRUID ISN'T IN MUCH OF A CONDITION TO HELP ANYBODY.
HIMSELF INCLUDED.
HE STAGGERS WEAKLY TOWARDS CAPTAIN AMERICA ...AND FALTERS.
THE WHOLE PLACE IS COMING DOWN!
DESPERATION AND IMMEDIACY LEND STRENGTH TO CAP'S EFFORTS AND THEN, SUDDENLY, HE IS FREE!
THE REST, AS THEY SAY IS HISTORY.
EXCEPT THAT THIS HISTORY HAS AN...
...EPILOGUE.
THE DRUID LANDS--AND VERY HARD, WE MIGHT ADD...
--HE LAYS CRUMPLED AND BROKEN AND DEFEATED. SILENCE SETTLES AROUND HIM AS THE EXPLOSIONS SUBSIDE.
THEN, SUDDENLY, THE DRUID IS ENVELOPED IN THE GLOW OF AN EERIE LIGHT.
THE DRUID, STILL UNCONSCIOUS, IS LIFTED BY THE BEAM TO...
WHERE?
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?!
OH, MY GOD--
--I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I DO NOT BELIEVE IT!
BAWAP
HE GOT AWAY!
AAAMMM!
ALL RIGHT! MOVE. MOVE. MOVE!
KEEP 'EM JUMPING! DON'T GIVE THEM A CHANCE TO THINK!


THE FORCES OF S.H.I.E.L.D. LED BY ERIC KOENIG, SWOOP DOWN, SWIFTLY GAINING THE ADVANTAGE--
--A SMALL VICTORY, ACTUALLY, THE DRUID'S MEN, LEADERLESS AND HUMILIATED, ARE ALREADY DEFEATED.


BUT IT IS SMALL VICTORIES THAT ULTIMATELY, WIN THE WAR.
CONGRATULATIONS, CAP. IT SEEMS THAT SHIELD WASN'T NEEDED HERE AFTER ALL.
I WOULDN'T HAVE OBJECTED IF YOU'D STOPPED THAT EGG, THAT FLEW OUT OF HERE!


A BIT TOUCHY, ARE WE NOT? I CANNOT BLAME YOU. BUT OUR MISSION WAS TO GET YOU--NOT THE DRUID--OUR SENSORS TOLD US YOU WEREN'T IN THE EGG. AT LEAST WE FOUND HIS H.Q. THIS TIME.
I'M SORRY, ERIC. I AM A BIT TOUCHY. IT REALLY IS GOOD TO SEE YOU, OLD FRIEND.

I'M TIRED--NO, MORE THAN TIRED, I'M MENTALLY AND EMOTIONALLY DRAINED.
ERIC, I'M GOING TO CLIMB ABOARD WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE FLYING BACK IN, AND I'M GOING TO CATCH SOME SLEEP...
...AND WHEN WE LAND, I WANT TO BE IN WALKING DISTANCE OF THE FALCON--WHETHER IT'S A HOSPITAL ROOM OR A CEMETERY.



NEXT ISSUE: ARENA FOR A FALLEN HERO!

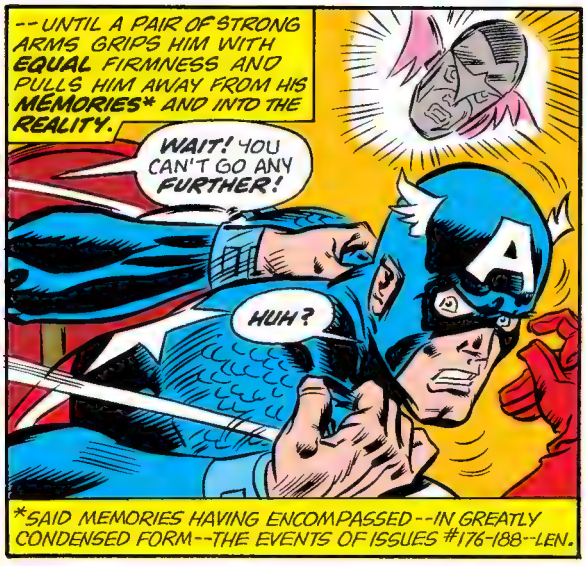
CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
189
SEPT
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
UNLESS CAP CAN DEFEAT AN ARMY OF SUPER-VILLAINS-- THE FALCON FIGHTS NO MORE!
KANE
ESPOSITO
ARENA
FOR A FALLEN HERO!

1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

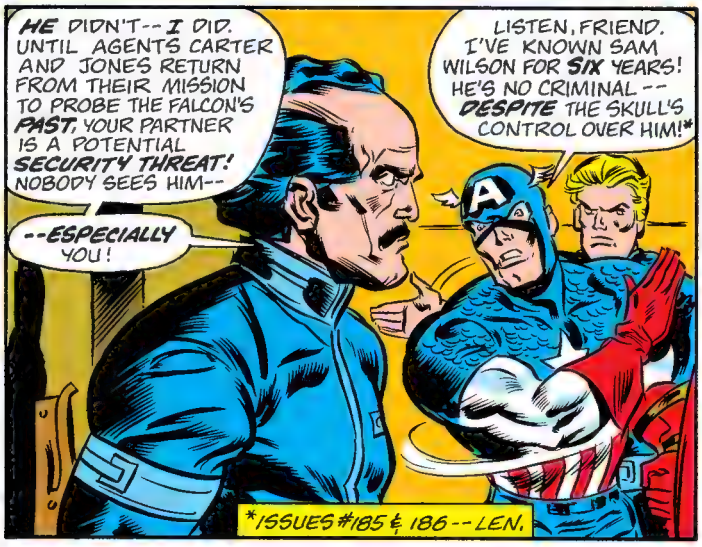
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

TONY ISABELLA & FRANK ROBBINS WRITER--STORY-TELLERS--ARTIST | F. CHIARMONTE INKER | D. BUSCEMA COLORIST | KAREN MANTLO LETTERER | LEN WEIN EDITOR

BUT NOW HE WONDERS IF THAT DESTINY IS TO BE ONE OF ETERNAL TRAGEDY.
THE IMAGES FLASH THROUGH HIS MIND AND BLOT OUT THE REALITY OF ALL SAVE HIS RECENT PAST.
HE HAD WON HIS GREATEST BATTLE--THE STRUGGLE TO REGAIN HIS OWN LOST FAITH IN THE AMERICAN DREAM.
"THERE HAS TO BE SOMEBODY WHO'LL FIGHT FOR THE DREAM, AGAINST ANY FOE," HE'D SAID.
BUT THE FIRST FOE WAS THE RED SKULL --WHOSE MAD SCHEMES LEFT THE FALCON--HIS PARTNER, HIS FRIEND--COMATOSE AND BEREFT OF HIS FREE WILL.
HE SMASHED THE RED SKULL'S ORGANIZATION. THE RED SKULL HIMSELF ESCAPED.
AND THE SECOND FOE WAS THE DRUID--WHOSE MAD SCHEMES TORE HIM FROM HIS INJURED COMRADE'S SIDE WHEN THE FALCON MOST NEEDED HIM.
HE SMASHED THE DRUID'S ORGANIZATION. THE DRUID HIMSELF ESCAPED.
THE IMAGES ARE THE STUFF OF DESPAIR. FRUSTRATION GRIPS THIS STAR-SPANGLED AVENGER--

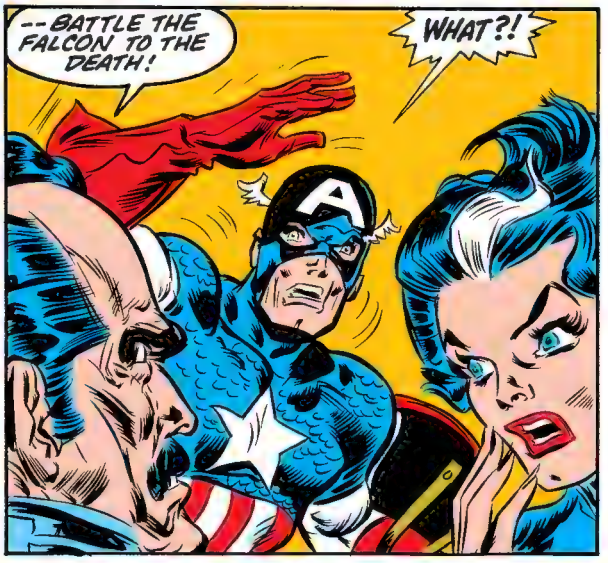

--UNTIL A PAIR OF STRONG ARMS GRIPS HIM WITH EQUAL FIRMNESS AND PULLS HIM AWAY FROM HIS MEMORIES* AND INTO THE REALITY.
WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER!
HUH?
*SAID MEMORIES HAVING ENCOMPASSED--IN GREATLY CONDENSED FORM--THE EVENTS OF ISSUES #176-188--LEN.

I'M SORRY, CAPTAIN. BUT YOUR PARTNER'S ROOM IS OFF LIMITS TO ALL BUT AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL--AND OUR LIST OF SAID PERSONNEL DOES NOT INCLUDE YOU.
THAT'S AN OFFICIAL SHIELD ORDER, MISTER.
FURY WOULDN'T GIVE AN ORDER LIKE THAT!


HE DIDN'T--I DID. UNTIL AGENTS CARTER AND JONES RETURN FROM THEIR MISSION TO PROBE THE FALCON'S PAST, YOUR PARTNER IS A POTENTIAL SECURITY THREAT! NOBODY SEES HIM--
--ESPECIALLY YOU!
LISTEN, FRIEND. I'VE KNOWN SAM WILSON FOR SIX YEARS! HE'S NO CRIMINAL--DESPITE THE SKULL'S CONTROL OVER HIM!*
*ISSUES #185 & 186--LEN.

SO UNLESS YOU CAN BACK UP YOUR ASININE ORDER WITH SOME PRETTY HEFTY CREDENTIALS, I'M GOING IN THERE--EVEN IF I HAVE TO WALK RIGHT OVER YOU!
WOULDN'T ADVISE IT, PAL. I'M JEFF COCHREN, SHIELD CO-DIRECTOR. WHEN FURY'S GONE, I'M IN CHARGE--AND NOBODY DISREGARDS MY ORDERS.

LOOK, DO YOU THINK SHIELD ISN'T AS CONCERNED ABOUT THE FALCON AS YOU ARE? HE'S WORKED WITH US, TOO.
IF THERE'S ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP SAM WILSON, I'LL DO IT!
JUST NAME IT, MISTER!
WE THINK WE'VE COME UP WITH A POSSIBLE TREATMENT FOR HIS CONDITION. BUT WE'LL NEED YOUR HELP TO MAKE IT WORK!
GOOD! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS--

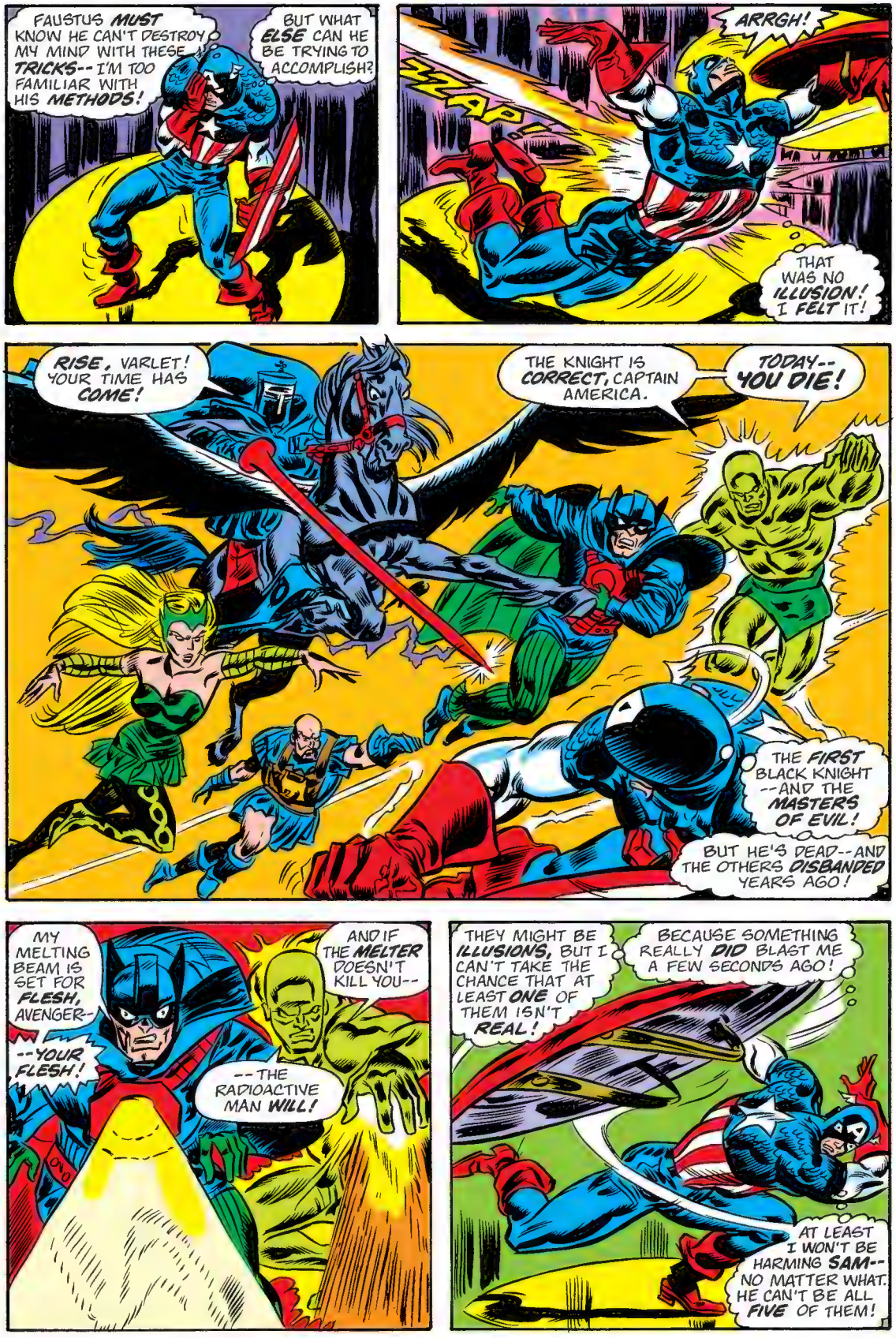

--BATTLE THE FALCON TO THE DEATH!
WHAT?!

ARENA FOR A FALLEN HERO!
I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH THIS, COCHREN. LOOK AT HIM!
HE'S LIKE A MINDLESS ZOMBIE! I CAN'T FIGHT A MAN WHO'S IN NO CONDITION TO FIGHT BACK!
THAT'S THE CONDITION HE'S GOING TO STAY IN, MISTER--
--UNLESS THIS NEW KIND OF "SHOCK THERAPY" WORKS!
OR IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?

FACE FACTS, AVENGER. THE FALCON'S GONE SCHIZOPHRENIC AS A RESULT OF THE RED SKULL'S FORCING A SECOND PERSONALITY INTO HIS PSYCHE. WE DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS THE REAL ONE.
WE'VE GOT TO FORCE THE FALCON TO FIGHT TO SURVIVE -- FORCE HIS REAL SELF TO COME TO THE FORE!
OTHERWISE, HE'LL STAY THAT WAY FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!
WELL, CAPTAIN?
I'VE GOT TO DO IT!
I'VE GOT TO!
BUT I CAN'T! I CAN'T!
SAM... PLEASE...
SNAP OUT OF IT!
I DON'T WANT TO BATTLE YOU! I...
WHAT'S GOING ON? MY VISION'S BLURING! FALC LOOKS INDISTINCT, HAZY. IS THE STRAIN GETTING TO ME?
NO, MY VISION'S CLEARING ALREADY. I CAN SEE THE FALCON AGAIN.
WAIT! THAT'S NOT THE FALCON!
AMERICAN SWINE! DO YOU THINK I WOULD ALLOW YOU TO UNDO MY GREATEST CREATION--THE FALCON?
IT'S THE RED SKULL!

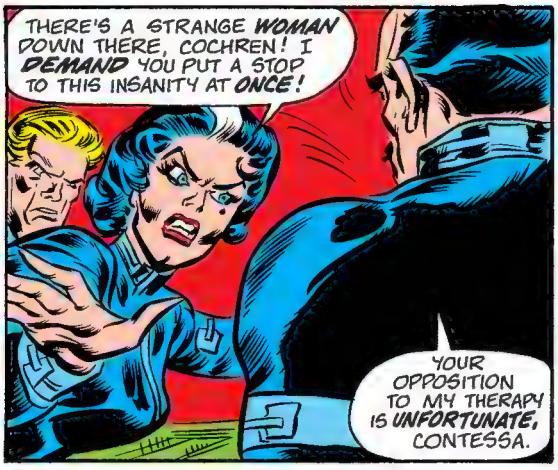
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU IN-FILTRATED THIS BASE, MURDERER--
KRAANG
--BUT YOU'RE NOT LEAVING IT ALIVE!
HUH?
WHOMP!
I HIT THE SKULL--
--BUT IT'S THE FALCON WHO HIT THE FLOOR!
AM I GOING MAD?
DON'T JUST STAND THERE, MISTER!
CONTINUE THE THERAPY!
SOMETHING ABOUT THIS DOESN'T RING TRUE.
LIKE: WHY AREN'T ANY SHIELD PSYCHIATRISTS HERE TO SUPERVISE THIS "THERAPY"?
COCHREN, SOMETHING'S GOING WRONG!
I THINK THERE'S SOME OUTSIDE INFLUENCE WORKING HERE!
WHEN I SMASHED OUT AT THE FALCON, I THOUGHT I--
GOOD LORD!
IT'S ONE OF THE YELLOW CLAW'S MAN-EATING SPIDERS!*
* ISSUE #165--LEN.

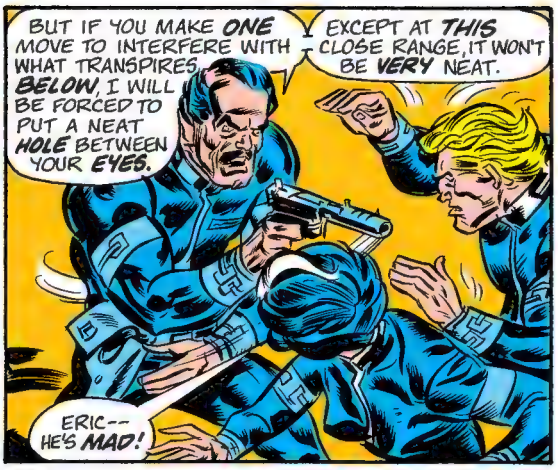
BLAK!
WHOP!
OH MY GOD!
I REACTED INSTINCTIVELY I DIDN'T REALIZE!
IT WAS SAM AGAIN!
SOMEBODY IS ATTACKING ME THROUGH MY MIND-- MAKING ME DOUBT MY SENSES!
CAN IT BE-- DR. FAUSTUS?*
* ISSUE #107... AND THEN SOME-- LEN.
KEEP HITTING HIM! YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LET UP ON HIM FOR AN INSTANT OR THE THERAPY WILL FAIL!
CO-DIRECTOR COCHREN...
... I MUST PROTEST THE CONTINUATION OF THIS "THERAPY" IN THE ABSENCE OF CERTIFIED SHIELD PSYCHIATRISTS!
I DID NOT ASK FOR SUGGESTIONS, CONTESSA.
I AGREE WITH KOENIG. YOU'RE OVERSTEPPING YOUR AUTHORITY!
I AM RUNNING THIS OPERATION--
-- AND WILL RUN IT AS I SEE FIT!

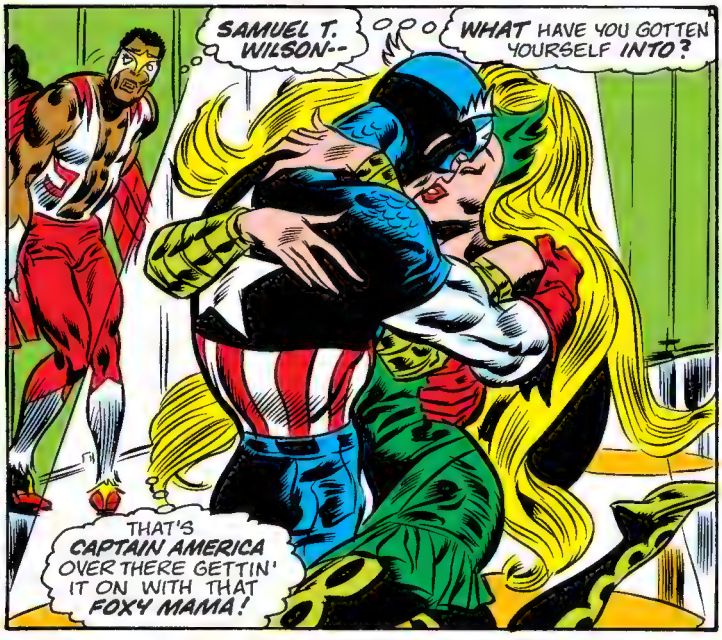

FAUSTUS MUST KNOW HE CAN'T DESTROY MY MIND WITH THESE TRICKS-- I'M TOO FAMILIAR WITH HIS METHODS!
BUT WHAT ELSE CAN HE BE TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH?
SNAP!
ARRGH!
THAT WAS NO ILLUSION! I FELT IT!
RISE, VARLET! YOUR TIME HAS COME!
THE KNIGHT IS CORRECT, CAPTAIN AMERICA.
TODAY-- YOU DIE!
THE FIRST BLACK KNIGHT --AND THE MASTERS OF EVIL!
BUT HE'S DEAD--AND THE OTHERS DISBANDED YEARS AGO!
MY MELTING BEAM IS SET FOR FLESH, AVENGER--
--YOUR FLESH!
AND IF THE MELTER DOESN'T KILL YOU--
--THE RADIOACTIVE MAN WILL!
THEY MIGHT BE ILLUSIONS, BUT I CAN'T TAKE THE CHANCE THAT AT LEAST ONE OF THEM ISN'T REAL!
BECAUSE SOMETHING REALLY DID BLAST ME A FEW SECONDS AGO!
AT LEAST I WON'T BE HARMING SAM-- NO MATTER WHAT. HE CAN'T BE ALL FIVE OF THEM!

THEN AGAIN...
KLANGG
HUH?
WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON HERE?
LOOK OUT, YOU FOOL!
WHUMP!
WHOOM!
THE FALCON SEEMS TO BE COMING OUT OF HIS TRANCE! BUT CAP IS ACTING LIKE A MADMAN!
YOU'RE RIGHT, VAL! HE'S THROWING HIS SHIELD AND SHOUTING AT PHANTOMS!
YOU'VE DESTROYED TWO OF US, CAPTAIN AMERICA! BUT THE EXECUTIONER AND I WILL MAKE SHORT WORK OF YOU!
ONE OF THIS CREW HAS TO BE FOR REAL.
IS IT HIM?
THE ORIGINAL BLACK KNIGHT'S LANCE WAS EQUIPPED WITH A STUN-RAY...

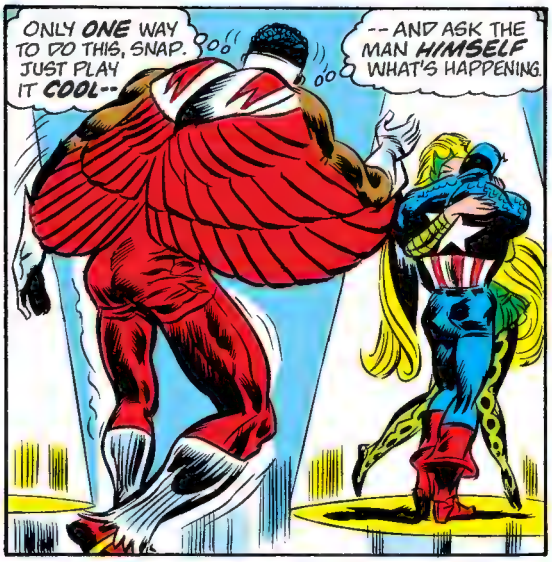
FACE IT, AVENGER, YOU HAVEN'T GOT MUCH CHOICE IN THIS.
YOU'VE GOT TO FIGHT EACH ONE OF THESE VILLAINS AS IF THEY WERE FOR REAL--
--AT LEAST UNTIL DR. FAUSTUS TIPS HIS HAND!
THOU SHALL ATTACK MY ALLIES NO MORE, MORTAL!
THE EXECUTIONER HAS MARKED THEE FOR...
WHOMP!
THEY WERE ILLUSIONS, TOO. BECAUSE EVEN WITH MY EXTRA STRENGTH I'M NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO KAYO AN ASGARDIAN GOD!
MMM... THAT WAS MAGNIFICENT, CAP!
THE ENCHANTRESS!
ARE YOU BEHIND THIS--
--OR ARE YOU JUST ANOTHER OF DR. FAUSTUS' ILLUSIONS?
I'M NO ILLUSION, HANDSOME. BUT YOU'LL KNOW THAT BETTER--
--AFTER I KISS YOU!

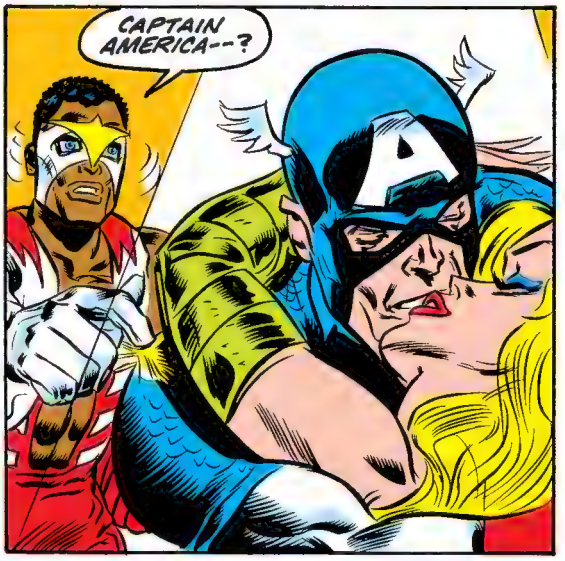

THERE'S A STRANGE WOMAN DOWN THERE, COCHREN! I DEMAND YOU PUT A STOP TO THIS INSANITY AT ONCE!
YOUR OPPOSITION TO MY THERAPY IS UNFORTUNATE, CONTESSA.


BUT IF YOU MAKE ONE MOVE TO INTERFERE WITH WHAT TRANSPIRES BELOW, I WILL BE FORCED TO PUT A NEAT HOLE BETWEEN YOUR EYES.
EXCEPT AT THIS CLOSE RANGE, IT WON'T BE VERY NEAT.
ERIC-- HE'S MAD!


SAMUEL T. WILSON--
WHAT HAVE YOU GOTTEN YOURSELF INTO?
THAT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA OVER THERE GETTIN' IT ON WITH THAT FOXY MAMA!

THE LAST THING I REMEMBER IS WASHIN' ASHORE ON THAT ISLAND NEAR RIO.* SO HOW DID I GET HERE? AND WHY AM I WEARING THIS FREAKY CHICKEN SUIT?
I MEAN, EVEN IF CAP FOUND OUT ABOUT MY WORKIN' FOR THE L.A. MOB, I'M NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE LIKES A' HIM TO GO AFTER!
* ISSUE #186--LEN.


ONLY ONE WAY TO DO THIS, SNAP. JUST PLAY IT COOL--
-- AND ASK THE MAN HIMSELF WHAT'S HAPPENING.


CAPTAIN AMERICA--?

CAPTAIN AMERICA!
ZEMO!
CAP! IT'S FAUSTUS IN DISGUISE!
POW!
FAUSTUS? THEN I WAS RIGHT!
YOU PICKED THE WRONG DISGUISE, MADMAN...
ZOP!
BARON ZEMO MURDERED BUCKY BARNES, FAUSTUS--
BWOING!
THUMMP!
--AND THAT'S SOMETHING I'M NEVER GOING TO FORGET!

VAL...
CHOK
NOW!
WHAP!
UGHN!
THAT TAKES CARE OF COCHREN, ERIC.
NOW WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT CAP AND THAT WOMAN?
THAT WOMAN?
YOU MEAN THAT BEAUTIFUL WOMAN?
WHAT MENACE COULD ONE AS LOVELY AS HER POSE?
FAUSTUS WANTED ME TO HELP DESTROY YOU, CAP. BUT I COULDN'T DO IT. FOR I'VE COME TO REALIZE, THAT OF ALL THE MEN I'VE KNOWN--
--IT'S YOU I LOVE!
A GOD-DESS --IN LOVE WITH ME?!
HE TRASHED ME!
TRASHED ME LIKE I WAS NOTHING!
BUT SNAP WILSON AIN'T NOTHING, MR. RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE!
HE'S SOMETHING--
--AND THAT SOMETHING IS GONNA BE THE DEATH OF YOU!

MAYBE YOU WERE TOP DOG IN WORLD WAR II, MISTER--
--BUT 1945 IS A LONG TIME GONE!
SO, WELCOME TO 1969, HERO-MAN!
WHAM!
NO!
NOT NOW!
IT'S THE RED SKULL AGAIN--EQUIPPED WITH HIS JET PACK AND SWOOPING IN FOR THE KILL!
KLOM!
IT TAKES MORE THAN THAT TO FINISH ME, NAZI!
HOLY FREAKIN' SPIT!
I'M FLYING!
IT'S GOTTA BE THIS CRAZY CHICKEN SUIT!
BUT DID I HEAR THAT STAR-SPANGLED STORM-TROOPER-
--CALL ME A NAZI?!
YOUR JET PACK CAN'T SAVE YOU, SKULL. THIS IS THE PAYOFF!

BOY -- IS HE SPACED OUT!
BRAM!
SLUG!
SWAP!
THUD!
CAW
HUH?-- SOME KIND OF BIRD CALL? IN HERE?
BUT HOW COME IT SOUNDS SO FAMILIAR?
SKREE!
IT'S A FALCON!
AND SOMEHOW I KNOW--
--IT'S MY FALCON!
WHEW! WHATEVER DR. FAUSTUS SLIPPED ME TO MAKE ME SEE THOSE ILLUSIONS MUST HAVE BEEN WORKING OVERTIME!
BUT IF THAT WASN'T THE SKULL I FOUGHT... THEN WHO...
OF COURSE! IT HAD TO BE!
THE FALCON HAS REGAINED HIS FREE WILL-- AND, BY THE LOOKS OF THINGS, REDWING AS WELL.
WE'VE BROKEN THE SKULL'S INSIDIOUS CONTROL!
COCHREN'S CRAZY SHOCK THERAPY ACTUALLY WORKED!
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON ARE A TEAM AGAIN!

LOOKS LIKE THE HUMAN FLAG IS ON HIS FEET AGAIN!
SIC 'IM, REDWING!
I DON'T GET IT! THIS BIRD'S NAME JUST KINDA POPPED INTO MY HEAD!
SKREEE-E-!
NO! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG! THE THERAPY MUST HAVE BROUGHT THAT PHONY SNAP WILSON PERSONALITY TO THE SURFACE -- AND "HE" DOESN'T KNOW HE'S A HERO!
I'VE GOT TO CONVINCE HIM THAT I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT HIM! BUT HOW?
HOW?
ONLY ONE CHANCE: I'VE GOT TO STAND PERFECTLY STILL -- NOT FLINCH -- NOT MOVE A SINGLE MUSCLE!
HE'S NOT MAKIN' A MOVE TO DEFEND HIMSELF! THE MAN DOESN'T WANT A HASSLE!
REDWING! VEER OFF!
WHEW!

OKAY, MAN. IF YOU WANT TO RAP, WE RAP! BUT LET'S MAKE IT GOOD, HEY?
'CAUSE I GOT TO KNOW WHAT'S COMIN' DOWN ON ME!
BRACE YOURSELF, SAM. IT'S A LONG STORY.
AND, AFTER LENGTHY EXPLANATIONS...
OH, WOW! YOU MEAN I'M NOT WHO I THINK I AM? I'M SOME ENTIRELY DIFFERENT SAM WILSON--SOME CAT WHO'S NEVER HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE LAW--A SOCIAL WORKER? IT DON'T MAKE IT, CAP.
'CAUSE I REMEMBER EVERY-THING THAT THE SKULL TOLD YOU ABOUT ME AND THE MOB--AND I ONLY REMEMBER PART OF THE PAST SIX YEARS--
--BUT NOT LIKE I WAS THERE, DIG? LIKE I WAS WATCHIN' MYSELF ON THE T.V. OR SOMETHING!
BUT YOU REMEMBERED REDWING, RIGHT? AND, IN ACTION, YOU'VE GOT ALL THE SKILL YOU EVER HAD.
THERE'S NO DOUBT IN MY MIND, SAM. YOU'RE A HERO--AND ONE OF THE BEST! WE'LL WORK THIS OUT--
--AND THEN WE'LL SETTLE ACCOUNTS WITH THE SKULL!
ONE MORE QUESTION, CAP: IF WE'RE PARTNERS, HOW COME YOU WERE BOUNCIN' ME AROUND BEFORE?
ONE OF OUR OLD ENEMIES--DR. FAUSTUS--WAS CREATING ILLUSIONS. HE MADE ME SEE YOU AS VARIOUS MENACES, BUT THE ENCHANTRESS HELPED ME POLISH HIM OFF.
SPEAKING OF WHICH, WHERE DID SHE GO? I...
SHE'S RIGHT HERE, CAP!
WHAT THE-?

SKRAK!
NIGHTSHADE!
THE FULL NAME IS DEADLY NIGHTSHADE, CAP...
--AND--
NIGHTSHADE IS DEADLIER THE SECOND TIME AROUND!
TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE
AND MAYBE WE'LL EVEN EXPLAIN ALL THIS!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
190
OCT
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
ALL-ACTION ISSUE!
CAP AND FALC TAKE ON SHIELD... NIGHT-SHADE...
...AND THE DEADLIEST ROBOT ASSASSIN OF ALL TIME!

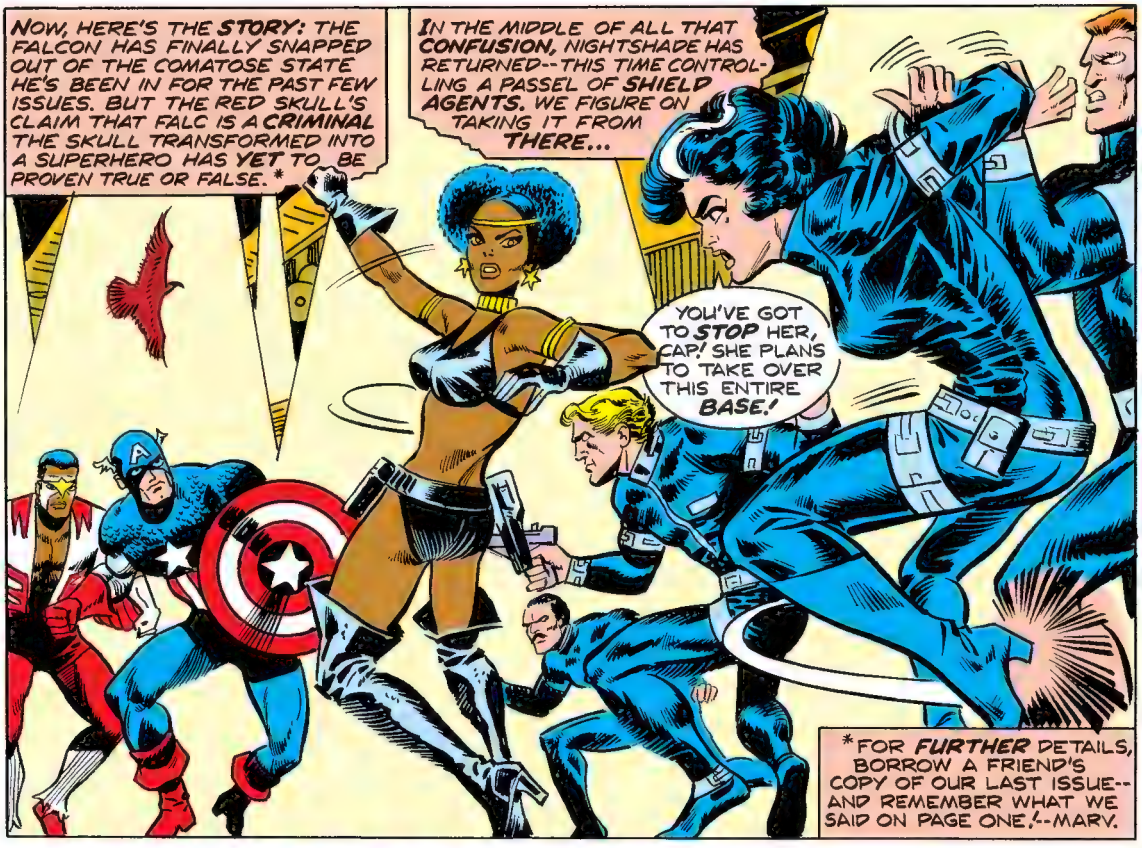
1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

TONY ISABELLA & FRANK ROBBINS	VINCE COLLETTA	DAVE HUNT, LETTERS MICHELE W., COLORS	MARV WOLFMAN
WRITER-STORY TELLERS-ARTIST	INKER		EDITOR

NIGHTSHADE IS DEADLIER THE SECOND TIME AROUND!

IF YOU FAILED TO PURCHASE LAST ISSUE, YOU MERELY MISSED A DRAMATIC NEW CHAPTER IN THE LIVES OF CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON. WE CAUTION YOU...
DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN!

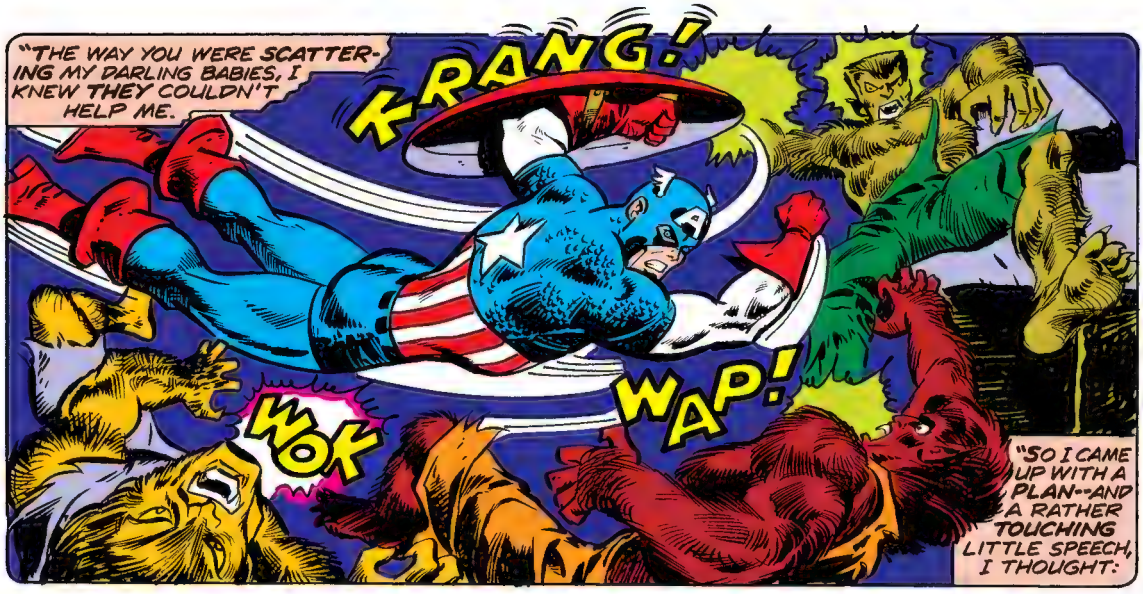

NOW, HERE'S THE STORY: THE FALCON HAS FINALLY SNAPPED OUT OF THE COMATOSE STATE HE'S BEEN IN FOR THE PAST FEW ISSUES. BUT THE RED SKULL'S CLAIM THAT FALC IS A CRIMINAL THE SKULL TRANSFORMED INTO A SUPERHERO HAS YET TO BE PROVEN TRUE OR FALSE.*
IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT CONFUSION, NIGHTSHADE HAS RETURNED--THIS TIME CONTROLLING A PASSEL OF SHIELD AGENTS. WE FIGURE ON TAKING IT FROM THERE...
YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HER, CAP! SHE PLANS TO TAKE OVER THIS ENTIRE BASE!
*FOR FURTHER DETAILS, BORROW A FRIEND'S COPY OF OUR LAST ISSUE--AND REMEMBER WHAT WE SAID ON PAGE ONE!--MARV.

I'VE ALREADY TAKEN IT, CONTESSA!
AND THAT'S JUST FOR STARTERS!

YOU SEE, CAP, I'M GOING TO TAKE OVER ALL OF SHIELD. THE YELLOW CLAW'S SERUM MIGHT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO TURN MEN INTO WEREWOLVES,* BUT I ALWAYS HAD THE POWER TO CONTROL MOST MALE-TYPE HUMAN BEINGS.
*SEE ISH#164 (AND DON'T TELL US YOU MISSED THAT ONE, TOO)--MARV.

THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN, HANDSOME.

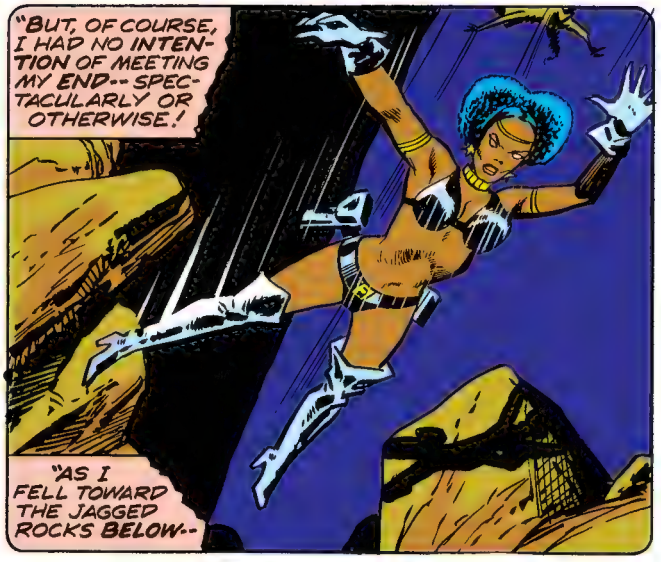
SINCE I CAN'T CONTROL YOU--AND SINCE YOU ARE KIND OF CUTE IN A STRAIGHT WAY--I MIGHT AS WELL MAKE YOU MY KING--
WHAT?
--WHEN SHIELD CONQUERS AMERICA FOR ME.
YOU THINK I'D SIDE WITH YOU?
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN SINCE 1941, LADY?
HEY! I WASN'T EVEN BORN 'TILL 1957!
DO YOU WANT HIM KILLED, MISTRESS?
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, MR. COCHREN. CAP'S JUST BEING DIFFICULT.
THE POOR DEAR IS SO OBEDIENT. WHY, HE'S ALMOST LIKE A PUPPY.
OKAY, WE UNDERESTIMATED YOU. WE SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT ANY ALLY OF THE CLAW'S WOULD HAVE TO BE POWERFUL IN THEIR OWN RIGHT. AND IT'S OBVIOUS THAT COCHREN'S BEEN UNDER YOUR CONTROL SINCE I RETURNED.
BUT I SAW YOU DIVE FROM THE TOWER OF YOUR FORTRESS. HOW DID YOU SURVIVE THAT FALL?
"I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER ASK!
"YOU SEE, WHEN THE YELLOW CLAW DESERTED ME, AND NICK FURY SHOWED UP WITH HIS STORM TROOPERS, I HAD TO COME UP WITH SOME KIND OF ESCAPE AND QUICK!"


"THE WAY YOU WERE SCATTERING MY DARLING BABIES, I KNEW THEY COULDN'T HELP ME.
KRANG!
WAP!
WOK
"SO I CAME UP WITH A PLAN--AND A RATHER TOUCHING LITTLE SPEECH, I THOUGHT:

THE WORLD WANTS TO GRIND US DOWN, MY LOVELIES!
IT PUT YOU IN A PRISON OF ROCK--IT PUT ME IN A PRISON OF HOPELESSNESS! I THOUGHT I COULD FREE US BOTH!
--BUT WE CAN NEVER BE FREE! THE WORLD DOOMS PEOPLE LIKE US TO FAILURE BEFORE WE BEGIN!

SO THIS IS THE END--BUT IT WILL BE A SPECTACULAR END!
THEY WON'T IMPRISON US AGAIN!
COME--FOLLOW ME --OVER THE EDGE--
THEY'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER US NOW! WE'LL BE FAMOUS FOREVER!

FOLLOW ME!

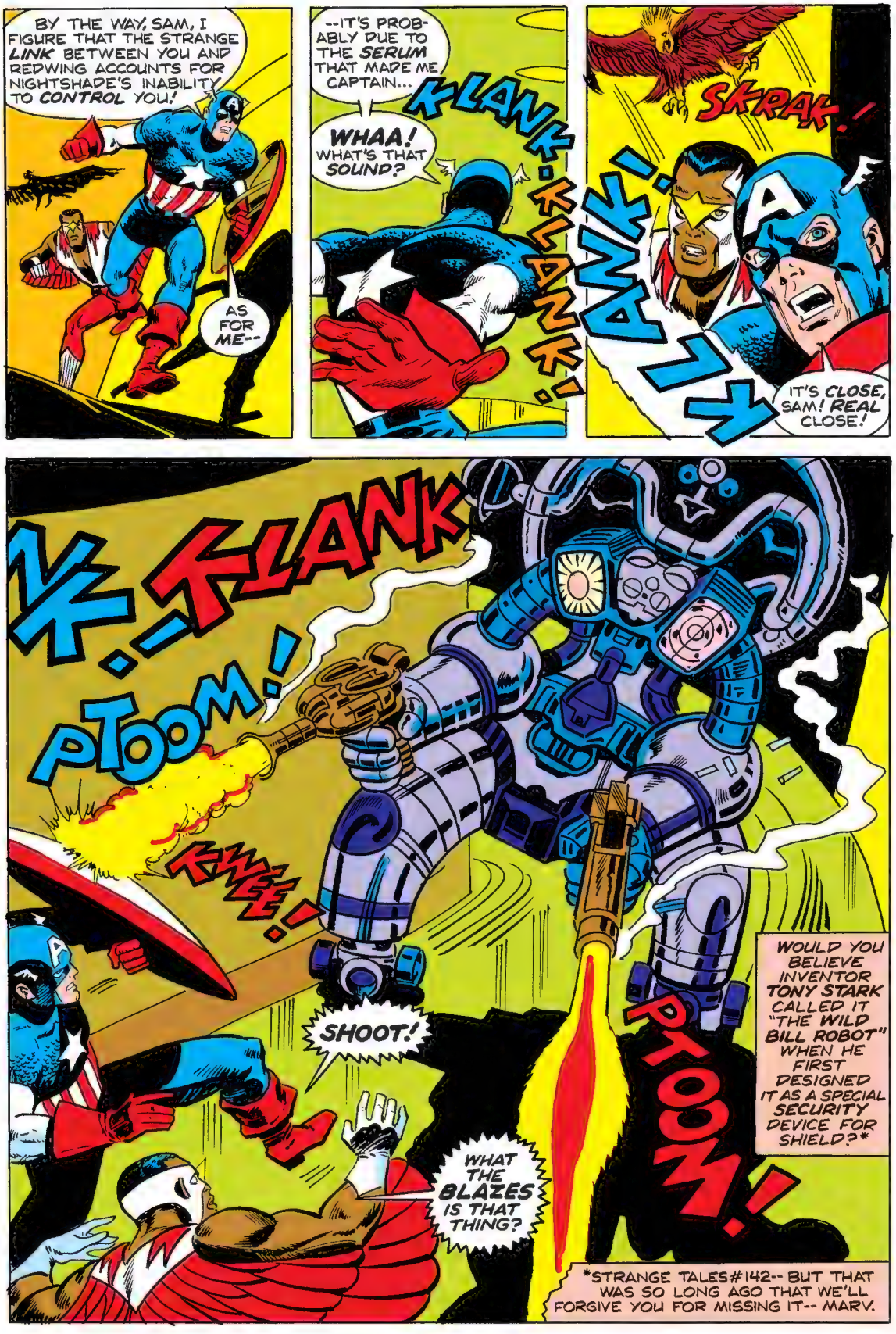

"BUT, OF COURSE, I HAD NO INTENTION OF MEETING MY END--SPECTACULARLY OR OTHERWISE!
"AS I FELL TOWARD THE JAGGED ROCKS BELOW--

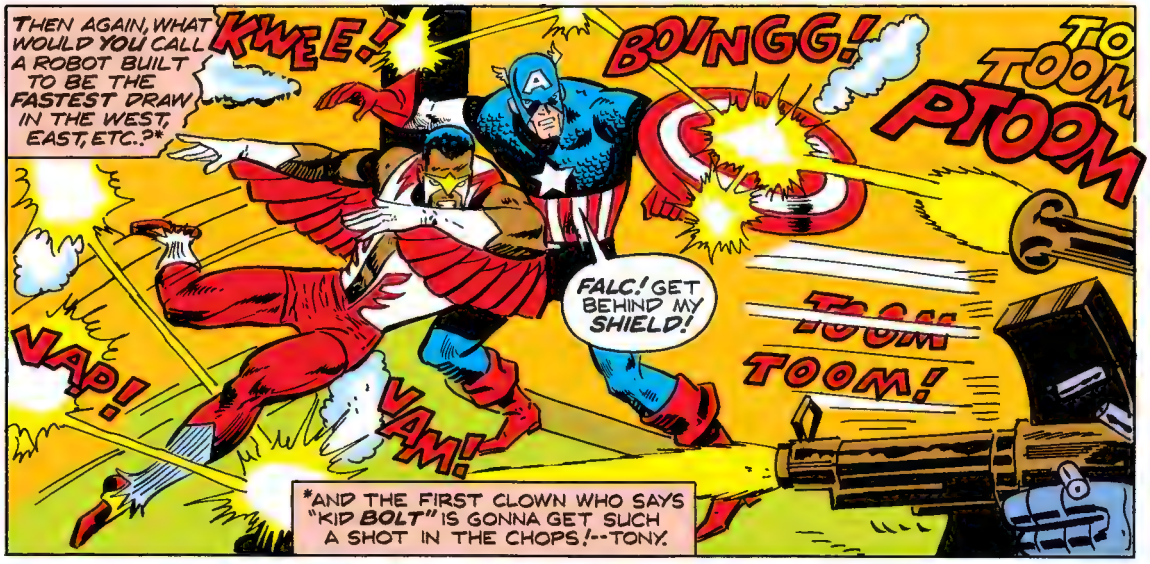
"--I ACTIVATED A DEVICE INSIDE MY HEADBAND.
"I NEVER DID TRUST THE CLAW, YOU SEE, SO I MADE SURE I ALWAYS HAD--
"--AN ESCAPE ROUTE!
WHIRR
"NOW CONTROLLING MEN IS MY MAIN GIG, BUT I'VE ALWAYS BEEN PRETTY GOOD AT EVERYTHING I'VE TRIED.
SPLASH
"MY DEVICE WORKED. THE ROCKS BELOW SLID BACK TO REVEAL AN UNDERGROUND RIVER THAT I DIVED INTO LIKE SOME SORT OF OLYMPIC STAR.
"THE ROCKS MOVED BACK INTO PLACE, COVERING MY ESCAPE. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY ALSO MADE THE LANDING A BIT ROUGHER FOR MY PRETTIES.
THUDD!
THUD
"LIKE A LOT OF THE CLAW'S CREATIONS, THE WEREWOLVES DISINTEGRATED ON DEATH, CONVINCING SHIELD THAT I WAS AMONG THE UNGRATEFUL DEAD."
CLEVER, HUH? WOULDN'T LIFE WITH A FOX LIKE ME AS YOUR QUEEN BE ABSOLUTE BLISS, MUSCLES?
MAYBE YOU FORGET: THE FALCON WAS ONE OF THE HUMAN BEINGS YOU AND THE CLAW TURNED INTO MONSTERS--
I WAS?
--AND HE ALMOST DIED THAT DAY!
I DID?
AND HOW ABOUT YOUR TRICKING ME INTO BATTLING HIM-- JUST MOMENTS AGO?

SO I'LL MAKE IT UP TO HIM!
I COULD REALLY GET OFF ON HAVING TWO KINGS, ANYWAY!
HUH?
GET AWAY FROM HIM!
YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR A DOZEN MURDERS--AND YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THEM!
WATCH IT, BIG MAN!
NOBODY PUSHES ME AROUND!
NOW MAYBE I JUST MADE THAT OFFER BECAUSE I KINDA DIG YOU LONG-JOHN-TYPES--
--AND ALSO 'CAUSE YOUR MINDS SEEM TO BE BEYOND MY CONTROL, EXCEPT FOR AN OCCASIONAL ILLUSION--
--BUT YOU AIN'T SO SPECIAL THAT YOU CAN'T STAND A LESSON IN "WHAT NIGHTSHADE SAYS, GOES!"
BEAT ON 'EM, BOYS!
FALC.! MANEUVER 68!
WHAT AM I SAYING? AFTER THE SKULL'S TAMPERING WITH HIS MIND, SAM DOESN'T REMEMBER MOST OF HIS LIFE AS THE FALCON!*
*SEE WHAT ELSE YOU MISSED LAST ISSUE?--MARV.

BUT:
HE'S RUNNING TOWARDS ME--
--AND USING MY SHIELD--
--TO GAIN THE NECESSARY MOMENTUM--
--TO EXECUTE A LIGHTNING POWER DIVE!
WANG!
WOK!
HE'S INSTINCTIVELY CARRYING OUT THE MANEU-VER!
TOK!
WOOSHH
I DON'T GET IT! IT'S LIKE I'VE DONE THIS BIT A HUNDRED TIMES BEFORE!
GRAB HOLD TIGHT, CAP!

'CAUSE I DON'T KNOW IF I'M DOIN' THIS RIGHT!
YOU'RE DOING FINE, MISTER!
I KNEW THE SKULL'S INSIDIOUS BRAINWASHING COULDN'T BE PERMANENT!
LET'S HEAD DOWN THIS CORRIDOR!
AND DON'T FORGET RED-WING!
I'VE GOTTEN FOND OF OUR JUNIOR PARTNER!
CAP, I JUST DID THAT BIT WITHOUT THINKING!
I STILL DON'T REMEMBER BEING ANYBODY BUT SNAP WILSON--SMALL-TIME HOOD!
WE'LL WORK IT OUT LATER, SAM.
"FOR THE MOMENT, LET'S PUT SOME TERRITORY BETWEEN US AND NIGHTSHADE!"
HE'S WATCHING CAP AND THE FALCON!
BAD MISTAKE, FELLA.
YEOWW
IF THIS GUY WEREN'T HYPNOTIZED, NICK FURY WOULD HAVE HIS HIDE FOR TURNING AWAY FROM A PRISONER HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE GUARDING!
FORGET ABOUT HER! THE BASE IS SEALED AND ALL OUTGOING COMMUNICATIONS HAVE BEEN SHUT DOWN!
I WANT CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON!
AND I WANT THEM NOW!


BY THE WAY, SAM, I FIGURE THAT THE STRANGE LINK BETWEEN YOU AND REDWING ACCOUNTS FOR NIGHTSHADE'S INABILITY TO CONTROL YOU!
AS FOR ME--
--IT'S PROBABLY DUE TO THE SERUM THAT MADE ME, CAPTAIN...
WHAA! WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
KLANK-KLANK-KLANK!
SKRAK!
KLANK!
IT'S CLOSE, SAM! REAL CLOSE!
KLANK
PTOOM!
KWEE!
SHOOT!
WHAT THE BLAZES IS THAT THING?
PTOOM!
WOULD YOU BELIEVE INVENTOR TONY STARK CALLED IT "THE WILD BILL ROBOT" WHEN HE FIRST DESIGNED IT AS A SPECIAL SECURITY DEVICE FOR SHIELD?*
*STRANGE TALES#142-- BUT THAT WAS SO LONG AGO THAT WE'LL FORGIVE YOU FOR MISSING IT-- MARV.

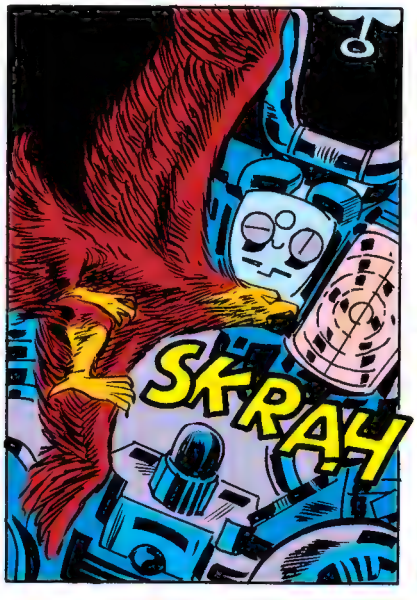

THEN AGAIN, WHAT WOULD YOU CALL A ROBOT BUILT TO BE THE FASTEST DRAW IN THE WEST, EAST, ETC.?*
KWEE!
BOINGG!
TOOM PTOOM
FALC! GET BEHIND MY SHIELD!
VAP!
VAM!
TOOM TOOM!
*AND THE FIRST CLOWN WHO SAYS "KID BOLT" IS GONNA GET SUCH A SHOT IN THE CHOPS!--TONY.

VAM VAM
WE'RE PINNED DOWN!
VAP!
IF ONLY WE COULD DISTRACT THAT THING SOMEHOW--EVEN FOR A SECOND!

MAN! DO WE NEED THAT CRAZY "LINK" WITH REDWING RIGHT NOW!

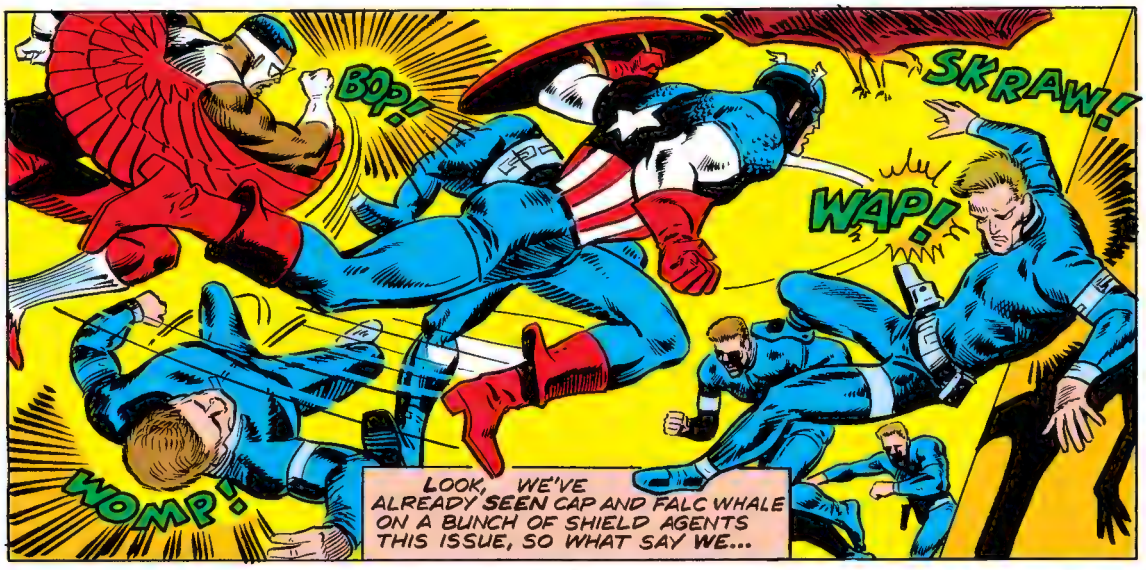
A THOUGHT, NOTHING MORE...
NEED REDWING NOW!

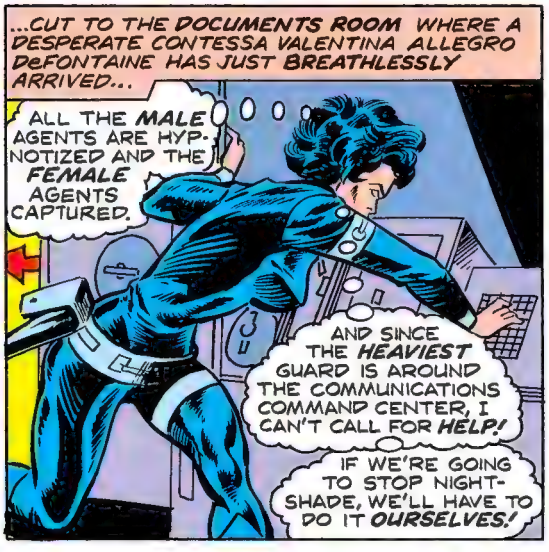
...AND YET, AS IF IT WERE A SPOKEN COMMAND TO A HUMAN BEING...
SKREEE


SKRAH

CAP! IT'S LIKE THAT CRAZY BIRD HEARD WHAT I WAS THINKING!
WHATEVER THE EXPLANATION--
SKREE
PTOOM

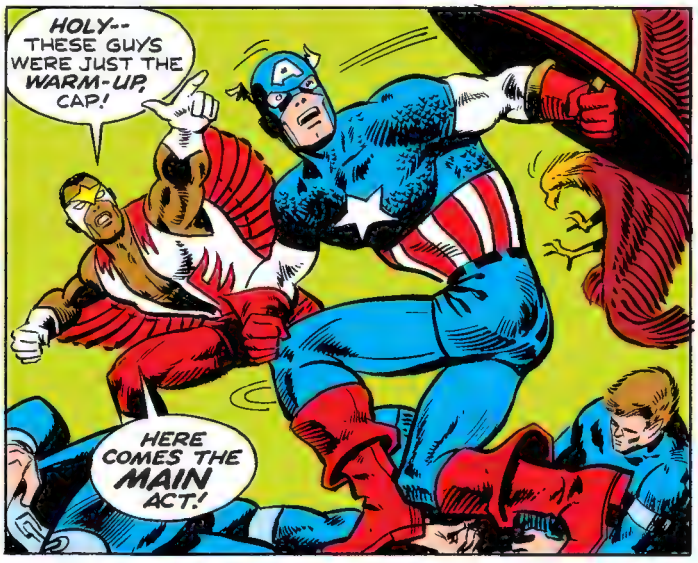
PTOOM!
SKREEK!
--REDWING'S BUYING US AN OPENING!
KRANG!
AND BROTHER, THAT'S ALL CAPTAIN AMERICA HAS EVER NEEDED!
YOU DID IT, CAP!
WE DID IT, SAM--YOU, ME, AND REDWING!
WE'RE ONE TEAM THAT NOBODY IS GOING TO STOP!
CUE: THOSE WHO WILL TRY...
WE'VE FOUND THEM, MY DARLINGS!
SHOOT! IT'S THAT NIGHTSHADE FOX--AND THOSE GOONS OF HERS!
WE'LL TAKE 'EM, FALC!

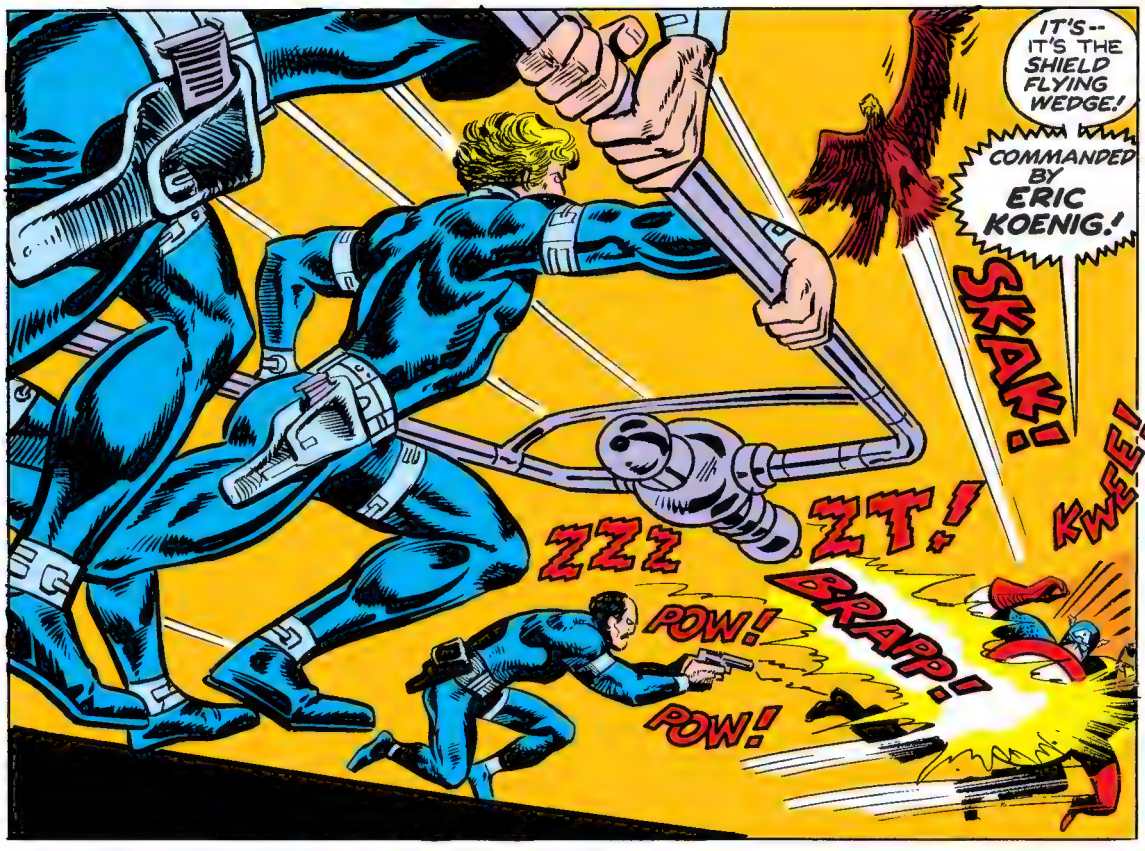

BOP!
SKRAW!
WAP!
WOMP!
LOOK, WE'VE ALREADY SEEN CAP AND FALC WHALE ON A BUNCH OF SHIELD AGENTS THIS ISSUE, SO WHAT SAY WE...

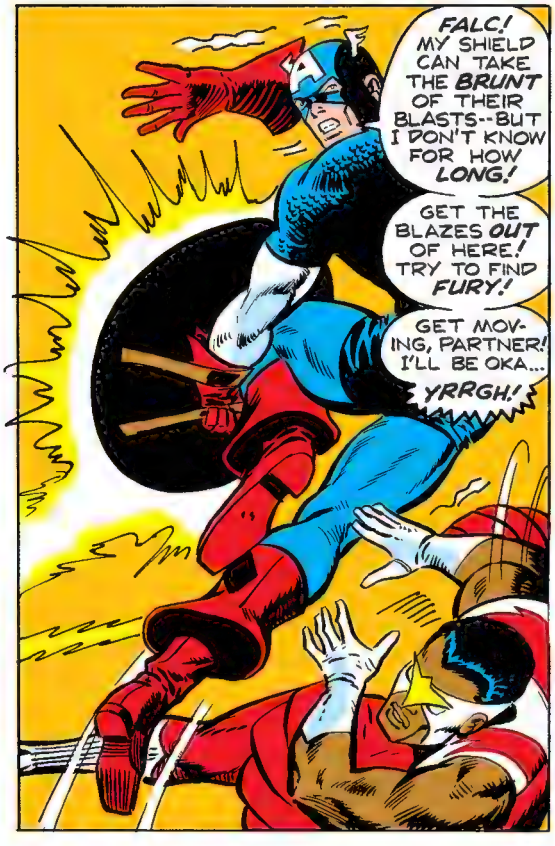

...CUT TO THE DOCUMENTS ROOM WHERE A DESPERATE CONTESSA VALENTINA ALLEGRO DeFONTAINE HAS JUST BREATHLESSLY ARRIVED...
ALL THE MALE AGENTS ARE HYPNOTIZED AND THE FEMALE AGENTS CAPTURED.
AND SINCE THE HEAVIEST GUARD IS AROUND THE COMMUNICATIONS COMMAND CENTER, I CAN'T CALL FOR HELP!
IF WE'RE GOING TO STOP NIGHTSHADE, WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT OURSELVES!

NOT MUCH IN HER RECORD, BUT...
FILE NO. 517912345
"NIGHTSHADE"
NO, IT'S NOT TOO PROMISING. I'D BE STAKING EVERYTHING ON A MERE HUNCH!

BUT IT'S THE ONLY CHANCE WE'VE GOT. IF IT DOESN'T WORK, I CAN ALWAYS TAKE MY HUNCH BACK!
HMM... NICK'S TAKEN ME TO SEE "YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN" A COUPLE TIMES TOO OFTEN.


HOLY-- THESE GUYS WERE JUST THE WARM-UP, CAP!
HERE COMES THE MAIN ACT!


IT'S-- IT'S THE SHIELD FLYING WEDGE!
COMMANDED BY ERIC KOENIG!
SKAK!
KWEE!
ZZZ
ZT!
BRAPP!
POW!
POW!


FALC! MY SHIELD CAN TAKE THE BRUNT OF THEIR BLASTS--BUT I DON'T KNOW FOR HOW LONG!
GET THE BLAZES OUT OF HERE! TRY TO FIND FURY!
GET MOVING, PARTNER! I'LL BE OKA...
YRRGH!

I MAY NOT KNOW WHO I REALLY AM--SAM WILSON, SOCIAL WORKER, OR SNAP WILSON, HOOD--BUT THERE'S ONE THING I DO KNOW--
--I'M NOT THE KIND OF DUDE WHO'S GONNA BUG OUT ON A BUDDY!

OKAY, CAP--
ZAPP!
--THIS ONE'S FOR YOU!
YOW!
HE'S DIVING STRAIGHT AT THE WEDGE!
WANG!
ZZAT!
KRAK!
I DID IT!
BUT THE SHOCK SHORTED OUT MY WING JETS!
I'M FALLING!
LORD, SAM, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YOU WERE CAUGHT IN THE MAIN DISCHARGE WHEN YOU DESTROYED THE WEDGE!
JUST THE RESIDUAL CHARGE FLATTENED KOENIG AND THE OTHERS LIKE TEN-PINS!
THE CHARGE DID SOMETHING TO ME, CAP!
IT'S LIKE IT OPENED UP MY MIND!
AND GOD HELP ME, NOW I KNOW--
I'M TWO MEN!

DUCK, FALC! COCHREN'S GETTING TRIGGER-HAPPY!
KWEE! PHUT!
PHUT!
DON'T SPEND TOO MUCH TIME WITH HIM, CAP!
THE OTHERS ARE REGROUPING!
WAP!
WHILE THE "OTHERS" REGROUP AND BEFORE BODIES BEGIN FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AGAIN, LET'S MAKE A QUICK CUT TO...
...THE CONTESSA!
THIS IS A BREAK!
SINCE SHE HAD NO IMMEDIATE USE FOR THEM, NIGHTSHADE SIMPLY LEFT THESE MEN ENTRANCED!
AND THAT MEANS A CLEAR PATH TO THE SOLARIUM FOR ME!
IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR MY ANNOUNCEMENT! I HOPE THE INTERCOMS ARE STILL WORKING.
WHOOPS! LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS COMMENCED WITHOUT US...
BOK!
HOW LONG CAN WE KEEP THIS UP, CAP?
AS LONG AS WE HAVE TO. IF WE FALL--
--SO DOES AMERICA!
CAPTAIN AMERICA! COME TO THE SOLARIUM! I REPEAT: THE SOLARIUM!
THAT'S THE CONTESSA'S VOICE!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?
CAN WE BE SURE THAT WAS VAL'S VOICE--
--AND NOT ONE OF NIGHTSHADE'S MIND-TRICKS?
WAP!
GEEZ! YOU SURE PICKED ONE HECK OF A TIME TO START GETTING CAUTIOUS ON ME!
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, PARTNER. OKAY--
KRANG
CHOK!
SKREE
WOK
LET'S GO!
THE SOONER WE GET THIS OVER WITH, THE BETTER ALL AROUND. SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY SAM'S BEEN FIGHTING SCARES ME...
WAP!
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN GOOD WITH HIS FISTS, BUT NOW HE SEEMS ALMOST ...VICIOUS!
"AND WHAT DID HE MEAN WHEN HE SAID THAT HE WAS TWO MEN? SOMETHING'S WRONG--BUT I CAN'T PUT MY FINGER ON IT."
AFTER THEM!
I WANT THOSE MOTHERLESS SUPERHEROES WASTED!
BLAM!
BLAM!

BUT IF WASTING CAP AND THE FALCON WERE ALL THAT SIMPLE, THEY WOULDN'T STILL BE HERE ON PAGE 30. SO, AFTER A REALLY FRANTIC AND FRENZIED CHASE SCENE...
CONTESSA, WHATEVER YOU'VE GOT IN MIND--
BOY, COULD WE USE IT NOW!
IT'S A "SHOT IN THE DARK", CAP!
BUT AFTER READING THE FILE ON HER, I JUST WANTED TO SEE HOW NIGHTSHADE'S UNCANNY CONTROL OVER THOSE AGENTS WOULD BE AFFECTED BY--
ZZZZZT!
"--DIRECT SUNLIGHT!"
WHIRR
AAGH!
AND AS THE BLINDING RAYS OF THE EARLY MORNING SUN STAB DOWNWARD INTO THE EMOTION-CHARGED SOLARIUM...
WHA-- WHA --WHAT ARE WE ALL DOING HERE?
DID I AUTHORIZE THIS?
I DON'T KNOW, HERR COCHREN.
ANY MORE THAN I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HOLDING A RECENTLY-FIRED MACHINE-PISTOL!

I WAS RIGHT! AFTER READING THE ACCOUNT OF HER PREVIOUS APPEARANCE, I BEGAN TO WONDER WHY NIGHTSHADE FELT SHE HAD TO ESCAPE. TRUE, DAWN WOULD TURN HER WEREWOLVES BACK INTO MEN--
BUT IF SHE HAD THE POWER TO CONTROL MEN, WHY DIDN'T SHE SIMPLY TAKE OVER NICK AND HIS ATTACK PARTY? HER NAME GOT ME THINKING FURTHER...
DON'T YOU SEE? NIGHTSHADE! DIRECT SUNLIGHT CAN DESTROY HER CONTROL. THAT'S WHY SHE HAD TO FLEE THAT DAY!
URR... EXCUSE ME--
--BUT I THINK A CERTAIN SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO LEAVE WITHOUT SAYING "GOODBYE"!
NO WAY, LADY!
LOOK, HANDSOME--
--MAYBE WE CAN MAKE SOME KIND OF A DEAL!
THERE'S A LOT I CAN OFFER YOU.
TO REPEAT: NO WAY!
OH, POO!
CUT TO: A BIT LATER. SHIELD DOCTORS ARE TAKING CARE OF THEIR INJURED COMRADES AND CAP AND THE FALCON ARE SIMPLY TAKING IT EASY...
IT'S BEEN A LONG HARD ROAD, SAM, BUT WE'VE MADE IT. WE'RE TOGETHER AGAIN--THE BEST FIGHTING TEAM AROUND!
IT'S NOT OVER YET, CAP! I REALLY MEANT IT WHEN I SAID I REMEMBERED EVERYTHING. THE SKULL DIDN'T LIE--I'M TWO DIFFERENT MEN!
ONE IS THE UPSTANDING CITIZEN YOU'VE KNOWN FOR ALMOST SIX YEARS--BUT THE OTHER--CAP, HE'S A HOOD, A CRIMINAL--AND, IF HE'S EVER BROUGHT TO TRIAL FOR HIS CRIMES--
--HE CAN BE SENT TO PRISON FOR LIFE!
NEXT The TRIAL of the FALCON!
DON'T MISS IT, FALC-FANS! CAUSE IT'S THE ONE WHERE IT ALL COMES TOGETHER!

CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
191
NOV
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
I'VE BEEN PAID TO MURDER YOU, HERO--
--AND THE STILT-MAN NEVER FAILS!
THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME, TALL-MAN-- AND THIS IS IT!
A SOUL-SEARING SENSATION!
THE TRIAL OF THE FALCON!

1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

IT TOOK A LONG TIME, FAITHFUL ONE--BUT, AS WE PROMISED YOU LAST ISSUE... THIS IS IT!!

TONY ISABELLA / PLOTTER — BILL MANTLO / WRITER — FRANK ROBBINS / ARTIST — D. BRUCE BERRY / INKER — K. MANTLO, J. COHEN / LETTERER, COLORIST — MARV WOLFMAN / EDITOR

PROUDLY BRING TO A CLOSE THE END OF AN EPIC...

THE TRIAL OF THE FALCON!

THE HIGH COURT OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, FINDS SAMUEL T. WILSON, ALIAS SNAP WILSON...

--ALIAS THE FALCON-- GUILTY OF HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEMEANORS, INCLUDING IMPORTATION AND SALE OF ILLEGAL NARCOTICS!

WHAT CAN I DO, CAP ?? HELP ME!

I--I CAN'T, SAM! IT'S BEEN PROVEN!!

SNAP WILSON IS-- WAS--A CRIMINAL, BUT IT'S THE FALCON WHO WILL HAVE TO ANSWER FOR HIS CRIMES!

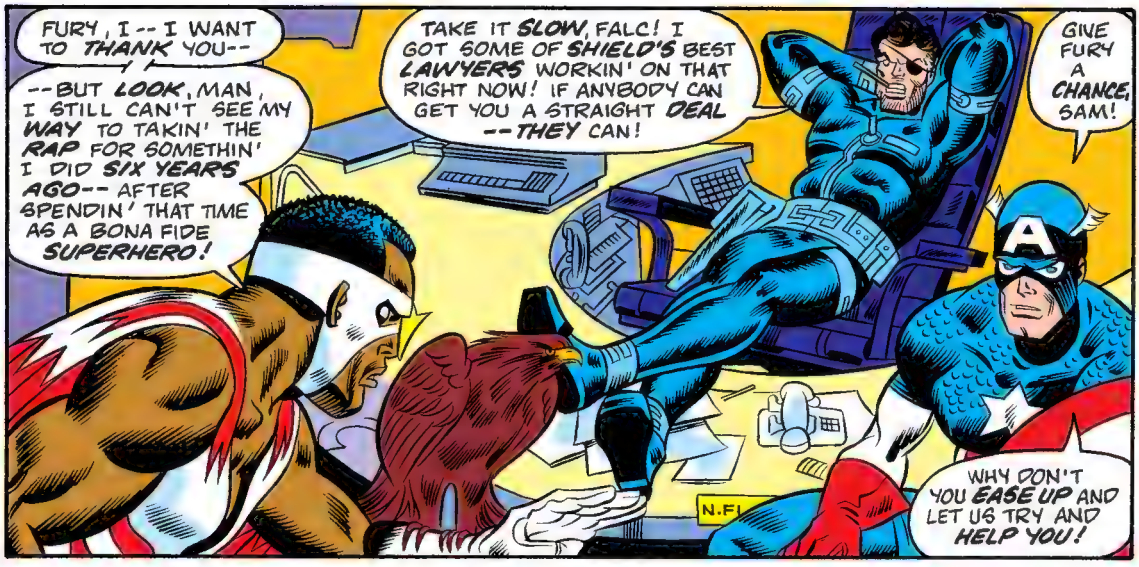
THIS IS OUR AWESOME ENDING. THE BEGINNING CAME...

... DAYS EARLIER ... IN THE CORRIDORS OF SHIELD.
WHAT DO I DO, CAP?
UP UNTIL YESTERDAY I DIDN'T EVEN RE-MEMBER BEIN' THE FALCON-- AN' NOW I KNOW I'M TWO MEN--
--A SMALL-TIME HOOD NAMED SNAP WILSON--
WHAT CAN I SAY TO HIM? IT'S ALL TRUE!
--AN' SAM WILSON-- SOCIAL-WORKER AN' PART-TIME SUPER-HERO!
I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN CUT IT, CAP! I JUST DON'T KNOW!
ME EITHER, SAM! I--
DON'T SAY IT, CAP! I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE THINKIN'!
YOU'RE HOPIN' IT WAS ALL A RED SKULL TRICK-- BUT IT ISN'T! IT'S FOR REAL
AND SO IT GOES AS TWO SOUL-SEARCHING COMRADES ENTER THE OFFICE OF JEFF COCHREN CO-DIRECTOR OF THAT LONG-REACHING LAW-ENFORCEMENT AGENCY KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS SHIELD.
COME IN, GENTLEMEN!
AND DON'T BOTHER SEATING YOURSELVES! YOU WON'T BE HERE LONG ENOUGH TO GET COMFORTABLE!
I MUST PROTEST, COCHREN! CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON HAVE DONE TOO MUCH FOR THIS COUNTRY TO BE TREATED IN SUCH AN OUT-OF-HAND MANNER!
AS ACTING DIRECTOR IN NICK FURY'S ABSENCE, AGENT CARTER--I MUST ORDER YOU TO MAINTAIN SILENCE WHILE I CARRY OUT THE DUTIES OF MY OFFICE!
DO THOSE 'DUTIES' INCLUDE TREATING GOOD MEN LIKE ANIMALS? I KNOW OUR INVESTIGATION CONFIRMED THE SKULL'S STORY BUT IF NICK WERE HERE--
ENOUGH! FURY ISN'T HERE-- AND I AM!
AGENT JONES! CALL IN THE SECURITY GUARDS!
AND WHEN A RELUCTANT GABE JONES DOES AS HE IS BID...
SKAAA
SHIELD SECURITY REPORTING, SIR!
SP
SP
YOUR PRISONER IS THE FALCON, SGT.! GUARD HIM CAREFULLY-- AND SEE TO IT THAT HE DOESN'T ESCAPE!
YOURE ALL ACTIN' LIKE I'M DIRT! I DIDN'T ASK FOR ANY OF THIS, MAN!

FWAP!
WAP
SKRE
EF!
AN' I AIN'T TAKIN' ANY!
SIC 'EM, REDWING!
HEY!
THIS IS ALL HAPPENIN' TOO FAST! CAN'T SORT IT OUT!
GOT TO GET ME SOME ROOM!
A CHANCE TO THINK!
SECURITY ALERT!
STOP HIM!
AN' FOR ALL HIS 'BUDDY-TALK' CAP AIN'T LIFTED A GLOVED FINGER TO HELP ME!
AND WHAT OF THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE AVENGER?
I'VE GOT TO STOP SAM--
--IF ONLY FOR HIS OWN GOOD!
I ONLY PRAY HE BELIEVES THAT!
WAANGG!
SAM! ARE YOU--
SKREE!
I'M FINE-- CRUMB!
NO THANKS TO YOU, THOUGH!
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT, CAP?
IS THIS WHERE WE DISSOLVE OUR PARTNERSHIP?
DON'T MESS AROUND, SAM! PLEASE!
I TOLD YOU I'D STAND BY YOU-- ALL THE WAY, PARTNER!
BUT YOU'VE GOT TO GO BEFORE A JUDGE WITH YOUR CASE!

BULL! I MAY HAVE BEEN OUT OF IT FOR SIX YEARS--
--BUT SNAP WILSON REMEMBERS HOW WHITE COURTS TREAT BLACKS, MISTER!
I'D RATHER BANK ON TRYIN' TO ESCAPE!
KNOCK IT OFF, YOU CLOWNS!
AND I MEAN NOW!
WHO--? FURY!!
YOU BETTER BET YOUR BLASTED BOOTS IT'S ME! NOW WHAT THE BLAZES IS GOIN' ON AROUND HERE?
IT'S COCHREN, NICK! HE'S GOT THEM PLAYING OFF AGAINST EACH OTHER!
COCHREN!!
UH-- YES SIR?
VAL-- WHY DON'T YOU SHOW CAP AND THE FALCON TO A NICE COZY SPOT WHERE THEY CAN COOL OFF--
--WHILE 'MR. CO-DIRECTOR' AN' ME GO INTO MY PLACE FOR A NICE LITTLE CHAT!
WHAA
GET YOUR BUTT IN THERE, COCHREN!
BUT--BUT COLONEL FURY--I--
N. FURY DIRECTOR
SLAM
SHUT UP, MISTER! JUST SHUT UP!
NOW I WANT YOU TO TALK, WISE GUY! WHAT THE #$%@*# HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO -- LORDIN' IT LIKE A TIN SOLDIER WHILE I BEEN GONE?
I--UH--I DID MY DUTY AS I SAW FIT, SIR!
THE FALCON WAS A MENACE-- THAT MUCH WAS CLEAR TO ME! SO I ORDERED HIM AND HIS GIRLFRIEND TAKEN INTO CUSTODY UNTIL--
YOU DID WHAT??
TELL ME SOMETHIN', MISTER? YOU EVER CLEANED LATRINES BEFORE?

AND WHILE A STUNNED JEFF COCHREN SLUMPS SLOWLY INTO A CHAIR HE ONCE WISHED TO OCCUPY...
GET LEILA UP HERE, SERGEANT, PRONTO!
YES SIR!
LEILA! HERE??
YES, SAM! COCHREN HAD HER BROUGHT UP-- TO USE IN CASE YOU GOT OUT OF HAND!
AND, SUSPENSE-FILLED MOMENTS LATER...
FALC??
LEILA-- HONEY??
A SHORT CURTAIN AT THIS JUNCTURE...
...AND WHEN IT IS RAISED...
SO WE'RE TOGETHER, FALC!
SURROUNDED BY HONKY STORM-TROOPERS!
I AIN'T SO SURE OF THAT, BABY! I--I THINK I TRUST FURY!
THANKS FOR YOUR VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, FALC! NOW-- BEFORE YOU TWO START MAKIN' OUT AGAIN-- I GOT SOME-BODY WHO'S GOT SOME-THIN' TO SAY TO YOU!
COCHREN!!
MY...ER... HUMBLEST APOLOGIES! IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN, MADAM!
COCHREN
YEAH! I'LL BET!
NEXT TIME, PAL -- TRY TO MAKE IT MORE CON-VINCIN'! I DON'T THINK THE LADY BELIEVED YOU!
I THINK YOUR HUNCH ABOUT CUTEY-PIE WAS RIGHT FALC!
SERGEANT! ESCORT THE LADY HOME-- IN STYLE!
ANYWAY, HURRY HOME, BABY! MAMA MISSES YOU!
AND WHEN THE LADY'S LEFT...


FURY, I -- I WANT TO THANK YOU--
--BUT LOOK, MAN, I STILL CAN'T SEE MY WAY TO TAKIN' THE RAP FOR SOMETHIN' I DID SIX YEARS AGO-- AFTER SPENDIN' THAT TIME AS A BONA FIDE SUPERHERO!
TAKE IT SLOW, FALC! I GOT SOME OF SHIELD'S BEST LAWYERS WORKIN' ON THAT RIGHT NOW! IF ANYBODY CAN GET YOU A STRAIGHT DEAL --THEY CAN!
GIVE FURY A CHANCE, SAM!
WHY DON'T YOU EASE UP AND LET US TRY AND HELP YOU!

YEAH, HUH?
IT AIN'T YOUR NECK, CAP! I HEAR THEY GOT THE NOOSE UP A BIT HIGHER FOR ALL US BASKETBALL - PLAYING BLACKS!
CUT THAT KIND OF TALK, SAM! IT'S NOT TRUE AND YOU KNOW IT!

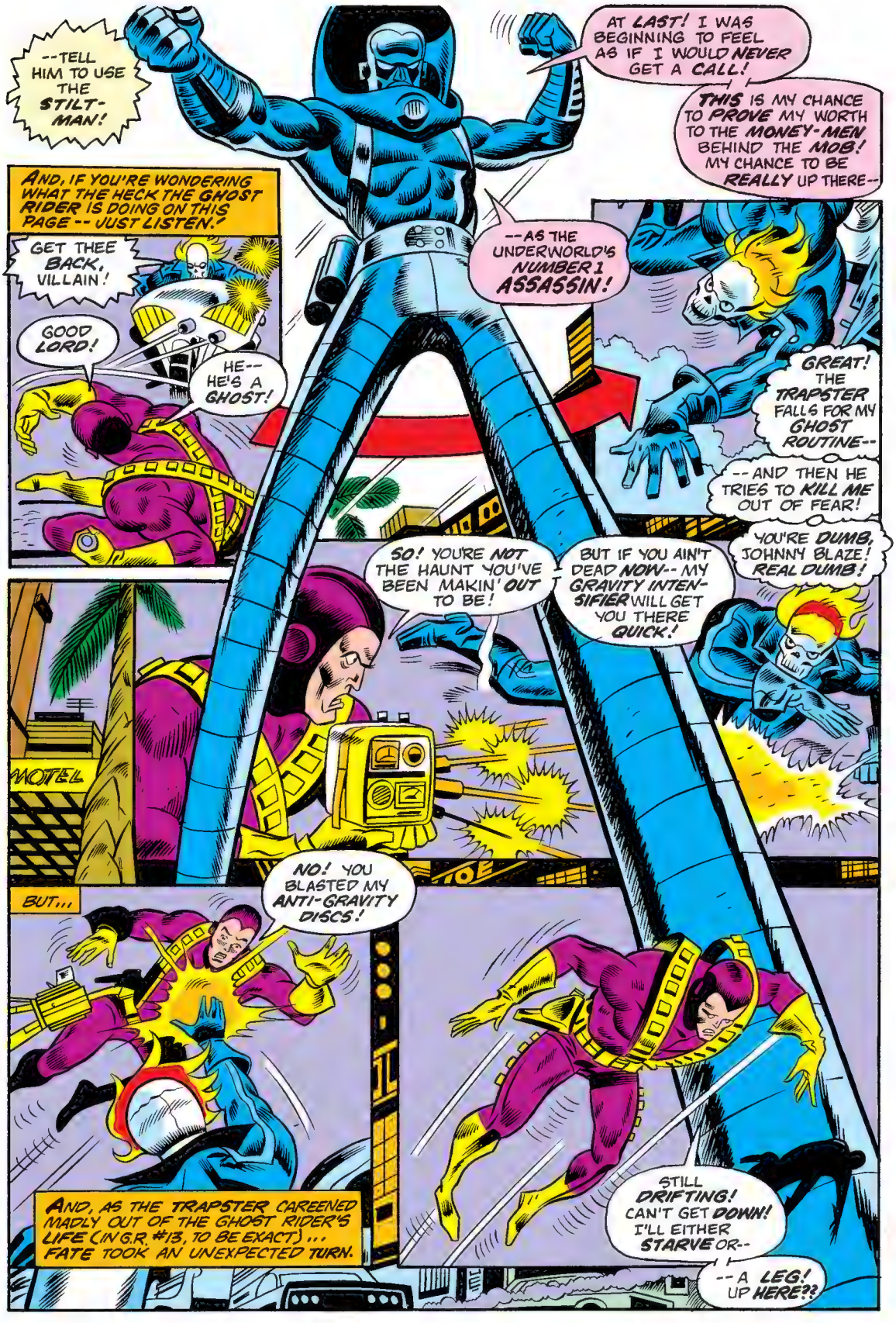
LOOK, MAN-- YOU'RE THE ONE WITH AMERICA AS A LAST NAME!
ME-- I'M JUST AN EX-SLAVE, FELLA -- AN' THIS COUNTRY AIN'T NEVER DONE ANYTHING WORTH A PLUGGED NICKEL FOR ME!
I'LL BE WAITIN' TO SEE HOW IT COMES OUT, MAN-- --AT LEILA'S!
"LET HIM GO, CAP," SAYS FURY. "HE'S UNDER HIELD OBSERVATION-- NOT THAT I THINK HE'D TRY ANYTHING!"

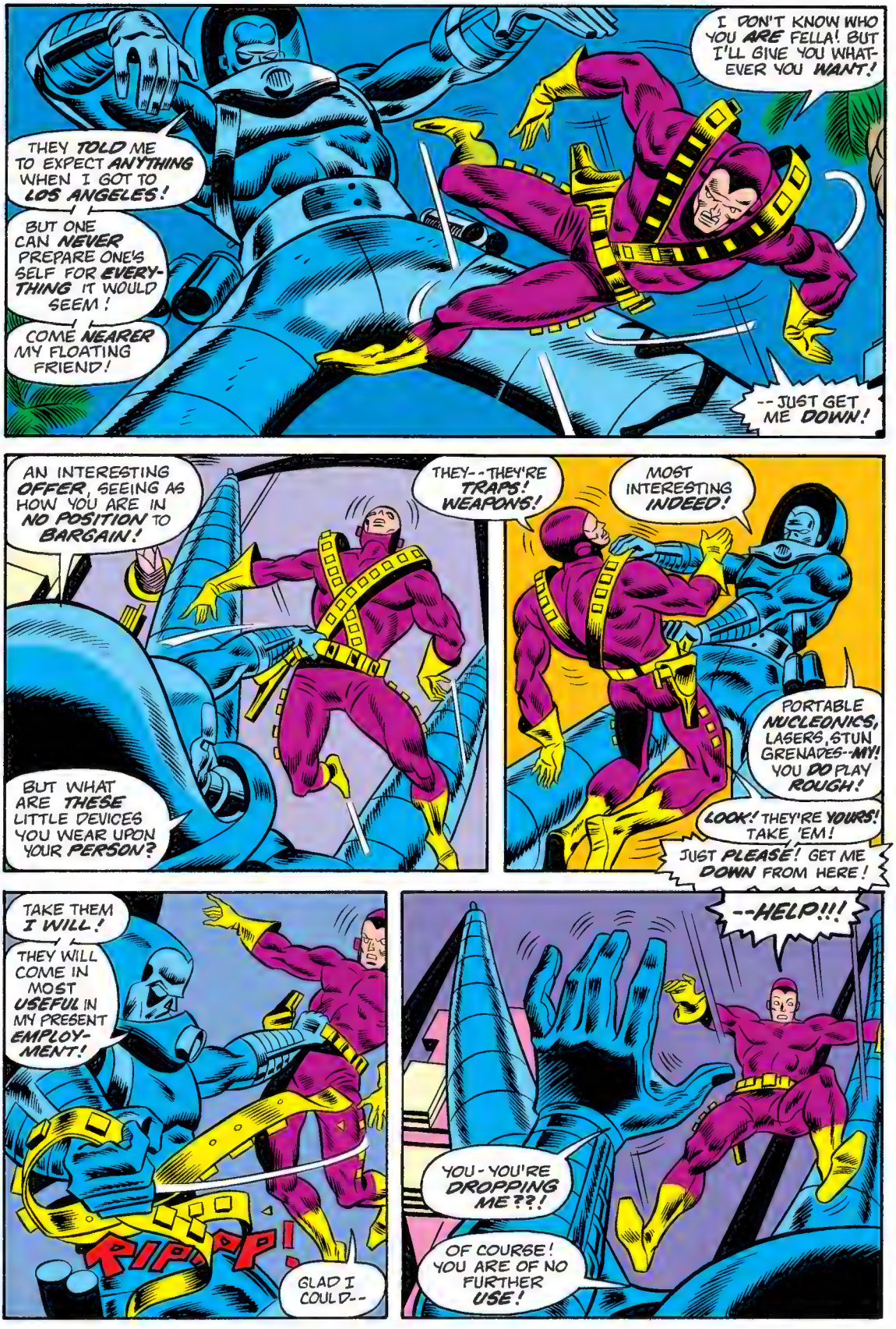
BUT YOU LOOK LIKE YOU COULD USE A BOOST, MISTER!
LOOK CAP-- THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF HARD WORDS BETWEEN US--
--A LOT OF GRIEF AT A TIME WHEN YOU NEEDED A BUDDY!

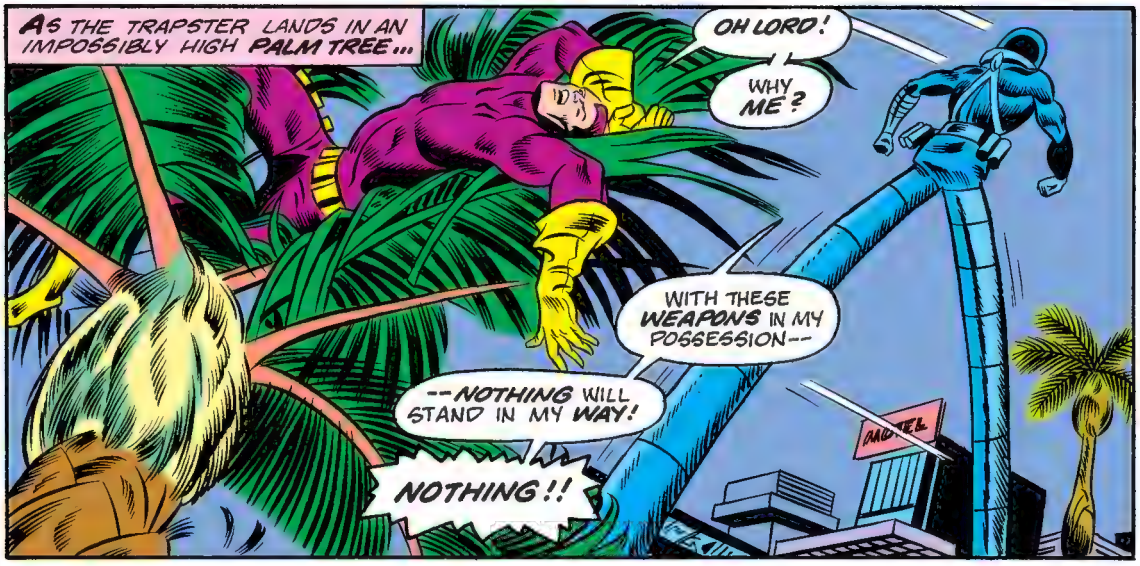
I JUST WANT TO LET YOU KNOW, CAP, THAT I UNDERSTAND THE THINGS YOU'VE BEEN GOIN' THRU!
I-- THANKS, FURY!
THAT I CAN FIGGER WHAT IT TAKES TO GO AROUND WITH A NAME LIKE CAPTAIN AMERICA-- AND TRY AND MAKE IT WORK!
JUST... THANKS!

THINK NOTHIN' OF IT, AVENGER!
...?
PRIORITY A-1
JUST DROP US A LINE IF YOU EVER NEED A HAND! WE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE!

THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW ARE HARROWING ONES FOR THE MAN KNOWN AS SAM WILSON.
VS-CHRONICLE
FALCON GOES TO
FALC AT LOOKING...
HE SEES BOTH SIDES OF THE COIN THAT IS AMERICA FLIPPED BEFORE HIM. THE ONE SIDE TRYING DESPERATELY IN THEIR HEARTS TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS MAN IS GOING THRU, AND POSSIBLY EVEN SEE THEIR WAY TOWARDS FORGIVING HIM HIS PAST...
GEE, DAD IT'S THE FALCON!
...TRIAL TO TO BEGIN TOMORROW IN THE CASE...
OH MY LORD!
IT JUST CAN'T BE TRUE!
...THE OTHER SIDE READY TO DUMP A FIGURE WHO HAS DONE SO MUCH FOR THEM, WHETHER IT BE OUT OF FEAR FOR ANY ONE CLAIMING A POWER APART FROM THEIR OWN LIVES...OR WEATHER IT BE THAT MAN'S COLOR OR HIS IDEAS...
AS SPOKESMAN FOR THE AVENGERS, I CAN ONLY SAY THAT A MAN IS INNOCENT UNTIL PROVEN GUILTY!
HE'S A COMMIE--A HIDDEN MENACE!
UP THE FALCON!
OUR DUDE!
FALC'S A WAR!
AH--SHADDUP!
WHAT A FLASH! THE AVENGERS BACK THE FALCON!
AVENGERS
RIGHT ON, FALC! WE'RE WITH YOU!
THAT AIN'T WHAT HE SAID--BUT IT'LL SELL NEWSPAPERS!
...AND, PERHAPS IT IS THE SUM OF THAT COIN THAT IS TRULY THE END WORTH OF THE MAN CALLED THE FALCON.
WIA
WIA
AND IT IS A LONELY MAN, IN THE END, THAT BOARDS THE PLANE TO LOS ANGELES ...FOR A DATE WITH WHAT HE HOPES WILL BE JUSTICE, EVEN IF HE IS NO LONGER SURE WHAT THAT WORD MEANS.
CUT! TO THE UNDERWORLD OF THE CITY OF THE STARS!
WE'S IN A BIND, DUDES!
SNAP WILSON WAS ONE OF US! IF HE REMEMBERS THAT LITTLE FACT--
--AIN'T NO TELLIN' WHAT HE'LL SPILL TO THE FEDS!
WE WASTE THE MAN, BROTHER RAYMOND! DIAL 'HOLLYWOOD' VINE AND TELL HIM TO PUT OUT A CONTACT ON SNAP WILSON!
SO WHATTA WE DO, JAZ?
TELL HIM THE SCORE! AND--

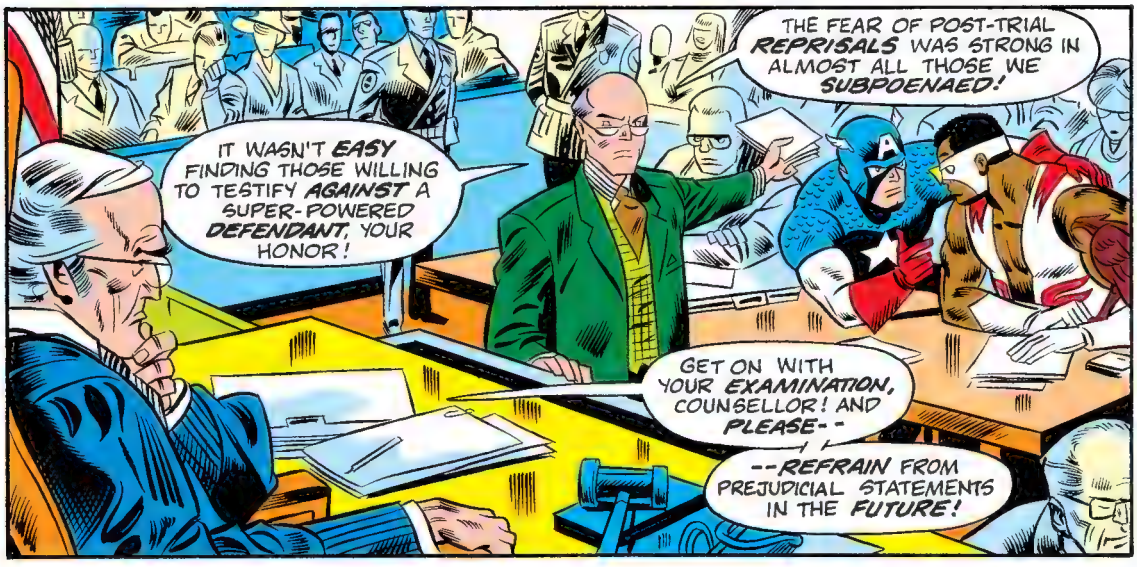

--TELL HIM TO USE THE STILT-MAN!
AT LAST! I WAS BEGINNING TO FEEL AS IF I WOULD NEVER GET A CALL!
THIS IS MY CHANCE TO PROVE MY WORTH TO THE MONEY-MEN BEHIND THE MOB! MY CHANCE TO BE REALLY UP THERE--
AND, IF YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT THE HECK THE GHOST RIDER IS DOING ON THIS PAGE -- JUST LISTEN!
GET THEE BACK, VILLAIN!
GOOD LORD!
HE-- HE'S A GHOST!
--AS THE UNDERWORLD'S NUMBER 1 ASSASSIN!
GREAT! THE TRAPSTER FALLS FOR MY GHOST ROUTINE--
-- AND THEN HE TRIES TO KILL ME OUT OF FEAR!
YOU'RE DUMB, JOHNNY BLAZE! REAL DUMB!
SO! YOU'RE NOT THE HAUNT YOU'VE BEEN MAKIN' OUT TO BE!
BUT IF YOU AIN'T DEAD NOW-- MY GRAVITY INTENSIFIER WILL GET YOU THERE QUICK!
MOTEL
BUT...
NO! YOU BLASTED MY ANTI-GRAVITY DISCS!
AND, AS THE TRAPSTER CAREENED MADLY OUT OF THE GHOST RIDER'S LIFE (IN G.R. #13, TO BE EXACT)... FATE TOOK AN UNEXPECTED TURN.
STILL DRIFTING! CAN'T GET DOWN! I'LL EITHER STARVE OR--
--A LEG! UP HERE??


THEY TOLD ME TO EXPECT ANYTHING WHEN I GOT TO LOS ANGELES!
BUT ONE CAN NEVER PREPARE ONE'S SELF FOR EVERY-THING IT WOULD SEEM!
COME NEARER MY FLOATING FRIEND!
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE FELLA! BUT I'LL GIVE YOU WHAT-EVER YOU WANT!
--JUST GET ME DOWN!
AN INTERESTING OFFER, SEEING AS HOW YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO BARGAIN!
BUT WHAT ARE THESE LITTLE DEVICES YOU WEAR UPON YOUR PERSON?
THEY--THEY'RE TRAPS! WEAPONS!
MOST INTERESTING INDEED!
PORTABLE NUCLEONICS, LASERS, STUN GRENADES--MY! YOU DO PLAY ROUGH!
LOOK! THEY'RE YOURS! TAKE 'EM!
JUST PLEASE! GET ME DOWN FROM HERE!
TAKE THEM I WILL!
THEY WILL COME IN MOST USEFUL IN MY PRESENT EMPLOY-MENT!
RIP...PP!
GLAD I COULD--
--HELP!!!
YOU-YOU'RE DROPPING ME??!
OF COURSE! YOU ARE OF NO FURTHER USE!

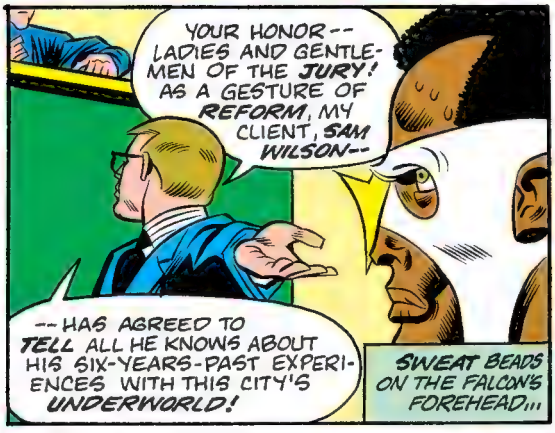

AS THE TRAPSTER LANDS IN AN IMPOSSIBLY HIGH PALM TREE...
OH LORD!
WHY ME?
WITH THESE WEAPONS IN MY POSSESSION--
--NOTHING WILL STAND IN MY WAY!
NOTHING!!
MOTEL

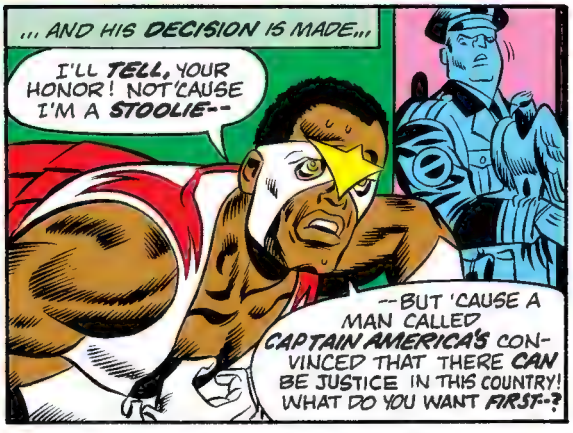
THIS COURT SHALL COME TO ORDER!
THE TRIAL OF THE STATE VS. SAMUEL WILSON SHALL NOW COMMENCE!
WAAP!

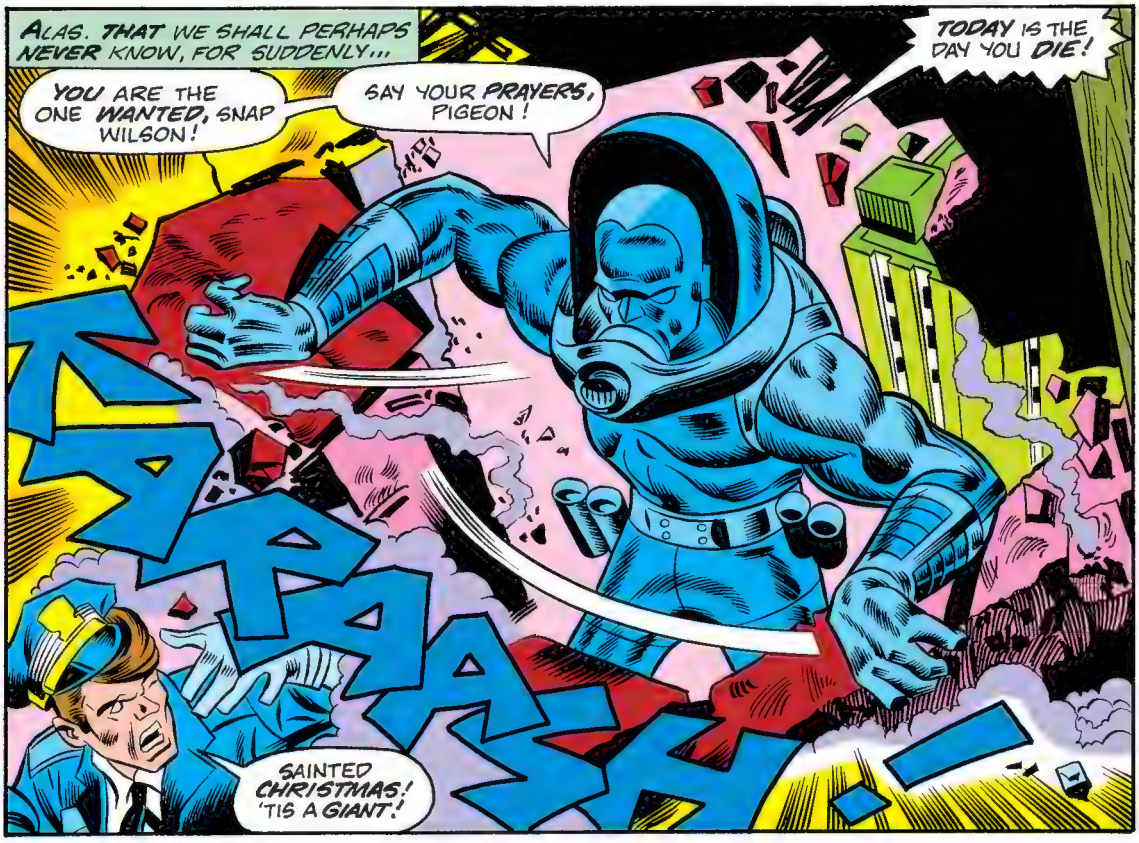
PROSECUTOR! YOU MAY CALL YOUR FIRST WITNESS!
WITNESS! WHO THE HELL DID THEY DIG UP THAT REMEMBERS THAT FAR BACK?
TAKE IT EASY, SAM! THERE'S BOUND TO BE A LOT OF YOUR OLD --AQUAINTANCES' ABOUT, EAGER TO GRAB A PIECE OF THE LIME-LIGHT!


IT WASN'T EASY FINDING THOSE WILLING TO TESTIFY AGAINST A SUPER-POWERED DEFENDANT, YOUR HONOR!
THE FEAR OF POST-TRIAL REPRISALS WAS STRONG IN ALMOST ALL THOSE WE SUBPOENAED!
GET ON WITH YOUR EXAMINATION, COUNSELLOR! AND PLEASE--
--REFRAIN FROM PREJUDICIAL STATEMENTS IN THE FUTURE!

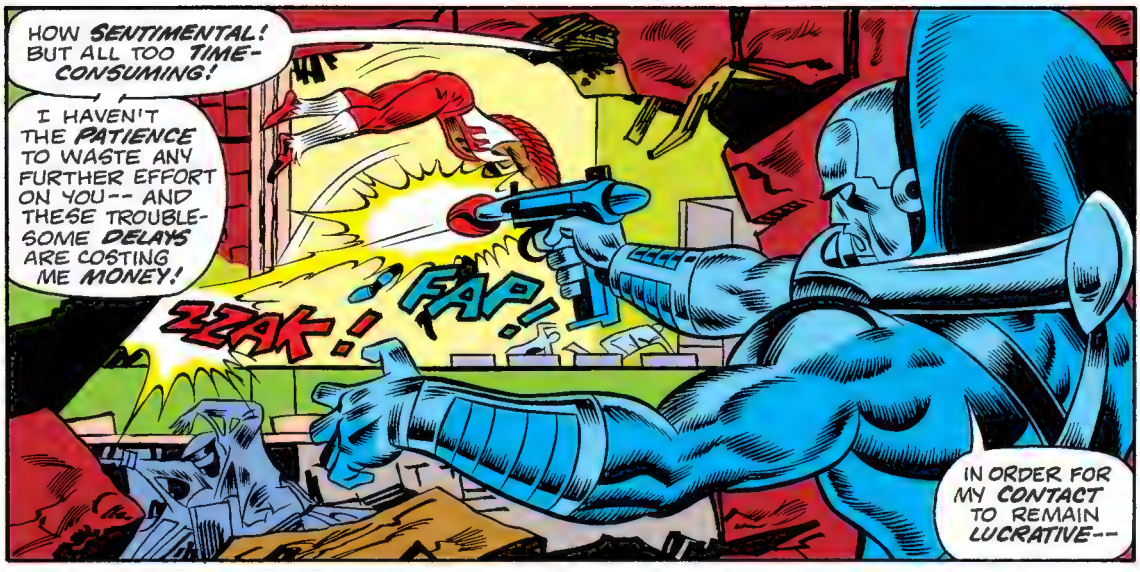
NAME'S HOLLYWOOD VINE, BRO'! YEAH, I USED TO KNOW SNAP!
WE WAS BUDDIES -- IN A MANNER O' SPEAKIN'!
THANK YOU, MR. --AH-- VINE! THAT WILL BE ALL!
YESSIR. THAT SNAP WILSON WAS A BAD SORT!
SAM WILSON IS ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN I'VE EVER KNOWN! WHY HE'S LAID HIS LIFE ON THE LINE MORE TIMES THAN--
THAT WILL BE ALL, CAPTAIN! THANK YOU!


YOUR HONOR-- LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY! AS A GESTURE OF REFORM, MY CLIENT, SAM WILSON--
--HAS AGREED TO TELL ALL HE KNOWS ABOUT HIS SIX-YEARS-PAST EXPERIENCES WITH THIS CITY'S UNDERWORLD!
SWEAT BEADS ON THE FALCON'S FOREHEAD...

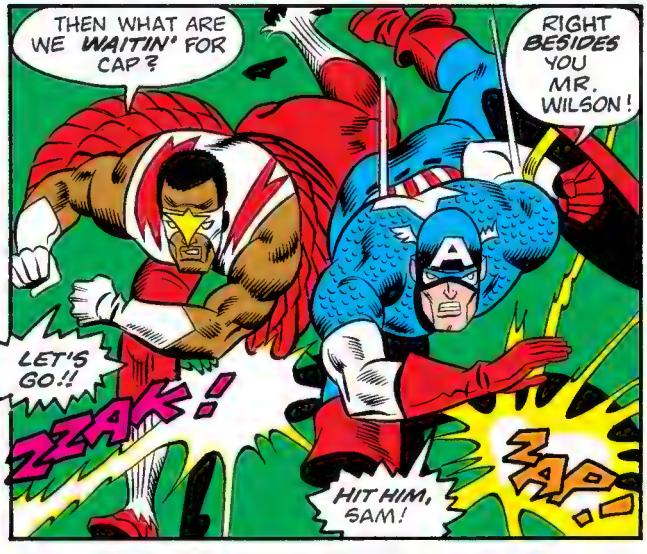

...AND HIS DECISION IS MADE...
I'LL TELL, YOUR HONOR! NOT 'CAUSE I'M A STOOLIE--
--BUT 'CAUSE A MAN CALLED CAPTAIN AMERICA'S CONVINCED THAT THERE CAN BE JUSTICE IN THIS COUNTRY! WHAT DO YOU WANT FIRST--?

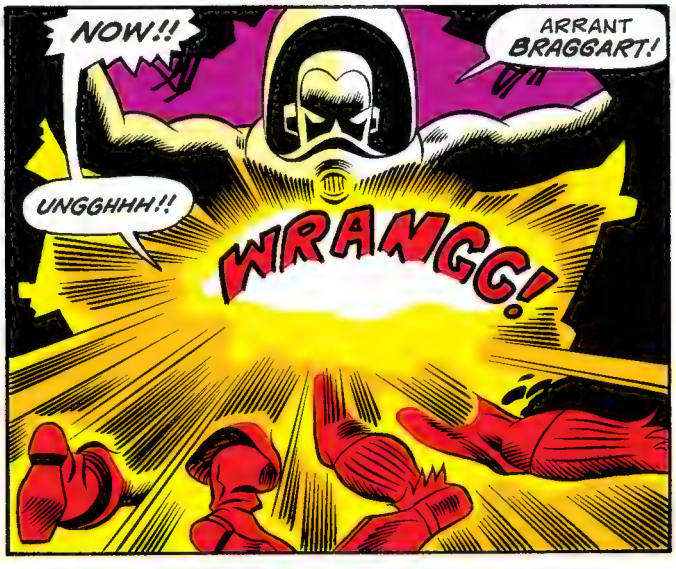

ALAS. THAT WE SHALL PERHAPS NEVER KNOW, FOR SUDDENLY...
YOU ARE THE ONE WANTED, SNAP WILSON!
SAY YOUR PRAYERS, PIGEON!
TODAY IS THE DAY YOU DIE!
KRAAAASH!
SAINTED CHRISTMAS! 'TIS A GIANT!

STAY BACK--ALL OF YOU! DAREDEVIL TOLD ME ABOUT THE STILT-MAN!
THAT EXO-SKELETAL ARMOR HE'S WEARING INCREASES HIS STRENGTH TEN-FOLD!
CORRECT, GNAT! AND THESE LITTLE SURPRISES I BORROWED FOR THE OCCASION WILL ELIMINATE ANY MORE OF YOUR BOTHERSOME INTERRUPTIONS!
LOOK OUT! HE'S THROWING--
PLURSH!
PASTE BOMBS, FOOL!
FOOF!
HE MEANS SAM --AND HE KEEPS REFERRING TO HIM AS HIS 'TARGET'!
THEY WILL FIRMLY MIRE YOU WHILE THE STILT-MAN DEALS WITH HIS TARGET!
PLOF!
WHICH MEANS THE MOB ISN'T EVEN GOING TO GIVE SAM A CHANCE TO TESTIFY!
SAM! GET OUT OF HERE, MAN!
THEY'RE OUT TO KILL YOU!
NO WAY, CAP!
YOU STUCK BY ME--
I'D BE SOME KIND OF SLUG IF I COPPED OUT ON YOU, BROTHER!
AN' I'D KINDA LIKE BEIN' ABLE TO LOOK MYSELF IN THE MIRROR EVERY MORNIN'!
ARE YOU A FOOL, WILSON?
I LOST ONE PARTNER, SAM! PLEASE--
-- DON'T LET ME LOSE ANOTHER ONE!


HOW SENTIMENTAL! BUT ALL TOO TIME-CONSUMING!
I HAVEN'T THE PATIENCE TO WASTE ANY FURTHER EFFORT ON YOU-- AND THESE TROUBLE-SOME DELAYS ARE COSTING ME MONEY!
ZZAK!
FAP!
IN ORDER FOR MY CONTACT TO REMAIN LUCRATIVE--

--SNAP WILSON MUST BE DISPOSED OF QUICKLY!
HERE HE COMES AGAIN, CAP!
I SEE HIM, SAM! WE'VE GOT TO ACT FAST--
--NOT SIT HERE LIKE TURKEYS AT A TURKEY SHOOT!

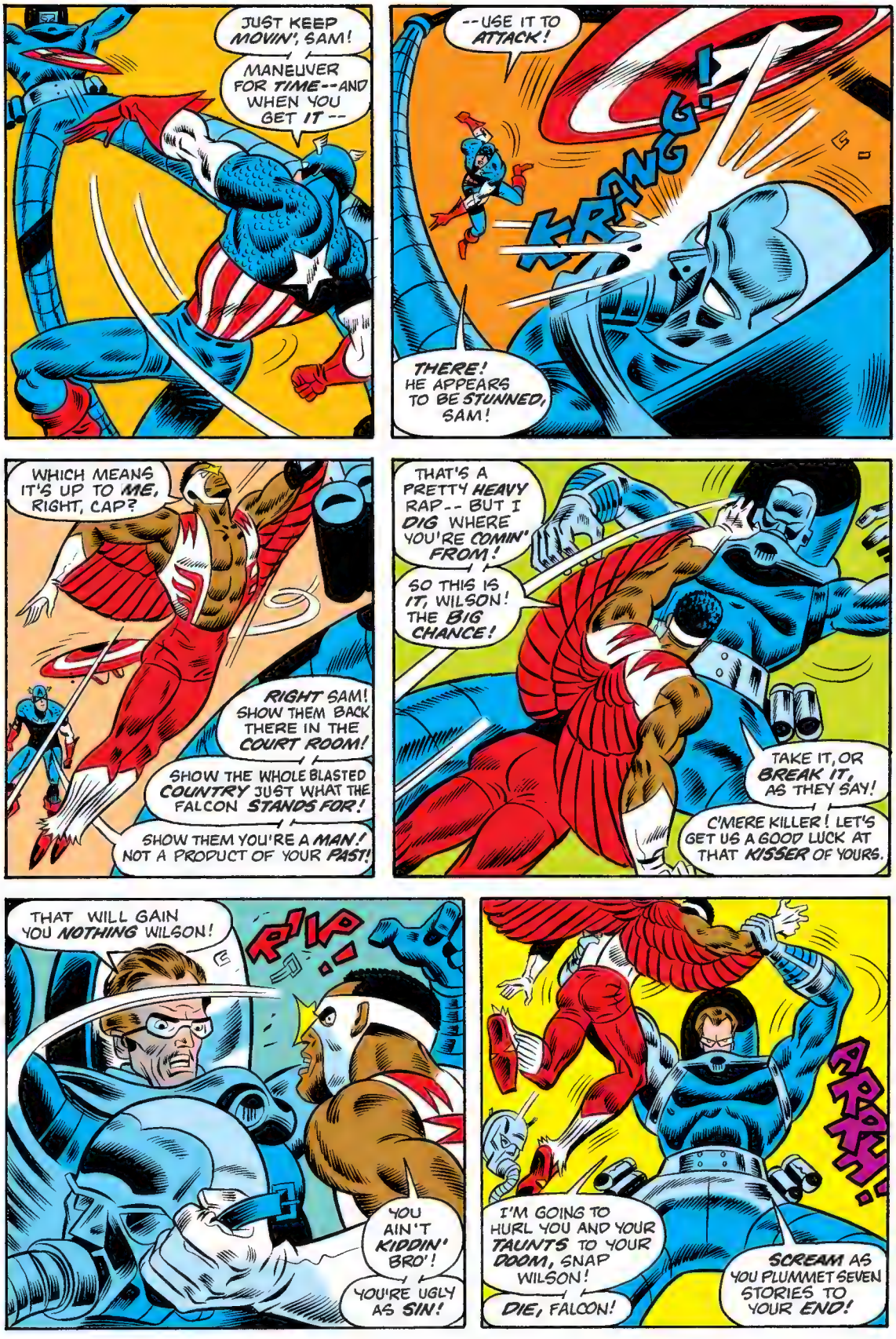

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR CAP?
RIGHT BESIDES YOU MR. WILSON!
LET'S GO!!
ZZAK!
HIT HIM, SAM!
ZAP!


NOW!!
ARRANT BRAGGART!
UNGGHHH!!
WRANGG!

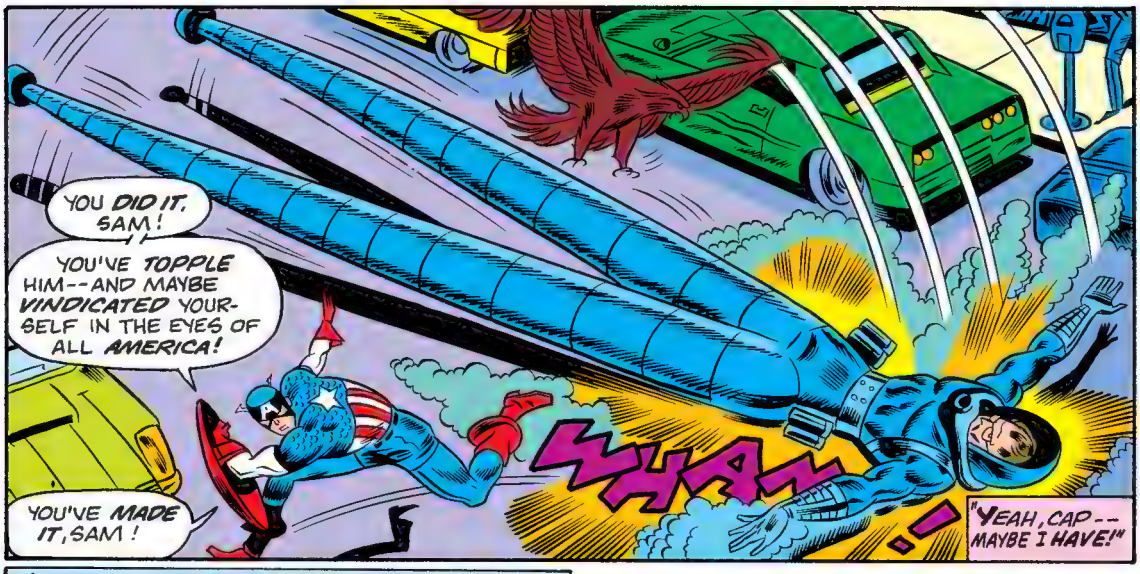
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT THE RESULT OF YOUR IMPETUOUS ACTION TO BE-- WHEN YOU ATTEMPT TO TOPPLE A MAN OF METAL WITH YOUR HEADS?
WE WERE HOPING FOR THE BEST, MISTER!
WE JUST DIDN'T GET IT!

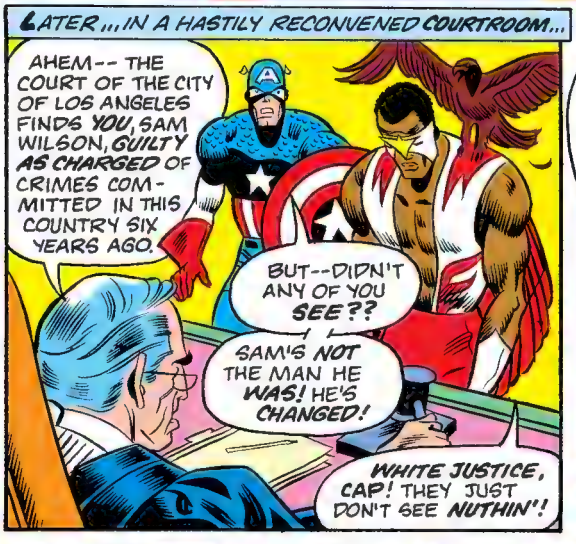
BAH! THE TIME FOR JESTS AND GAMES IS DONE!
YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO DIE, SNAP WILSON!
AND I AM YOUR APPOINTED EXECUTIONER!
ATTEMPT NO FURTHER INTERFERENCE, CAPT. AMERICA, OR YOUR DEATH WILL FOLLOW--
--FREE OF CHARGE! THO' I'M SURE MY EMPLOYERS WOULD SEE FIT TO PAY ME ITS WORTH!
THIS IS IT, WILSON! THIS STINKIN' KILLER'S GONNA WIPE OUT YOU AN' CAP FOR THE DOUGH!
ONE CHANCE! GOT TO SEE IF MY LINK WITH RED-WING IS STILL WORKIN'!
REDWING! COME ON BIRD!
IT STILL WORKS, FALCON!
SKREE!
WHAT IN THE NAME OF-- ??
OF COURSE! I FORGOT ABOUT THE FALCON'S BIRD!
BLASTED FOWL IS MARRING MY LINE OF SIGHT! CAN'T SEE TO SHOOT!
WAY TO GO, REDWING!
KEEP THAT WALKIN' HUNK O' PLUMBING BUSY--
--WHILE ME AN' CAP GET BACK TO THE ROOTS OF OUR PROBLEM!
HANG ON TIGHT, PARTNER!
DON'T WANT TO MAKE NO RED WHITE AN' BLUE SPLAT ALL OVER HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, SAM! YOU'RE THE ONE HE'S AFTER!
THE WAY THE STILT-MAN SEES IT -- I'M ONLY A BONUS! THE FROSTING ON THE CAKE!

KIND OF A BLACK-'N'-WHITE SPECIAL, HUH MAN?
SORRY! JUST MY SIDE-STREET TALKIN'!
FORGET IT, SAM! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO--
HOLY JOE!
DON'T LOOK NOW, CAP--
--BUT IT LOOKS LIKE TROUBLE'S COMIN' RIGHT TO US!
THE SHADOW LENGTHENS IN THE LATE AFTERNOON SUN...
... AND LENGTHENS... AND LENGTHENS... UNTIL IT IS AS IMPOSSIBLY LONG AS ITS OWNER IS HIGH!
RUN! COWER! IT WILL DO YOU NO GOOD!
CLIK-TIK-TIK
FOR THERE IS NOWHERE YOU CAN HIDE WHEN THE STILT-MAN STALKS HIS PREY!
SKRAH!
HE'S OVER SEVEN-STORIES TALL -- AND GROWING!
HIS HYDRAULIC LEGS CAN MAKE HIM ANY SIZE HE WANTS!
AN' HIS HYDRAULIC FOOT IS EXPANDING-- ABOUT TO MAKE US FLAT, PARTNER!
YOU GOT ANY IDEAS, CAP? I'M FRESH OUT!


JUST KEEP MOVIN', SAM!
MANEUVER FOR TIME--AND WHEN YOU GET IT --
--USE IT TO ATTACK!
KRANG!
THERE! HE APPEARS TO BE STUNNED, SAM!
WHICH MEANS IT'S UP TO ME, RIGHT, CAP?
RIGHT SAM! SHOW THEM BACK THERE IN THE COURT ROOM!
SHOW THE WHOLE BLASTED COUNTRY JUST WHAT THE FALCON STANDS FOR!
SHOW THEM YOU'RE A MAN! NOT A PRODUCT OF YOUR PAST!
THAT'S A PRETTY HEAVY RAP-- BUT I DIG WHERE YOU'RE COMIN' FROM!
SO THIS IS IT, WILSON! THE BIG CHANCE!
TAKE IT, OR BREAK IT, AS THEY SAY!
C'MERE KILLER! LET'S GET US A GOOD LUCK AT THAT KISSER OF YOURS.
THAT WILL GAIN YOU NOTHING WILSON!
RIP!
YOU AIN'T KIDDIN' BRO'!
YOU'RE UGLY AS SIN!
I'M GOING TO HURL YOU AND YOUR TAUNTS TO YOUR DOOM, SNAP WILSON!
DIE, FALCON!
ARRH!
SCREAM AS YOU PLUMMET SEVEN STORIES TO YOUR END!

BUT...
SKREE!
REDWING! GET 'IM! TEAR AT HIS FACE!
NO!
WITHOUT MY FACE-MASK I'M DEFENSELESS AGAINST THAT ACCURSED BIRD'S TALONS!
WHICH LEAVES ME FREE FROM THAT DOOM YOU WERE GOIN' ON ABOUT!
AN' NOW ITS MY TURN, TIN MAN!
WAP!
ARRGHHH!
ZOK!
MY TURN FOR SHOWIN' 'EM ALL THAT A MAN'S GOT TO HAVE A CHANCE TO PROVE HIMSELF!
BOK!
MY TURN TO SHOW A DUDE NAME OF CAPTAIN AMERICA--
--THAT I OWE HIM--
--MAYBE MORE THAN I CAN EVER REPAY!
AN' MY ONE CHANCE TO PAY MYSELF BACK FOR A PAST I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN!
NO! NO MORE!
KEEP BACK!
NOT A PRAYER, KILLER!
KER-POW!
YOU'RE ASKIN' TOO MUCH!
--AN' YOU'RE ASKIN' TOO LATE!


YOU DID IT, SAM!
YOU'VE TOPPLE HIM--AND MAYBE VINDICATED YOURSELF IN THE EYES OF ALL AMERICA!
YOU'VE MADE IT, SAM!
WHAM!
"YEAH, CAP--MAYBE I HAVE!"


LATER...IN A HASTILY RECONVENED COURTROOM...
AHEM-- THE COURT OF THE CITY OF LOS ANGELES FINDS YOU, SAM WILSON, GUILTY AS CHARGED OF CRIMES COMMITTED IN THIS COUNTRY SIX YEARS AGO.
BUT--DIDN'T ANY OF YOU SEE??
SAM'S NOT THE MAN HE WAS! HE'S CHANGED!
WHITE JUSTICE, CAP! THEY JUST DON'T SEE NUTHIN'!

STRIKE THAT LAST REMARK FROM THE RECORDS, CLERK, IF YOU HAD ALLOWED ME TO FINISH, FALCON--YOU WOULD HAVE HEARD ME SUSPEND SENTENCE -- AND RELEASE YOU ON PAROLE!
YOU ARE TO REPORT ONCE A MONTH TO YOUR PAROLE OFFICER, AND HE WILL BE THE JUDGE OF WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE TRULY REPENTANT!
AND, IN LIGHT OF YOUR BEING A SUPER-HERO, THAT OFFICER WILL BE--

--NICK FURY, DIRECTOR OF SHIELD!
WHADDA YOU HEAR, WHADDA YOU SAY, FALC?
LOOKS LIKE THIS MAY BE THE START OF A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP!
I--

FERGIT IT, PAL! I ACCEPT YOUR HEARTFELT THANKS!
FURY UNDERNEATH THAT ROUGH, UNSHAVEN EXTERIOR OF YOURS--
--IS A ROUGH, UNSHAVEN INTERIOR! AND DON'T EITHER OF YOU FORGET IT!

NOW HOW'S ABOUT WE SHAKE ON IT! ONE FOR ALL -- ALL FOR ONE, ECT.
HERE'S MY HAND ON IT, NICK!
AND MINE! IF YOU'LL HAVE IT?
SURE! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE?
END

NEXT ISSUE

THE RETURN OF DOCTOR FAUSTUS! ACTION LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!

SLAUGHTER IN THE SKIES!

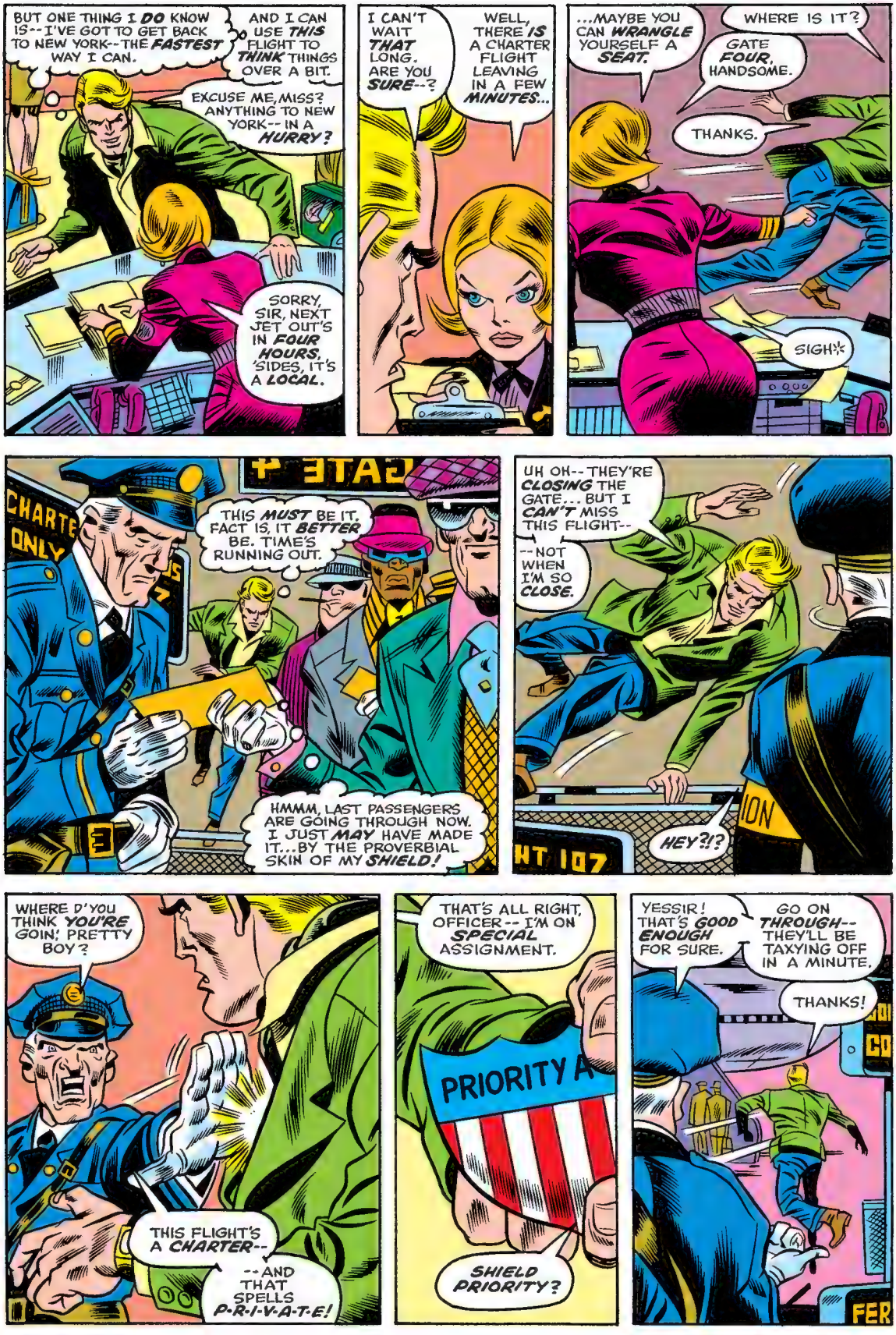
CAPT. AMERICA
MARVEL COMICS GROUP™
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
25¢
192
DEC
02453
CAPTAIN AMERICA™
AND
THE FALCON™
YOU SAID YOU WERE RUSHING HOME, AVENGER--
--HAPPY LANDING!
CAN EVEN CAP SURVIVE--
SLAUGHTER IN THE SKY!

1941! The world at *war!* And in a secret laboratory, frail *Steve Rogers* became the American *super-soldier!* For four thrilling years, he fought the Axis powers—until a freak stroke of fate threw him into *suspended animation.* He woke in the mid-1960s, a man *twenty years out of his time.* Since that fateful day, Steve Rogers has sought his *destiny* in this brave new world.

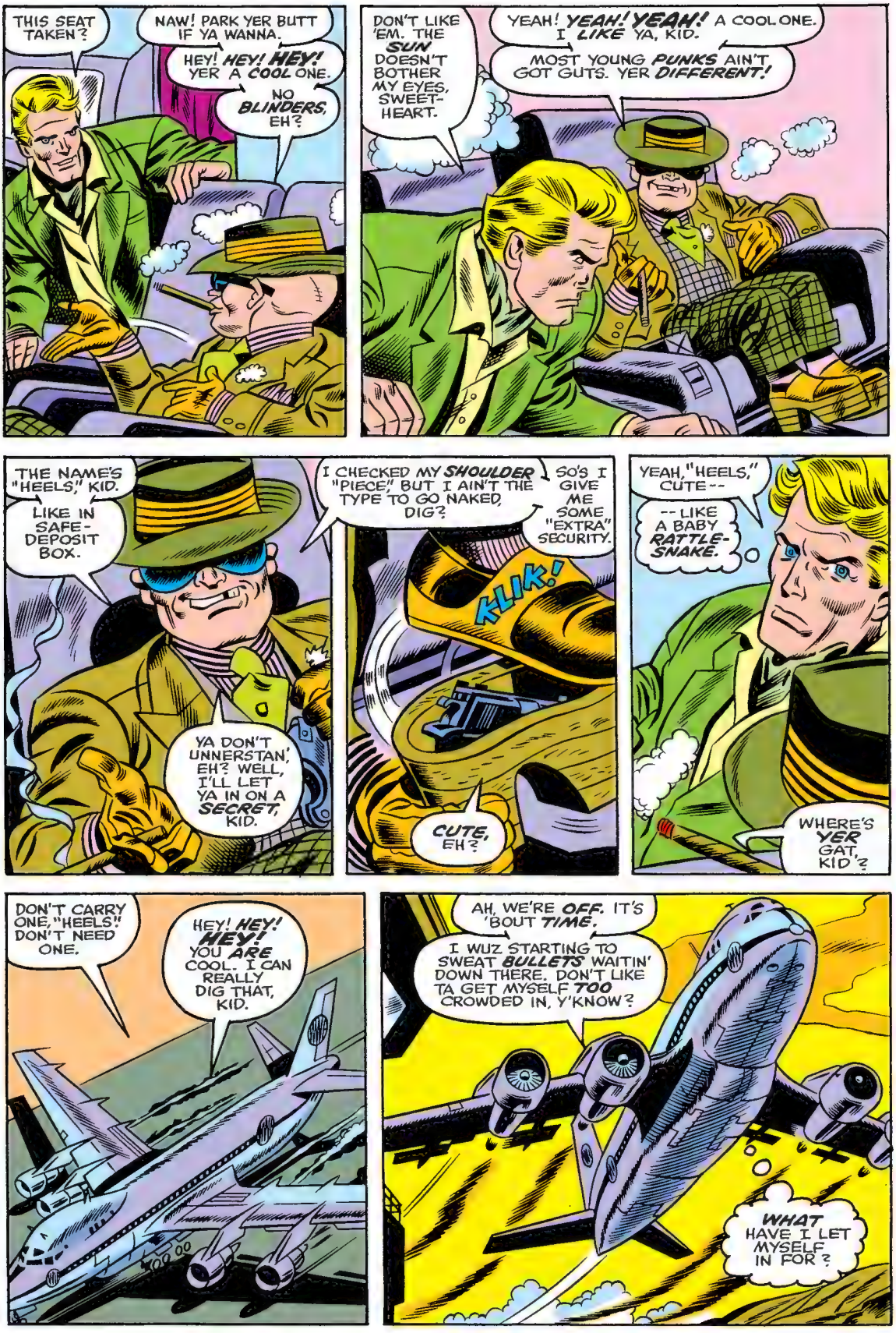
Stan Lee PRESENTS: CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON™

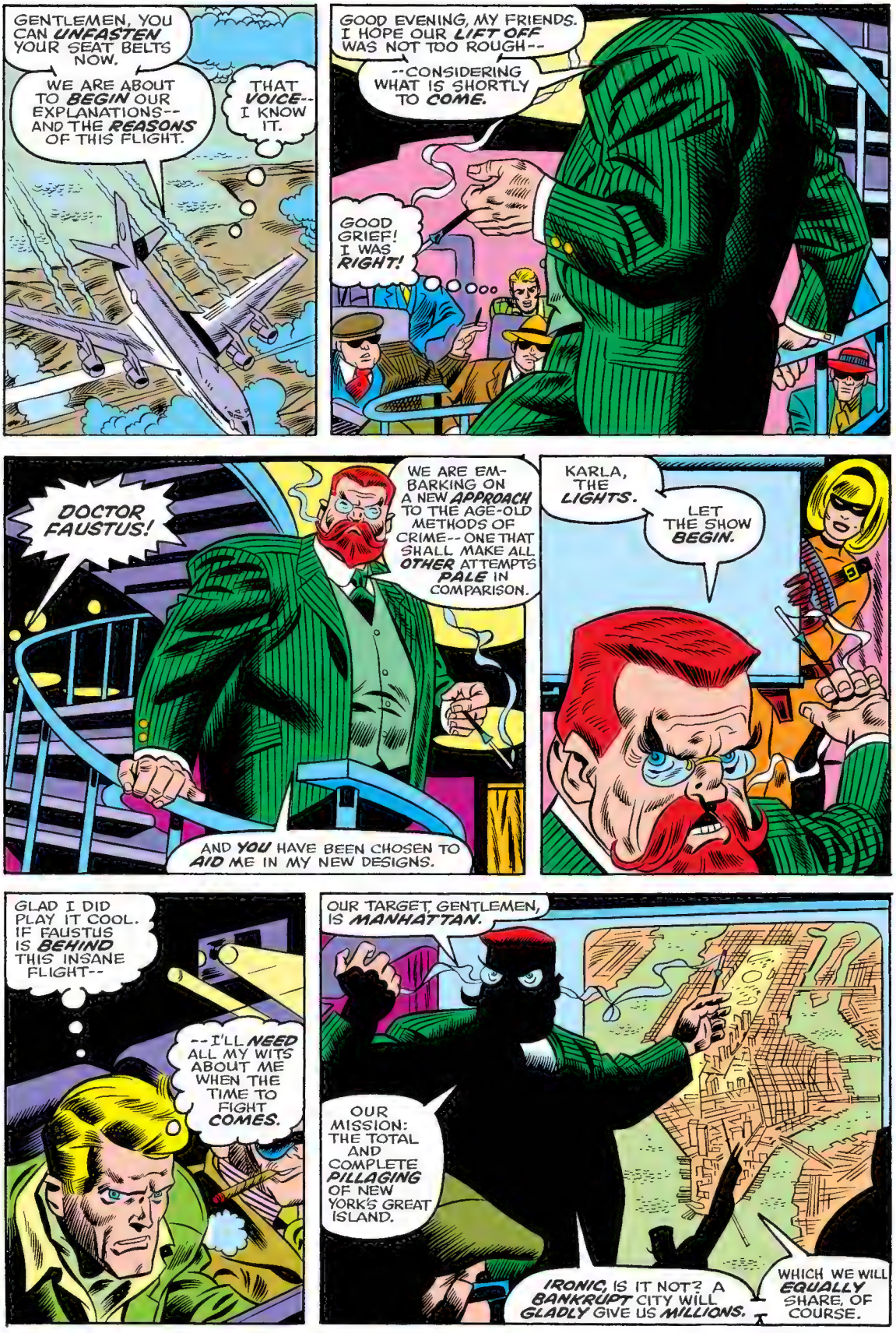
MAD-FLIGHT!

THINGS ARE GETTING TOO CONFUSING TOO FAST. I NEED TIME TO SORT IT ALL OUT... TIME TO THINK.
HAS THE FALCON I'VE KNOWN FOR ALL THESE YEARS JUST BEEN A TOTAL SHAM? HE'S DEFINITELY A DIFFERENT MAN THAN I'VE EVER KNOWN, BUT--
--DESPITE IT ALL, WILL WE-- CAN WE-- EVER WORK TOGETHER AGAIN? I DON'T KNOW. I JUST DON'T KNOW!
LOS ANGELES AIRPORT
TERMINAL
MARV WOLFMAN writer/editor
FRANK ROBBINS pencils
D. BRUCE BERRY inks
JOE ROSEN letters
MICHELE WOLFMAN colors


BUT ONE THING I DO KNOW IS--I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO NEW YORK--THE FASTEST WAY I CAN.
AND I CAN USE THIS FLIGHT TO THINK THINGS OVER A BIT.
EXCUSE ME, MISS? ANYTHING TO NEW YORK-- IN A HURRY?
SORRY, SIR, NEXT JET OUT'S IN FOUR HOURS, 'SIDES, IT'S A LOCAL.
I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG. ARE YOU SURE--?
WELL, THERE IS A CHARTER FLIGHT LEAVING IN A FEW MINUTES...
...MAYBE YOU CAN WRANGLE YOURSELF A SEAT.
WHERE IS IT?
GATE FOUR, HANDSOME.
THANKS.
SIGH*
CHARTER ONLY
THIS MUST BE IT. FACT IS, IT BETTER BE. TIME'S RUNNING OUT.
HMMM, LAST PASSENGERS ARE GOING THROUGH NOW. I JUST MAY HAVE MADE IT...BY THE PROVERBIAL SKIN OF MY SHIELD!
UH OH--THEY'RE CLOSING THE GATE... BUT I CAN'T MISS THIS FLIGHT--
--NOT WHEN I'M SO CLOSE.
HEY?!?
WHERE D'YOU THINK YOU'RE GOIN', PRETTY BOY?
THIS FLIGHT'S A CHARTER--
--AND THAT SPELLS P-R-I-V-A-T-E!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, OFFICER-- I'M ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT.
PRIORITY A
SHIELD PRIORITY?
YESSIR! THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR SURE.
GO ON THROUGH-- THEY'LL BE TAXYING OFF IN A MINUTE.
THANKS!

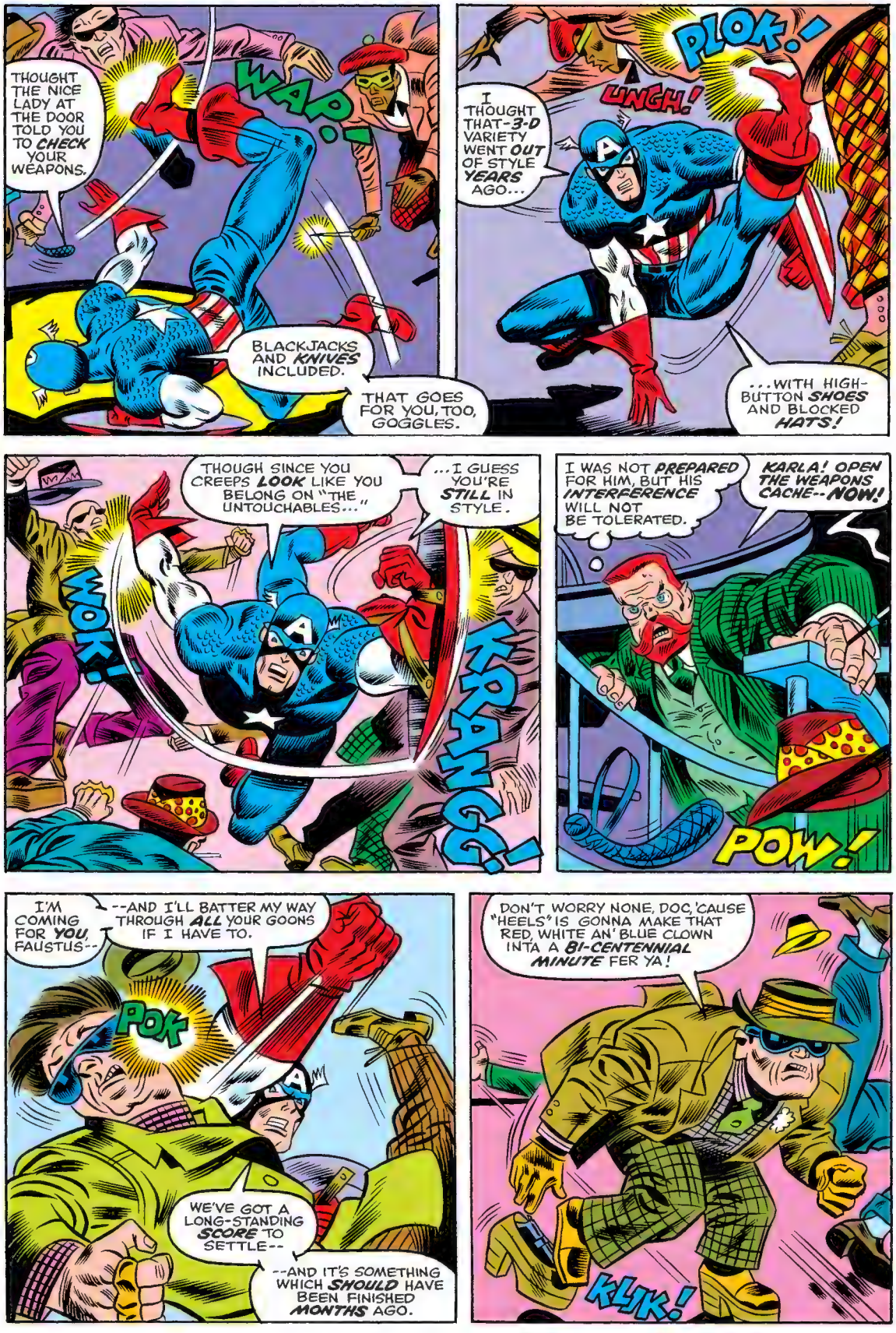
"ACME ERASER?" WHAT KIND OF CHARTER IS THIS?
THESE GUYS DON'T LOOK LIKE BUSINESSMEN TO ME.
OH WELL, DON'T KNOCK A FREE RIDE.
WELCOME FIELD-PERSONNEL OF "ACME ERASER CO. LTD."
GENTLEMEN, YOUR "SAMPLE CASES," PLEASE.
THE BOSS WANTS 'EM CHECKED!
TAKE CARE'A DIS, KARLA-- IT COST ME A BUNDLE.
YER "PIECE," HANDSOME?
FACE IT, ROGERS-- YOU'VE STUMBLED ONTO A DEFINITE WEIRDNESS.
WHATEVER THIS GIRL IS, SHE'S CERTAINLY NOT YOUR STANDARD "FLY-ME" STEWARDESS.
AND IF SOMETHING IS UP, I'D BETTER PLAY THIS ONE WITH CARE.
SORRY, KID, I DON'T CARRY A "PIECE"! DON'T NEED ONE.
WELL, OKAY-- TAKE YER SEAT, BLUE-EYES.
IF I WASN'T CERTAIN BEFORE, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO QUESTION ABOUT IT NOW.
THIS IS THE MOST IMPOSSIBLE COLLECTION OF BUSINESS-TYPES SINCE THE RE-MAKE OF "GUYS AND DOLLS!"
YEAH, BETTER PLAY THIS NICE AND EASY, 'CAUSE I HAVE A HUNCH IF THEY FIND OUT WHO I AM...
...I MAY NOT MAKE IT HOME--
RACING FORM
--IN ONE PIECE!

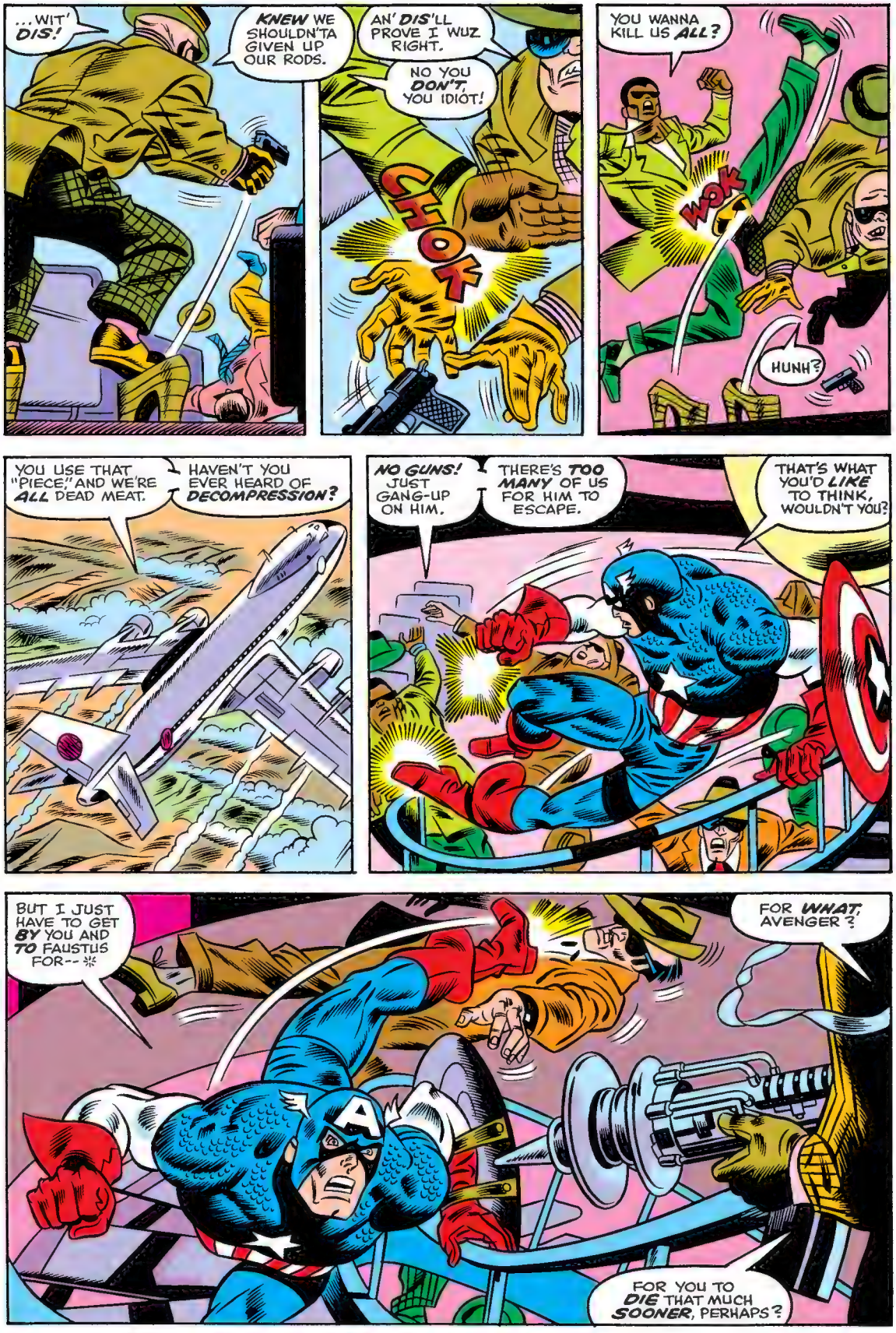

THIS SEAT TAKEN?
NAW! PARK YER BUTT IF YA WANNA.
HEY! HEY! HEY! YER A COOL ONE.
NO BLINDERS, EH?
DON'T LIKE 'EM. THE SUN DOESN'T BOTHER MY EYES, SWEET-HEART.
YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! A COOL ONE. I LIKE YA, KID.
MOST YOUNG PUNKS AIN'T GOT GUTS. YER DIFFERENT!
THE NAME'S "HEELS," KID.
LIKE IN SAFE-DEPOSIT BOX.
YA DON'T UNNERSTAN', EH? WELL, I'LL LET YA IN ON A SECRET, KID.
I CHECKED MY SHOULDER "PIECE," BUT I AIN'T THE TYPE TO GO NAKED, DIG?
SO'S I GIVE ME SOME "EXTRA" SECURITY.
KLIK!
CUTE, EH?
YEAH, "HEELS," CUTE--
--LIKE A BABY RATTLE-SNAKE.
WHERE'S YER GAT, KID?
DON'T CARRY ONE, "HEELS." DON'T NEED ONE.
HEY! HEY! HEY! YOU ARE COOL. I CAN REALLY DIG THAT, KID.
AH, WE'RE OFF. IT'S 'BOUT TIME.
I WUZ STARTING TO SWEAT BULLETS WAITIN' DOWN THERE. DON'T LIKE TA GET MYSELF TOO CROWDED IN, Y'KNOW?
WHAT HAVE I LET MYSELF IN FOR?


GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN UNFASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS NOW.
WE ARE ABOUT TO BEGIN OUR EXPLANATIONS-- AND THE REASONS OF THIS FLIGHT.
THAT VOICE-- I KNOW IT.
GOOD EVENING, MY FRIENDS. I HOPE OUR LIFT OFF WAS NOT TOO ROUGH--
--CONSIDERING WHAT IS SHORTLY TO COME.
GOOD GRIEF! I WAS RIGHT!
DOCTOR FAUSTUS!
WE ARE EMBARKING ON A NEW APPROACH TO THE AGE-OLD METHODS OF CRIME-- ONE THAT SHALL MAKE ALL OTHER ATTEMPTS PALE IN COMPARISON.
AND YOU HAVE BEEN CHOSEN TO AID ME IN MY NEW DESIGNS.
KARLA, THE LIGHTS.
LET THE SHOW BEGIN.
GLAD I DID PLAY IT COOL. IF FAUSTUS IS BEHIND THIS INSANE FLIGHT--
--I'LL NEED ALL MY WITS ABOUT ME WHEN THE TIME TO FIGHT COMES.
OUR TARGET, GENTLEMEN, IS MANHATTAN.
OUR MISSION: THE TOTAL AND COMPLETE PILLAGING OF NEW YORK'S GREAT ISLAND.
IRONIC, IS IT NOT? A BANKRUPT CITY WILL GLADLY GIVE US MILLIONS.
WHICH WE WILL EQUALLY SHARE, OF COURSE.

ABOARD THIS JET ARE SEVERAL RATHER DEADLY WEAPONS WHICH I HAD PROCURED FROM A RATHER DISGRUNTLED WORKER AT STARK INTERNATIONAL SEVERAL YEARS AGO--
--BEFORE MR. STARK DECIDED TO STOP HIS MUNITIONS PRODUCTIONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.
WE SHALL USE THESE WEAPONS TO BLACKMAIL NEW YORK INTO LETTING US LOOT THEIR FAIR CITY--
--OR, SHOULD THEY HAVE THE TEMERITY TO REFUSE US--
--TO LEVEL THE CITY.
NOW FOR YOUR INDIVIDUAL ASSIGNMENTS...
CAN'T WAIT ANY LONGER...
I'VE GOT TO TAKE THE RISK... AND STOP FAUSTUS NOW...
...BEFORE HE CAN SET HIS LITTLE CAPER MOVING.
HEY, SHADELESS, WHERE YA GOIN'? THE GOOD PART'S JUST BEGINNIN'!
WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M AFRAID OF.
I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE CAN ORGANIZE THOSE GOONS...
REST OOMS
...AND BEFORE THEY CAN GET TO THEIR WEAPONS.
REST ROOM
MAYBE IT'S SOME SORT OF FATE WHICH BROUGHT ME HERE...
...OR MAYBE AN UNCANNY RADAR ABILITY TO "HOME IN" ON CRIME.
BUT WHICHEVER, I'M THE ONLY MAN WHO CAN STOP FAUSTUS NOW.
--AND THAT MEANS IT'S TIME FOR ACTION--
--ACTION SPELLED CAPTAIN AMERICA!

SORRY TO GIVE THIS BASH OF YOURS A DOWNER, FAUSTUS--
--BUT THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN.
YOU, THIS JET, AND YOUR INSANE SCHEME-- ARE GOING STRAIGHT DOWN AND OUT!
CAPTAIN AMERICA?!? WHAT'S HE DOIN' HERE?
I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU LEARNED ABOUT THIS, MY OLD FRIEND--
--BUT YOUR KNOWLEDGE WILL DO YOU LITTLE GOOD--
--DEAD!
STOP HIM!!!
STOP HIM? HOW?
I AIN'T GOT MY GAT!
MY HEAD DON'T SHOOT BULLETS, YOU IDIOT!
AN' DAT'S THE ONLY THING DAT'S GONNA STOP DAT GUY!
USE YER HEAD, DUMMY!
WHOM
P!
NO WAY, FAUSTUS-- I DON'T WANT TO BE STOPPED, AND I DON'T THINK YOUR TWO-BIT GUNSELS HAVE THE GUTS TO TRY.
WOK
I NEED CONFUSION. THEY OUT-NUMBER ME.
HAVE TO KEEP MOVING-- KEEP THEM OFF BALANCE.


I THOUGHT THE NICE LADY AT THE DOOR TOLD YOU TO CHECK YOUR WEAPONS.
WAP!
BLACKJACKS AND KNIVES INCLUDED.
THAT GOES FOR YOU, TOO, GOGGLES.
I THOUGHT THAT-3-D VARIETY WENT OUT OF STYLE YEARS AGO...
PLOK!
UNGH!
...WITH HIGH-BUTTON SHOES AND BLOCKED HATS!
THOUGH SINCE YOU CREEPS LOOK LIKE YOU BELONG ON "THE UNTOUCHABLES..."
...I GUESS YOU'RE STILL IN STYLE.
WOK!
KRANG!
I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR HIM, BUT HIS INTERFERENCE WILL NOT BE TOLERATED.
KARLA! OPEN THE WEAPONS CACHE--NOW!
POW!
I'M COMING FOR YOU, FAUSTUS--
--AND I'LL BATTER MY WAY THROUGH ALL YOUR GOONS IF I HAVE TO.
POK
WE'VE GOT A LONG-STANDING SCORE TO SETTLE--
--AND IT'S SOMETHING WHICH SHOULD HAVE BEEN FINISHED MONTHS AGO.
DON'T WORRY NONE, DOC, 'CAUSE "HEELS" IS GONNA MAKE THAT RED, WHITE AN' BLUE CLOWN INTA A BI-CENTENNIAL MINUTE FER YA!
KLYK!


...WIT' DIS!
KNEW WE SHOULDN'TA GIVEN UP OUR RODS.
AN' DIS'LL PROVE I WUZ RIGHT.
NO YOU DON'T, YOU IDIOT!
CHOK
YOU WANNA KILL US ALL?
WOK
HUNH?
YOU USE THAT "PIECE," AND WE'RE ALL DEAD MEAT.
HAVEN'T YOU EVER HEARD OF DECOMPRESSION?
NO GUNS! JUST GANG-UP ON HIM.
THERE'S TOO MANY OF US FOR HIM TO ESCAPE.
THAT'S WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO THINK, WOULDN'T YOU?
BUT I JUST HAVE TO GET BY YOU AND TO FAUSTUS FOR--*
FOR WHAT, AVENGER?
FOR YOU TO DIE THAT MUCH SOONER, PERHAPS?

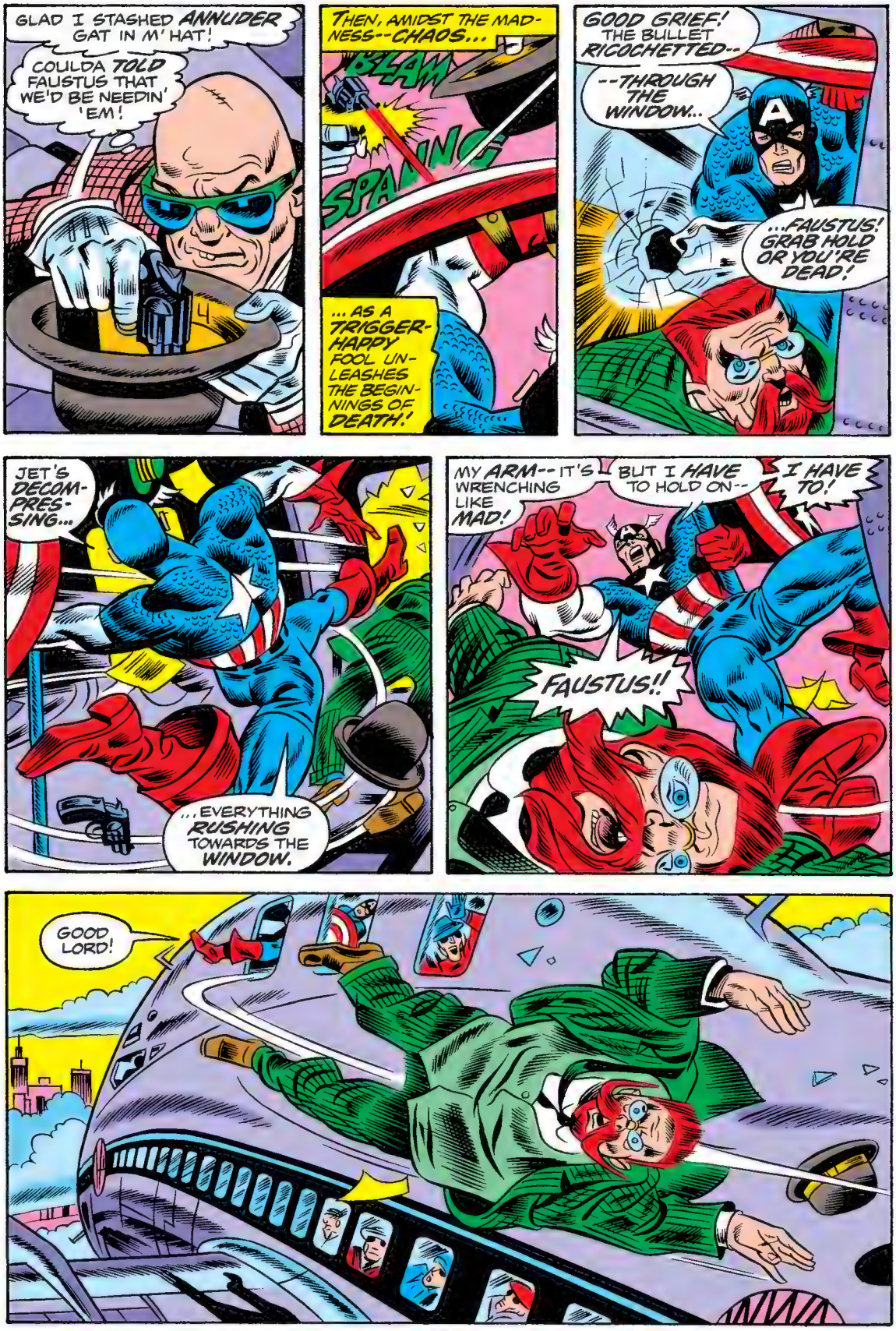
YOU HAVE LOST YOUR ELEMENT OF SURPRISE, AVENGER--
--FOREVER!
NOW, FAUSTUS IS SUPREME, AS I WAS ALWAYS DESTINED TO BE.
NO, AMERICA-- I SEE IN YOUR EYES THAT YOU WAIT FOR THE PROPER MOMENT TO ATTACK. BUT I WARN YOU--
--THESE SONIC DEPRESSORS MY FRIENDS ARE HOLDING CAN BE QUITE, QUITE DAMAGING TO YOUR PSYCHE!
EACH OF THESE MEN WILL SOON BE ISSUED ONE WEAPON WITH WHICH THEY SHALL MARCH THROUGH NEW YORK--TAKING WHATEVER THEY WISH, WITH NO ONE TO STOP THEM.
THEIR FUNCTION? SO SUBLIMELY SUBTLE. ONE SMALL BLAST CAN EITHER PARALYZE A MAN'S ENTIRE BRAIN FUNCTION TEMPORARILY--
--OR, SHOULD I WISH IT-- PERMANENTLY!
NEW YORK WILL SUBMIT TO MY DEMANDS, FOR THIS IS ONLY ONE OF THE WEAPONS WHICH I HAVE AT MY DISPOSAL. I TELL YOU, AMERICA, THAT STARK WAS QUITE A BRILLIANT MAKER OF WEAPONS.
A SHAME HE HAS DECIDED TO IGNORE HIS TRUE CALLING IN LIFE.
IF FAUSTUS HAS THOSE WEAPONS, HE CAN EASILY CARRY OUT HIS SCHEME...
...AND, BROTHER, I DON'T THINK HE'S BLUFFING.
'NUFF TALKIN'! LET US HAVE THE BUM.
YEAH! TURN THE CREEP OVER TO US.
HE SENT MY BROTHER DOWN THE RIVER FOR TEN YEARS.
NOW I CAN GET REVENGE FOR HIM.
GRR!
FORGET IT, PUNKS, BECAUSE THERE'S NOTHING BACKING UP ANY OF YOUR THREATS--
--EXCEPT GUTS MADE OUT OF 100% JELLO!

SIT DOWN, AVENGER--THERE WILL BE NO FURTHER FIGHTING ABOARD THIS AIR-CRAFT...
...EITHER BY YOU, OR MY GENTLEMEN COHORTS.
WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT BEING CALM--?
I ALMOST BLEW IT BY LOSING MY TEMPER.
THE PROBLEMS WITH THE FALCON MUST BE GETTING TO ME WORSE THAN I THOUGHT.
BLAST IT! I WANTED THAT STAR-SPANGLED SAP!
WE'LL PLAY IT YOUR WAY, FAUSTUS--FOR NOW.
A WISE DECISION, MY FRIEND--ONE YOU SHALL NOT LIVE TO REGRET...
...PROVIDING YOU LIVE AT ALL!
NOW, GENTLEMEN, WE WERE DISCUSSING YOUR ASSIGNMENTS.
ONCE NEW YORK SURRENDERS TO OUR TERMS, YOU WILL FORM INTO TEAMS OF THREE.
FOR, THERE WILL--THERE MUST-- BE AN ORGANIZED APPROACH TO OUR LOOTING.
FOUR TEAMS WILL BE ASSIGNED TO BANKS, REMOVING ONLY CASH AND NEGOTIABLE BONDS.
I REPEAT: ONLY CASH AND BONDS. NOTHING WHICH MUST LATER BE PAWNED.
WE HIT, WE LEAVE. CALMLY, AND SWIFTLY.
AND NOW, TO YOUR STATIONS.
OH YES, TIE UP OUR GUEST. I DON'T WANT HIS INTERFERENCE ONCE WE'RE IN PROGRESS.
UH UH, FAUSTUS--TO COIN A CLICHÉ--I'M NOT FIT TO BE TIED!
LOOK OUT! HE'S FREE!!

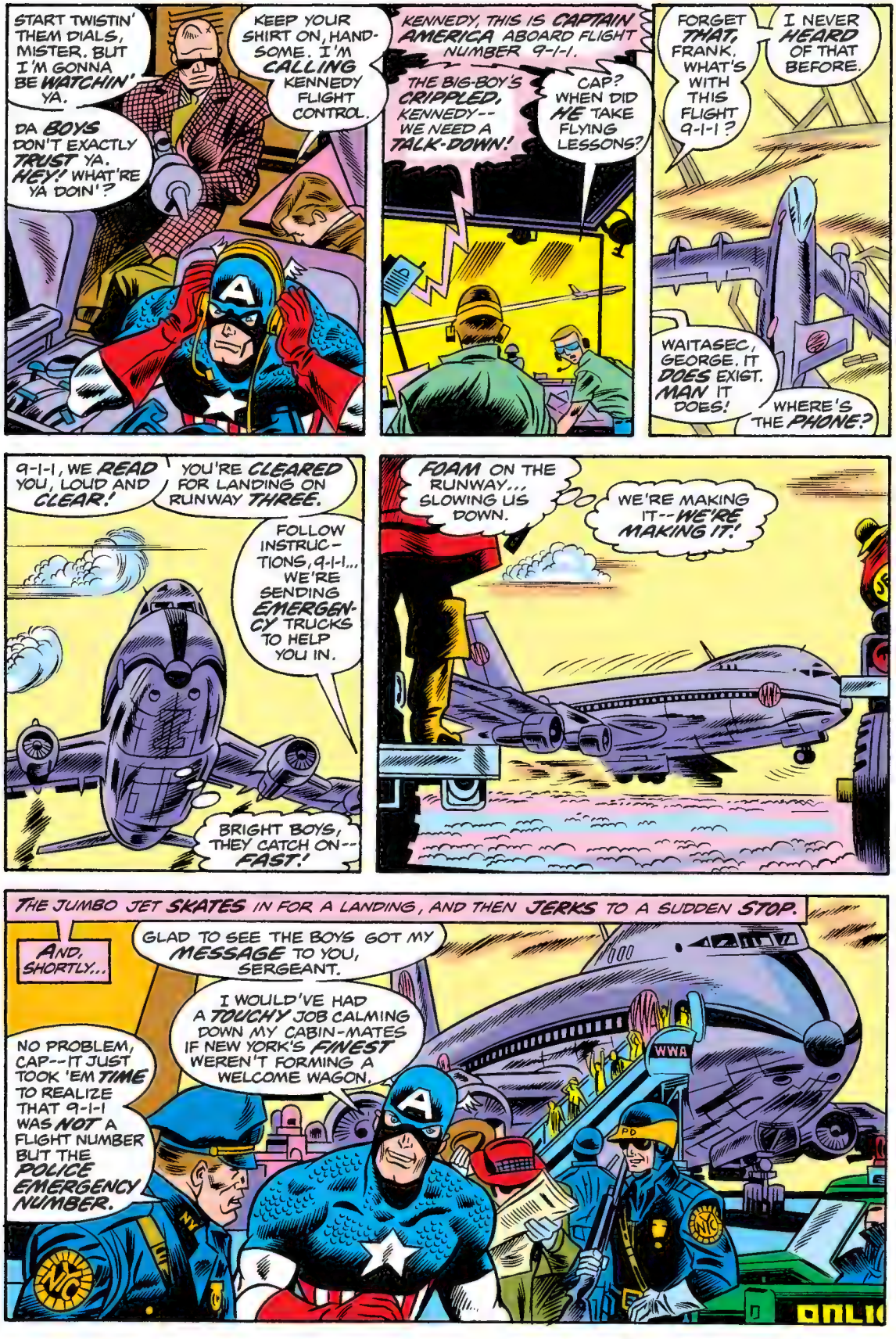
THE SONIC DEPRESSOR-- I MUST GET IT!
CAN'T LET YOU, FAUSTUS--
--THE GUN REMAINS WHERE IT IS!
YOU UNDER-ESTIMATED MY SPEED AS USUAL, AVENGER! I ALREADY HOLD THE WEAPON.
MAYBE SO, LUMPS, BUT YOU'RE NOT GETTING A CHANCE TO USE IT!
NO! I CAN NOT BE STOPPED-- NOT NOW!
NO? JUST WATCH!
AAP!
OH NO!
GAWD! THE STUPID THING WENT OFF!
FAUSTUS'S BEEN BLASTED!
CAP SHOT HIM!
GET 'IM! GET 'IM!

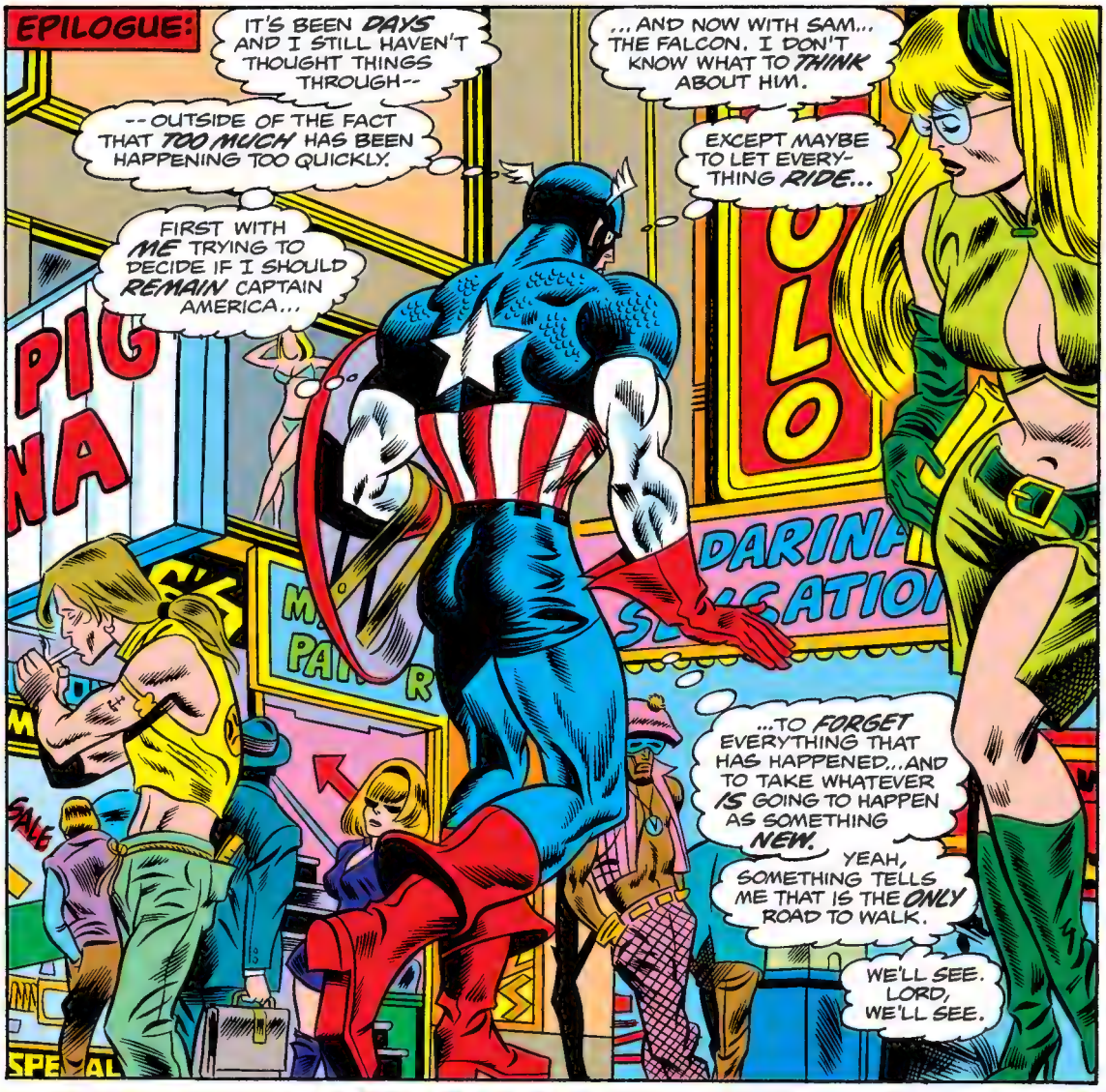
WAITASEC! LOOK!
CAP'S FACE-- HE LOOKS KINDA WEIRD-- LIKE HIS...
LIKE HIS MIND HAS BEEN BLOTTED OUT, IS THAT RIGHT, BARNEY?
HE SHOULD LOOK LIKE THAT, BECAUSE THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED.
KLUNK!
HOWEVER, HE RECEIVED ONLY A VERY SMALL DOSE OF THE RAY, THUS THERE IS NO TELLING HOW LONG HE'LL BE SO DOCILE.
BARNEY, I SUGGEST YOU REMOVE HIM NOW AND TIE HIM UP.
AH, NOW, MY FRIENDS-- OUR TARGET, THE GREATEST METROPOLIS OF THEM ALL...
...AND, SO VERY SHORTLY, IT WILL BE CRINGING IN ABSOLUTE FEAR AT MY FEET.
THIS IS A MOMENT TO SAVOR, MY FRIENDS... THIS IS MOST DEFINITELY A MOMENT OF GLORY!
QUIET NOW! I MUST READ THIS ULTIMATUM LETTER PERFECTLY TO IMPART EXACTLY THE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECT I WISH IT TO HAVE.
FOR, WE MUST CRIPPLE NEW YORK'S COLLECTIVE MINDS BEFORE WE EMPTY ITS RATHER DEPRESSING POCKETS.
ATTENTION! THIS IS THE VOICE OF FAUSTUS--THE VOICE YOU WILL SOON LEARN TO FEAR!
HUNH?
THAT CUTS IT, I'M MOVING TO THE SUBURBS!
THIS CITY REALLY IS GOING BANANAS!
YOU HAVE ONE HOUR TO HEED MY DEMANDS, OR YOUR CITY WILL BE SUNK LIKE ATLANTIS INTO THE SEA.
AND NOW, MY CONDIT--
SKRKKKKK!!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

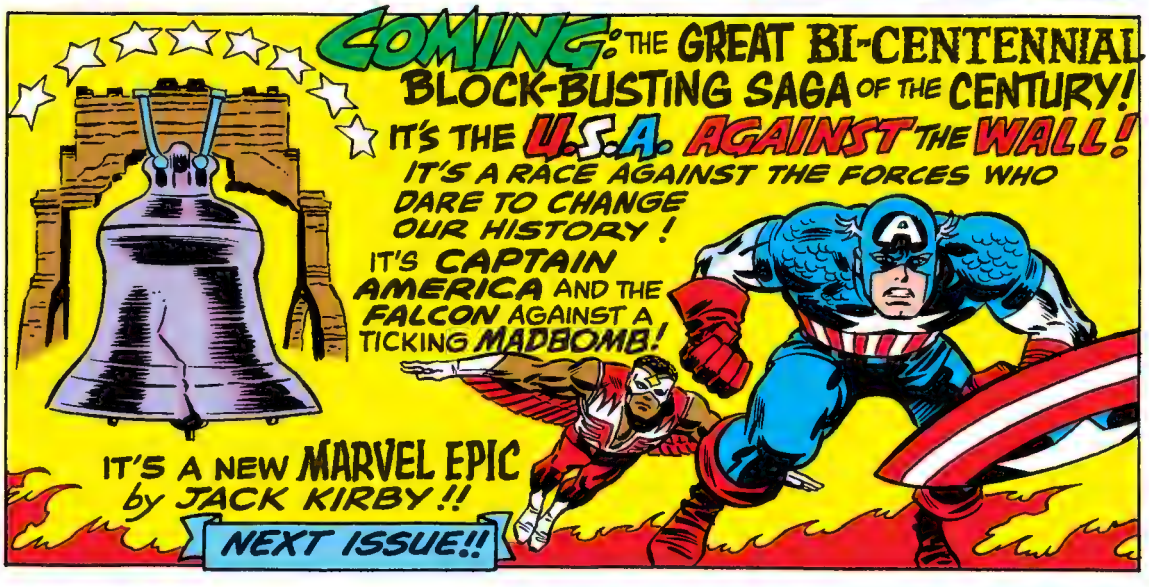
WHAT INDEED, MR. AND MRS. CITIZEN OF THE BIG APPLE?
AMERICA'S SHIELD?!? BUT--
TO FIND OUT, LET'S RETURN UPSTAIRS (15,000 FEET UPSTAIRS, THAT IS).
ZAP
BUT NOTHING, FAUSTUS.
I THOUGHT HE WAS KAYOED!
F-F-FAUSTUS? HELP!
YOUR RECUPERATIVE POWERS ARE ASTONISHING, AVENGER...
BUT THEY'LL NOT HELP YOU, AND THEY WILL NOT STOP ME.
POK
FAUSTUS! YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
PERHAPS, AMERICA-- BUT MY GREATEST WEAPON HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY VOICE...
...OR DESTRUCTIVELY JARRING!
...SO WELL MODULATED AND PITCHED THAT MY VERY WORD CAN EITHER BE TOTALLY CONSOLING...
NEEDLESS TO SAY, WHEN I WAS A PSYCHOLOGIST, I WAS THE BEST!
BUT AS A PENNY-ANTE THIEF, YOU'RE A WASH-UP!
WHAP
YOUR WARPED WORDS MAY AFFECT YOUR GOONS HERE--
--BUT NOT THIS AVENGER!
WHILE THE BATTLE WAGES IN THE 747'S UPPER BERTH, BELOW--
DOC'S BEEN CREAMED BY THAT JERK.
GOTTA DO SOMETHIN' OR THIS CAPER'S SUNK!


GLAD I STASHED ANNUDER GAT IN M' HAT!
COULDA TOLD FAUSTUS THAT WE'D BE NEEDIN' 'EM!
THEN, AMIDST THE MADNESS--CHAOS...
BLAM
SPANG
...AS A TRIGGER-HAPPY FOOL UNLEASHES THE BEGINNINGS OF DEATH!
GOOD GRIEF! THE BULLET RICOCHETTED--
--THROUGH THE WINDOW...
...FAUSTUS! GRAB HOLD OR YOU'RE DEAD!
JET'S DECOMPRESSING...
...EVERYTHING RUSHING TOWARDS THE WINDOW.
MY ARM-- IT'S WRENCHING LIKE MAD!
BUT I HAVE TO HOLD ON--
I HAVE TO!
FAUSTUS!!
GOOD LORD!

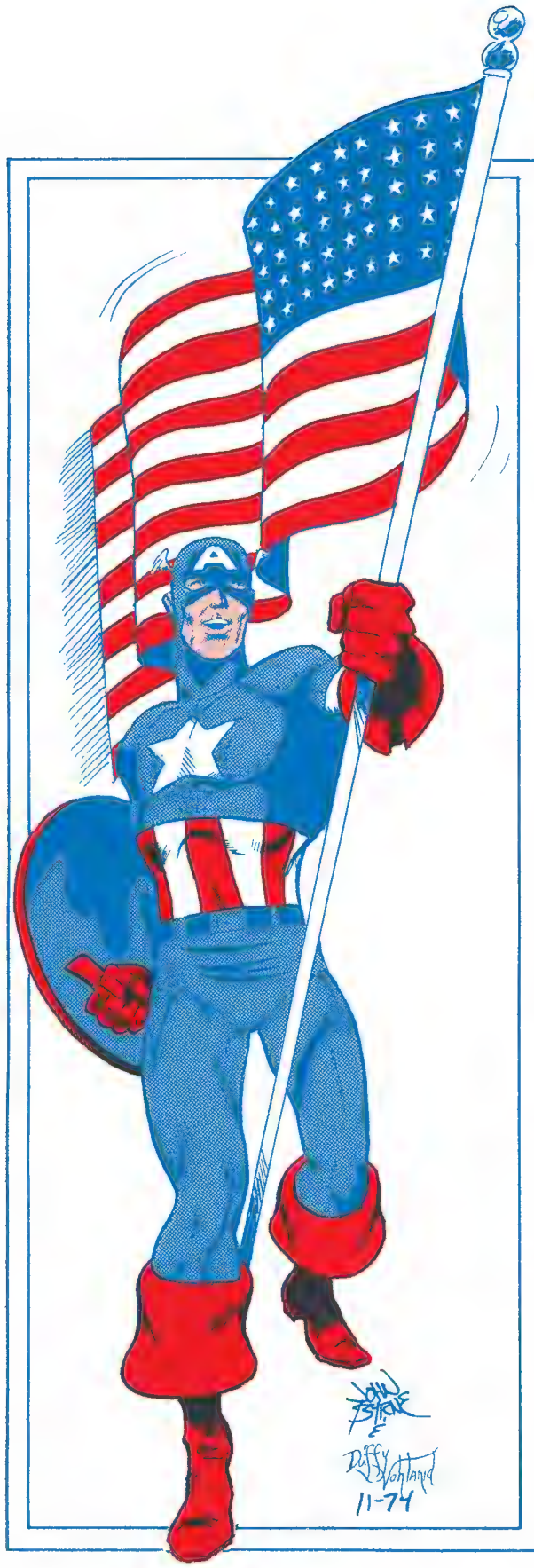
FAUSTUS IS GONE--NO WAY FOR HIM TO SURVIVE OUT THERE.
BUT THE OTHERS--
CAN'T LET THEM ALL BE SUCKED TO THEIR DEATHS!
NEED SOMETHING TO BLOCK THE WINDOW.
KLUNG!
AND MY SHIELD FITS THE BILL PERFECTLY!
WHAANGG
"THANKS' FOR THE LUMP, AVENGER, BUT I DON'T CONK-OUT DAT FAST.
I CAN STILL GETCHA FOR RUBBIN' OUT FAUSTUS!
CALM DOWN, UGLY, OR MAYBE YOU'RE REALLY AS STUPID AS YOU LOOK!
CAN YOU FEEL WHAT'S HAPPENING TO US--?
WE'RE OUT OF CONTROL!
THE PILOT MUST'VE KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT WHEN THE JET PITCHED FORWARD--
--UNLESS ONE OF YOU GOONS CAN FLY THIS GLORIFIED PIN-BALL MACHINE, I'M YOUR ONLY HOPE!
I DUNNO--
WELL I DO, AN' I AIN'T GONNA LET THIS THING CRASH WIT' ME ABOARD.
GO TO IT, AVENGER!
THEN MOVE IT, MISTER--
--WE DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME!
OBOY! I'VE FLOWN SMALL CRATES BEFORE, BUT NEVER SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
IT MAKES MY WORLD-WAR TWO AIRPLANES LOOK LIKE A TINKER-TOY SETS.


START TWISTIN' THEM DIALS, MISTER. BUT I'M GONNA BE WATCHIN' YA.
KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, HANDSOME. I'M CALLING KENNEDY FLIGHT CONTROL.
DA BOYS DON'T EXACTLY TRUST YA. HEY! WHAT'RE YA DOIN'?
KENNEDY, THIS IS CAPTAIN AMERICA ABOARD FLIGHT NUMBER 9-1-1.
THE BIG-BOY'S CRIPPLED, KENNEDY-- WE NEED A TALK-DOWN!
CAP? WHEN DID HE TAKE FLYING LESSONS?
FORGET THAT, FRANK, WHAT'S WITH THIS FLIGHT 9-1-1?
I NEVER HEARD OF THAT BEFORE.
WAITASEC, GEORGE. IT DOES EXIST. MAN IT DOES!
WHERE'S THE PHONE?
9-1-1, WE READ YOU, LOUD AND CLEAR!
YOU'RE CLEARED FOR LANDING ON RUNWAY THREE.
FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS, 9-1-1... WE'RE SENDING EMERGENCY TRUCKS TO HELP YOU IN.
BRIGHT BOYS, THEY CATCH ON-- FAST!
FOAM ON THE RUNWAY... SLOWING US DOWN.
WE'RE MAKING IT-- WE'RE MAKING IT!
THE JUMBO JET SKATES IN FOR A LANDING, AND THEN JERKS TO A SUDDEN STOP.
AND, SHORTLY...
GLAD TO SEE THE BOYS GOT MY MESSAGE TO YOU, SERGEANT.
I WOULD'VE HAD A TOUCHY JOB CALMING DOWN MY CABIN-MATES IF NEW YORK'S FINEST WEREN'T FORMING A WELCOME WAGON.
NO PROBLEM, CAP-- IT JUST TOOK 'EM TIME TO REALIZE THAT 9-1-1 WAS NOT A FLIGHT NUMBER BUT THE POLICE EMERGENCY NUMBER.
WWA
PD
NYC
NY


EPILOGUE:
IT'S BEEN DAYS AND I STILL HAVEN'T THOUGHT THINGS THROUGH--
--OUTSIDE OF THE FACT THAT TOO MUCH HAS BEEN HAPPENING TOO QUICKLY.
FIRST WITH ME TRYING TO DECIDE IF I SHOULD REMAIN CAPTAIN AMERICA...
...AND NOW WITH SAM... THE FALCON. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK ABOUT HIM.
EXCEPT MAYBE TO LET EVERY-THING RIDE...
...TO FORGET EVERYTHING THAT HAS HAPPENED...AND TO TAKE WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN AS SOMETHING NEW.
YEAH, SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT IS THE ONLY ROAD TO WALK.
WE'LL SEE. LORD, WE'LL SEE.
SALE


COMING: THE GREAT BI-CENTENNIAL BLOCK-BUSTING SAGA OF THE CENTURY!
IT'S THE U.S.A. AGAINST THE WALL!
IT'S A RACE AGAINST THE FORCES WHO DARE TO CHANGE OUR HISTORY!
IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON AGAINST A TICKING MADBOMB!
IT'S A NEW MARVEL EPIC by JACK KIRBY!!
NEXT ISSUE!!

Cap and Bucky take charge in December 1974's
F.O.O.M. #8 (Friends of ol' Marvel)



"Well, Come On, All You Big Strong Men..."

by roger stern

The concept of the nationally-oriented hero is not a new one. As a matter of fact, as long as there have been "nations," there have been "national heroes"... men and women who have represented the goals and ideals of their people. Some of these heroes were spun out of whole cloth, existing only in the minds of their countrymen. Others, however, have actually been real people... or at least based upon real people. Whatever their circumstances and origins, the stories of these individuals have often taken on mythic proportions, growing and expanding with the telling. The very names of the heroes conjures up visions of glory... Odysseus, Alexander, Hercules, Thor, Peter the Great, Joan D'Arc, Hiawatha.... and Captain America!

Captain America! The all-but-anonymous man behind the mask! Captain America! A child of the twentieth century, born of technology and worldwide upheaval to uphold the eternal ideals of free men! Captain America ...the man who is us!

Stirring? You'd better believe it!

Chauvinistic, you say? Perhaps. But not entirely without reason. You see, everything hinges on the times that gave rise to a Captain America.

It was Spring, 1941. The United States was over a half-year away from the day of infamy that would make the scattered warfare a world event. We...the American "we"...were still at peace, but an uneasy peace at best. Preparations were already being made for a civilian defense program. Men in high places were starting to have second thoughts about all of that scrap metal we'd sold to Japan. And, a military draft had been initiated ...just in case.

Now, peacetime drafts have never been the most popular of things. This one was no exception, but men were reporting for duty, some less dutifully than others. And amongst the happy bunch in line at the induction center on one particular day was a spindly young man barely into his twenties. His name was Steve Rogers.

Of Rogers' past very little is known. It is widely believed, however, that he was an orphan. Biographer Ted White has written of the possibilities of an older brother named Alan, but if such a brother ever did exist, he has long since disappeared. Indeed, no government agency has to date been able to uncover a birth record or any other shread of evidence to support the existence of an Alan Rogers. And, since nearly all information on Steve Rogers has been classified, let us assume...as has Mr. White...that young Steve was an orphan. Parentless as he was, and weakened by childhood diseases, Rogers became a bit of a dreamer. Like many other children of the Great Depression, he probably created his own adventures in daydreams of fantasy. It is believed that he found great comfort from the depredations of the period in fiction (for substantiation, see AVENGERS #46, page 3, panel 3). So, when reality became too harsh, he'd retreat into his books...from old classics to the less reputable pulps. It is not pushing things too far, then, to assume that Steve Rogers was a bit of a romantic, compensating for the inadequacies of the body with the vast sense of wonder of the mind.

Enough of this extrapolation and assumption, let's return to that draft board..

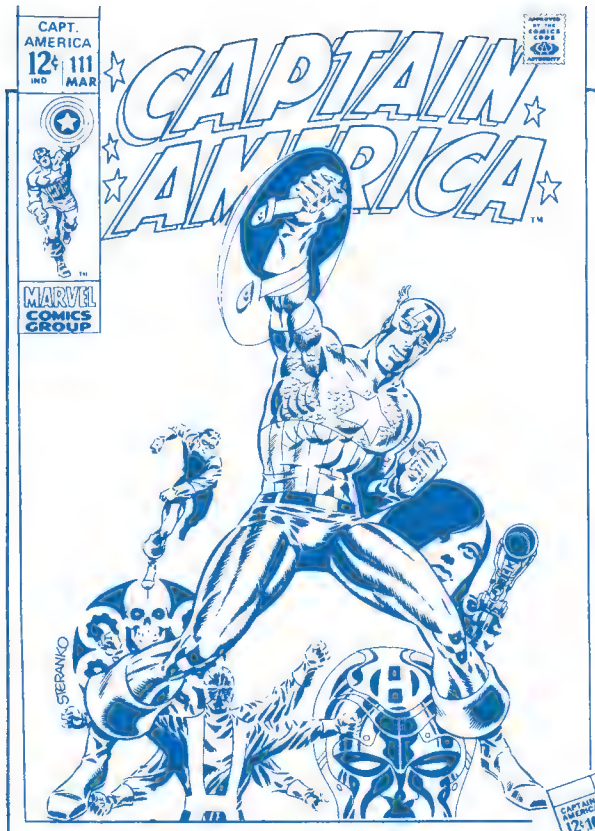
Unlike some of his fellows in that line, Steve eagerly sought induction. The reports of overseas' atrocities had stirred a righteous anger in him. He hated tyranny. He had seen it in the bullies of the school yards and the toughs of the back streets. And now there was the chance to make a stand against all the world's worst. But the chance was not for Steve. His puny physique was judged 4-F even by the somewhat less stringent standards of the day. To say the least, the young Mr. Rogers was crushed. There must be some way he could serve...something he could do! Something! Anything!

Anything?

Perhaps it was fate...perhaps mere chance...that certain government officials learned of Rogers. Whatever the case, he was approached. Would he be willing to risk his life for his country on a dangerous experiment? He would. And so Steve Rogers learned of Operation Rebirth, the first phase of Project Super-Soldier!

The idea, you see, was to employ an ever-expanding technology into rebuilding broken bodies and reinforcing or revitalizing weak ones. Rebirth was the brainchild of Professor Reinstein, the most renowned endocrinologist of his time. Reinstein's studies had uncovered the secrets of DNA..secrets that are only today being rediscovered. And out of his research had come a powerful serum that when introduced into a subject's bloodstream and enhanced by a peculiar form of electromagnetic radiation, would transform the puniest specimen to the pinnacle of physical development. It would strengthen muscle and bone tissue, make wounds heal faster, and make the subject more resistant to disease. Or, it could kill him. All that was needed was a guinea pig, and Rogers was it.

(Special aside to the completist— Professor Reinstein had stumbled across an additional chemical in his research, an extract from the venom of certain snakes. The professor theorized that combining the extract with his serum would actually improve the peak of human capabilities to produce a kind of super-strength...to mutate the cellular structure of muscle and bone to a quality that was otherwise unobtainable. In all probability, however, the added strain of transformation that would be placed on a weak subject would undoubtedly be fatal. The professor decided to wait on the venom experi-



mentation until a later date. While the professor was fated to never carry out the venom research, his theory was subsequently proven most dramatically in the pages of Captain America #158)

Steve Rogers was amazed by the security of the Rebirth site. Everyone had a code-name (Reinstein, for example, was known as "Dr. Erskine"). Laboratories were secreted away in dusty antique shops and adjoining warehouses. Elaborate masquerades were executed. Security was very thorough.

But not thorough enough.

So, when Rogers was led into the amphitheater, he had no idea of the life that would follow. He was just an average joe, maybe a little weaker than some. He knew that he was about to be a test subject for some government project. He knew that there was a certain amount of danger involved, but that he could very well walk away a lot healthier than he was. And, he knew that a lot of VIP's were sitting there behind the glass, watching. He didn't know that one of those faces behind the glass belonged to Heinz Kruger, assassin in the service of the Third Reich.

It only took minutes.

Minute one...injection!

Mintue two...radiation!

Minute three...transformation!

Minute four...assassination!

Minute five...realization!

Minute six...retribution!

Six minutes and Project Super-Soldier came to an abrupt halt. Six minutes and three lives ended. Yes, three! Reinstein and Kruger were dead from a bullet and from electrocution, respectively. And Rogers was dead from displacement. Steve Rogers was gone...in his place stood Captain America. For all intents and purposes, Rogers would not truly exist for another 25 years. During that time he would "appear," but only as a khaki-clad mask... a kind of facade to hide the man underneath. Rogers was almost totally submerged, his past only a cipher. Now only Captain America remained.

Captain America. Can anyone ever fully realize what it must have felt like? To have been transformed from an emaciated shell of a man to near-godlike musculature! To have become more than a man...to be a living concept, a symbol of all the best and brightest hopes of a nation! Captain America was the sole result of Project Super-Soldier, the lone existing prototype. And when he first appeared in public, quite literally wearing the flag, it was a representation of the people that elected officials must surely dream of. For the next four years...throughout the nightmare of World War II...he would be the living, breathing symbol of some 150 million people. And in a way, it was easy! Afterall, he had a clear target.

For perhaps the last time in history, there would be a war with two clearly defined sides...a "them" and an "us." On one side were the Nazis, Hitler, the Axis powers, the Red Skull! On the other side were the GI's, the defense workers, the kids buying defense stamps, and

Captain America! And through it all, Cap fought on! Striking out against oppression, wiping out sabotage, smashing the enemy! And then, he disappeared. It was as if with the war over he was no longer needed. Some thought him dead, thought that the odds had finally caught up with the Red-White-&-Blue legend. In actuality he had been frozen into an arctic ice flow. "He is not dead, he only sleeps." And maybe he was the lucky one. For twenty years he would sleep...on through the holocaust of Hiroshima and Nagasaki...on through the indecencies of Korea and the beginnings of Vietnam...on past McCarthy and Dulles...on to the sixties.

And when he awoke, the world had changed.

March, 1964. And the mighty Avengers found the body of Captain America in a rapidly disintegrating ice flow. Miraculously, he still lived, his bodily functions slowed to a state of suspended animation! And he was revived to the greatest challenge of all...the discovery of self! The years ahead would be difficult. He carried a massive guilt from the death of his partner. He faced two decades worth of drastic future shock. And nearly all the familiar faces he had known were gone or changed. Understandably, Captain America chose to submerge himself in work. For the first few years he had no life, save that as an Avenger. And then slowly he began a period of increasing introspection. Who was he? What was he? And with that questioning, Steve Rogers began to live again! Steve Rogers, the New Deal idealist, the kid who weathered the Depression! And with his growing self-awareness Steve Rogers started to realize the limitations of his mask and his star-spangled uniform. America wasn't the simple, black-&-white, right-or-wrong place it had seemed so long ago. And when the confusion of the sixties gave way to the disillusionment of the early seventies, Steve Rogers put away the winged mask and hung up the shield. And for a while Captain America was gone.

Maybe we'll never know exactly what it was that made Steve quit. One thing is certain, though...he couldn't quit forever. After a run-in with a disguised Hawkeye proved that he couldn't give up the life of super-heroics, Steve adapted the identity of Nomad, the Man without a Country. Perhaps he could have even gone with a whole, new career. But a past is a hard thing to walk away from. And sometimes that past will strike back and strike hard. We've just recently seen how hard in the book still called Captain America.

And so, Captain America is back!

But this time, he's not alone! Steve Rogers is back, too. And Cap is Steve, and Steve is Cap. "I am he as you are he as you are me, and we are all together." And we wouldn't have it any other way.

And what of tomorrow?

As Steve Rogers and his star-spangled alter ego walk towards that ever-retreating sunset, what new adventures will unfold? How will Captain America take part in the approaching Bicentennial? Will we at long last learn the true and startling secret behind Cap's shield? And what of the mystery surrounding Peggy Carter? In "Thirty Minutes to Live!" (Tales of Suspense #75) we first met Sharon Carter, and it was revealed that she was the sister of a girl who had known Steve Rogers long ago. But, in "If a Hostage Should Die" (ToS #77) we were introduced to the "girl from Cap's past," a nameless mademoiselle who fought with the French underground. But since issues 161 & 162 of Cap's own book, we've been faced with the dilemma of Peggy Carter, who is supposedly both Sharon's sister *and* the girl from the underground. This is further complicated by the fact that Peggy knows Cap as Cap, but not as Steve. That would jive correctly with the undergrounder, but Sharon's sister should have known only Steve as Steve! All of this leads us to one monsterous mystery..."Who is Peggy Carter? Who was the girl from Steve's past?" And while we're digging up female mysteries, let us consider that *other* Agent 13 from the war-time saga of "Among Us, Wreckers Dwell!" presented back in Tales of Suspense #64. Just who are all of these women?

What's coming up next in Cap's future? What are the answers to all of these questions? Only Englehart knows, and he's not talking...yet!

Manchild in a Troubled Land

What do you say about a kid who's been dead for thirty years? How do you explain a boy in his early teens fighting some of the nastiest specimens of humanity...when by rights he should have been half-way around the world hanging out at a soda shop? (And, yes, there actually **were** soda shops during the forties! So help us, Andy Hardy!) What do you say about a Bucky Barnes?

Maybe you start by explaining that Bucky was a prime example of what can only be described as the youth-hero, a kind of boy-man who by-passes most of the childish pursuits for a premature shot at adulthood. For those of you with a biblical bent, his antecedents can be found in such figures as Joseph and David. And certainly, there were many "Bucky's" of the American frontier at the last century's turning. As for the "why" of such beings, there's just no explanation. They just happen! It remains for us to accept that there are boys upon whom fate, circumstance, or what-have-you places the capabilities and responsibilities of manhood.

Look, if the being of Steve Rogers intrigues you, Bucky should leave you spellbound! Here's a young kid, at least two to three years too young to serve in the armed forces. Yet, inexplicably, he resides at Camp Leigh, austensibly as camp "mascot." What are his origins? Was he a gifted orphan who got into one too many scrapes with the law and was somehow remanded to the wardship of the camp? Maybe his parents were special agents who were killed by fifth columnists. We don't know. We probably never will. All we have to go on is the fact that one Bucky Barnes was a very smart, unusually agile youth who performed diverse duties at Camp Leigh in the early forties and had had several hundred "big brothers." One in particular.

You've all heard a hundred times how Buck walked in on Steve Rogers in mid-mask one evening, so we won't bother with a rehashing here. Let's just say that another chance occurrance made the fated Mr. Barnes a part of one of the most famous fighting duos of all time.

What do you say about a Bucky Barnes? Well, you've got to admit that he was not the first kid sidekick in comics. He was, however, the first kid **partner**. Let us elucidate. A sidekick might be defined as an assistant, a squire, a spear-carrier. He's the guy with the smaller desk, the one who always gets sent out for coffee. On the other hand a partner shares in the action. He's an equal. And such was pretty much the case with Cap and Bucky. And right there is the big clue. You'll notice we said Cap **and** Bucky. Not Captain America, with Bucky, the Kid Marvel! But Cap **and** Bucky! It would be unthinkable to picture one without the other when considering the war years. Captain America without Bucky? That would have been like Gilbert without Sullivan, Laurel without Hardy, Minneapolis without St. Paul!

Captain America and Bucky! They were a perfectly coordinated team. A nod, a gesture, a word was all that was needed in exchange. Instantly their movements would parallel and compliment...Bucky would sidestep a saboteur into the side of Cap's shield, or maybe Cap would flip a spy over his shoulder where Bucky would deck said spy with a punch few men could top.

To be truthful, there were times when Bucky would fall into the clutches of some foul nasty, requiring a fast rescue by America's Super-Soldier. And sometimes he might be responsible for some depraved fiend getting away. But it didn't happen often! And when it did, Bucky didn't let it get him down. A determined grin would cross his face and he'd vow to get the baddie next time. And usually he did.

The young Mr. Barnes had what used to be called pluck. After all, it takes a lot of guts to jump a storm trooper, steal his uniform, and infiltrate a briefing of the Waffen SS! Could you do it? We couldn't! But Bucky could...and did!

What **do** you say about a Bucky Barnes? There were a lot of kid heroes who popped up to aid the big dudes in the capes and masks. They were supposed to give the kid readers something to identify with. The truth be known, most kids could have cared less for the kid-heroes. It was a bigger thrill to identify with the big guy, the real hero. Maybe that made Bucky different. You had to respect Bucky. He knew his limitations, but he worked at them. To a large extent he overcame them. By war's end he was nearly as good as Cap himself, Prof Reinstein's secret serum notwithstanding.

Unfortunately, war's end brought another end with it.

The Third Reich was in the midst of its death throes, Berlin was in flames, and the great war was starting to take on the appearances of a mop-up operation. It should have been smooth sailing from then on out. But characters like Baron Zemo don't quit easy. He tried to steal an experimental drone plane. Cap and Bucky tried to bring the craft down. And they might have succeeded if it hadn't been for the booby-trap. To Bucky's credit, he tried to reach the fuse in time, tried to deactivate the bomb. But in the end, he was only Bucky, just a kid really. And so, the bomb went off. Cap was thrown off by the blast. Bucky wasn't.

So what do you say about a kid like Bucky? Well, there's an old saying about the good dying young. Yeah. Sometimes, **too** young.

"He Was Only Waiting For This Moment To Arise..."

(We now pause in this special Captain America issue of FOOM for a few hundred words about a man who, despite cover credit, is largely overlooked. In other words, we're gonna lay down some words on the Falcon!)

Five years ago...has it really been that long?...a transmogrified Steve Rogers crossed paths with one Samuel Wilson on the Isle of the Exiles, somewhere in the Caribbean. Sam had been on a working holiday of sorts. Steve had been through a very special kind of hell. The two situations weren't all that different.

Up to the point of their fated meeting, the talented Mr. Wilson had been a footloose bird trainer, capitalizing on the natural affinity he seemed to have for anything with wings. And since said talents were at their peak with a certain hunting falcon called Redwing...**and** since the previously mentioned Exiles were seeking a falconer for some less-than-savory entertainment...**and** since our man Sam was not one to think very highly of the special brand of fascism he discovered upon arriving in the Haitian area...it was not all that surprising to find Samuel hiding out with the island's native citizenry and playing guerrilla leader.

Enter the good captain.

Cap had been having his share of problems with the Red Skull for a number of issues, and the helping hand Sam offered was all too welcome to the beleagured Avenger. And in talking with Sam, Cap sensed a kindred spirit, perhaps even a little of the idealism that a certain Steve Rogers had harbored once upon a time. Sam was strong, fast and smart, but he lacked the experience and discipline. Fate gave him one hell of a teacher! A few pointers, a little training, the prerequisite costume, and Sam became the Falcon. He helped Cap settle the Skull's hash, and then went home to Harlem. It could have ended there, It didn't.

Sam had been bit by the super-hero bug. From that first meeting with Cap, he was doomed to a lifetime of prowling rooftops and stalking ne'er-do-wells. So the Falcon started patroling Harlem. And he was good at it! To occupy his time away from the mask Sam signed up with the State of New York for a hitch as social worker. That was five years ago. Today, the Falcon is daily making it tough on the hoods and ganglords of Harlem. He has acquired the power of limited flight. He's mixed it up with and held his own against some very tough company. He is every inch a super-hero.

And he has gone practically unnoticed. Why? Two words...

Captain America.

Every try to upstage Captain America? Even before Cap acquired a more super-form of strength, it was hard. When you partner sports a uniform from the looms of Betsy Ross, is eternally youthful, and has a rep spanning three decades, its easy money that he'll be the one getting the headlines. And now! Forget it! Better you should try to upstage a herd of crazed elephants!

It's a touchy problem. Cap and Falc are close friends, bosom buddies, and trusting pals. They might have their falling outs, but they've worked as a team...and they've been a good team. Unfortunately, when they've gone into action lately, Falcon has come off as second best. And that, my friends, is not good for his self-respect.

The Falcon is a good man, a proud man. But he'll never get the chance to show it as long as he's in Cap's shadow. For a time the problem had become a moot point...with No Captain America the partnership had ceased to exist. But now that Cap has resumed his starred-n-striped self again, the sticky situation of the odd couple super-heroes raises its ugly head once again.

The only visible solution is, for want of better wording, a trial separation. The Falcon needs an act of his own if he's ever going to grow and develop. And maybe then, he and Cap can get it together again...but not until he can get it together himself.

Besides, Sam needs to spend a little more time around the office, if he ever expects to get paid!

STAR OF THE SILVER SCREEN

The year was 1944 when Captain America, red-white-and-blue hero of the four color pages, made his debut as a black-and-white idol of the silver screen. But sacrifices had to be made in order to bring about the metamorphosis.

Cap lost the wings on his helmet, his uniform chain mail, even his **shield**, and worst of all— **Bucky!** Even his secret identity did not go unchanged. No longer did Steve Rogers, AWOL private, exist. Now there was only Grant Gardner, crusading District Attorney, as played by Dick Purcell, star of such film classics as KING OF THE ZOMBIES and MYSTERY OF THE 13th GUEST.

Co-starring as his secretary Gail Richards was Lorna Gray, later known as Adrian Booth. The villain? Who else but the magnificent Lionell Atwill, known as Dr. Maldor, alias "The Scarab!"

The film, directed by John English and Elmer Clifton, had **seven** writers concocting Cap's myriad aventures— Royal Cole, Ronald Davidson, Basil Dickey, Jesse Duffy, Harry Fraser, Grant Nelson, and Joseph Poland. Film-buff and fan publisher Larry Ivie puts forth the theory that the written script had been originally intended for another Republic character from which it had been adapted for Cap.

The basic story of the serial is brought about by Dr. Maldor (the villainous Loinell Atwill) who feels that he has been (to put it mildly) ripped off by the other members of his archaeological expedition, and is killing off these members one by one by means of a poison known as "The Purple Death."

From his latest victim, "The Scarab" steals plans for a dynamic vibrator, a machine which harnesses sound and light waves, producing a weapon of titanic destructive power. In the interim, Cap steals the "Purple Death" weapon, and begins a hazardous campaign to find and capture "the Scarab." They unwittingly take Dr. Maldor into their confidence, who, while posing as their friend, malevolently uses the information given him to bring about their destruction.

At one point Captain America captures a blowgun used as a murder weapon to be shown to a Mr. Grayson who will be able to identify it as belonging to Dr. Maldor. Making a tremendous effort to keep this identification from being made, his suspicious actions almost convince Cap that he is "The Scarab."

With evidence piling up that proves Maldor's alias, he becomes more and more desperate to prevent exposure. Gail finally tips off Cap that Maldor is, indeed, whom he seems to be, but she is caught in the act, and placed in a glass case into which gas will be released that will shrivel her into a mummy. Cap arrives in the nick of time, saves Gail, and arrests Maldor who will die in the electric chair. Boo! Hiss!

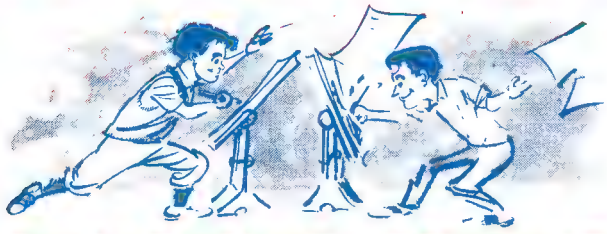
Just try to imagine the fantastic adventures which Cap went through by looking at some of the Chapter titles: "Cremation in the Clouds," "Blade of Wrath," "Mechanical Executioner," "The Avenging Corpse." and "The Dead Man Returns." And Cap was aided in his fight scenes with the talents of stuntmen Dale Van Sickel, Key Rurrel, and Tom Steele. The seemingly Kirbyesque choreography of these scenes proved once more that comics and movies are kin.

Rereleased in 1953 under the name of THE RETURN OF CAPTAIN AMERICA, this film once more thrilled the screen audience, but this time inspired by McCarthy, rather than wartime patriotism.

The success of this feature makes one wonder why a present-day moviemaker, perhaps even the great Fellini whose love for comics is so enormous, does not take Cap or any other Marvel character and bring him to the screen once more.

Are you listening, Frederico?

JOE SIMON AND JACK KIRBY:



"BY THEIR WORKS SHALL YE KNOW THEM"

We thought you'd like to see Jack "King" Kirby's autocratic autobiography first printed eight years ago, never printed again or seen by any but a select few. Hope you enjoy it.

Well, the world just couldn't go on that way. The Axis powers, faced down by men raised side by side with Super-Heroes, had had it. Everyone hustled out of uniform and began raising families. I invaded Harvey Comics, drawing Stuntman, Boy Explorers, Boy's Ranch. Rushing into other strips, I did a teenage feature called My Date, an adventure satire named The Flying Fool, and a bit of whimsy labelled the Rich Rabbit. There was nothing to be done then but innovate Romance Comics, pulverize the underworld in Headline Comics and Justice Traps The Guilty, and play Edgar Allen Poe in Black Magic. With Fighting American, I was ready for laughs. But

Jack Kirby, circa 1964.

fooling with the 3D madness and Captain 3D gave me the vapors. When I came out of the fog, I found I'd also done Win-A-Prize Comics, Bullseye, Foxhole, and Police Trap. Compounding these concoctions, I stumbled into Green Arrow and kept things humming by creating the Challengers Of The Unknown and a syndicated strip called "Sky Masters."

Returning to Marvel Comics was like re-entering the Halls of Ivy. In charge of comics was that young rascal, and, now, a bit of an older rascal, Stan Lee. We shared ideas, laughs, and stubby cigars. As for all the people who make Marvel what it is, no one could respect them more than I. And that included our readers.

I have a wife named Rosalind, three lovely daughters, Susan, Barbara and Lisa and a fine son named Neal. To put it concisely, you name it, I've done it—but fairly.

And thus I was born, amidst questions . . . questions . . . "Can it be a Leprechaun?" asked Mrs. Rafferty. "A Prince of the Blood, maybe?" laughed Mrs. Goldberg. "Not that anemic runt," replied the good doctor as he shot a compassionate glance at my mother and handed my father the bill. Not quite convinced that he'd made medical history, the dazed physician clattered down three flights of unswept stairs and into the first rays of dawn. The place, New York City. The date, August 28th, 1917. It turned out to be a gloomy day like all the others. And I was there.

I was there thru rickety childhood, thru obnoxious and sullen adolescence, in the shadow of the chipped, brick walls of the slum, my first drawing-board.

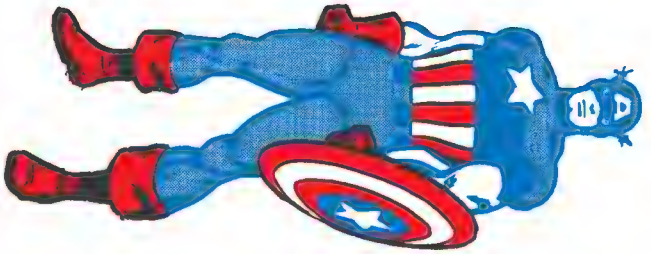
Frustrated by bad spelling, I turned to bad drawing and improved both enough in my late teens to land a job in a small syndicate servicing weekly newspapers. From there to the Max Fleischer animation studios—where, for negligible wages, I learned that the human body, in motion, has value and beauty. When Popye and Betty Boop took the initial steps to throw their pies, it was my job to complete the movement and speed of the action. This operation was called in-betweening.

When comic magazines blossomed as a field, I leaped in and drew for anyone who would let me tell a story. I became a variety of names, unleashing a torrent of diverse characters, among them the Blue Beetle, the first Captain Marvel. Super-Heroes were replacing human beings, and even dressed in glamorized underwear, they looked great in the wild blue yonder and added a new dimension to the lives of the comic fans.

While working on Captain America for Marvel Comics in the dawning "forties," I was producing at a furious rate. I remember slowing down only once, when a young rapscallion, peering into my cubicle suggested that I show more of Cap's home life, his aged, kindly mother, his wicked Aunt Agatha, and the stark, heart-rendering background of Cap's early years. "Begone!" I cried, sorely put to drubbing him. "Take off and become an editor or something!" Well, by golly, he did. But before he got the name Stan Lee on his office door, I was busily engaged elsewhere, with the Boy Commandos, Newsboy Legion, Sandman, Manhunter, and other features. The comic field was producing heroes while the world at large came up with villains to match. Hitler, Tojo, Mussolini, and the mess of miscreants stomping in their wake. Things got so bad during the period following Pearl Harbor, they finally drafted me. Then things got so bad in the Army, they actually used me in battle. At Metz, in France, serving in General Patton's Third Army, I was frozen into immobility by the sight of the advancing armor of the Heinrich Himmler Field Kitchen Panzers of the Waffen SS. I'd created another first, the "Human Road Block." This won me a PFC stripe and a lot of colorful language from my First Sergeant.

CAPTAIN AMERICA
STARS & STRIPES IN LOGO
CHAIN MAIL
SOLID BLUE
MARTIN—
HERE'S YOU CHARACTER I THINK HE SHOULD HAVE A KID BUDDY OR HE'LL BE TALKING TO HIMSELF ALL THE TIME
I'M WORKING UP SCRIPT-SEND SCHEDULE
REGARDS
JOE

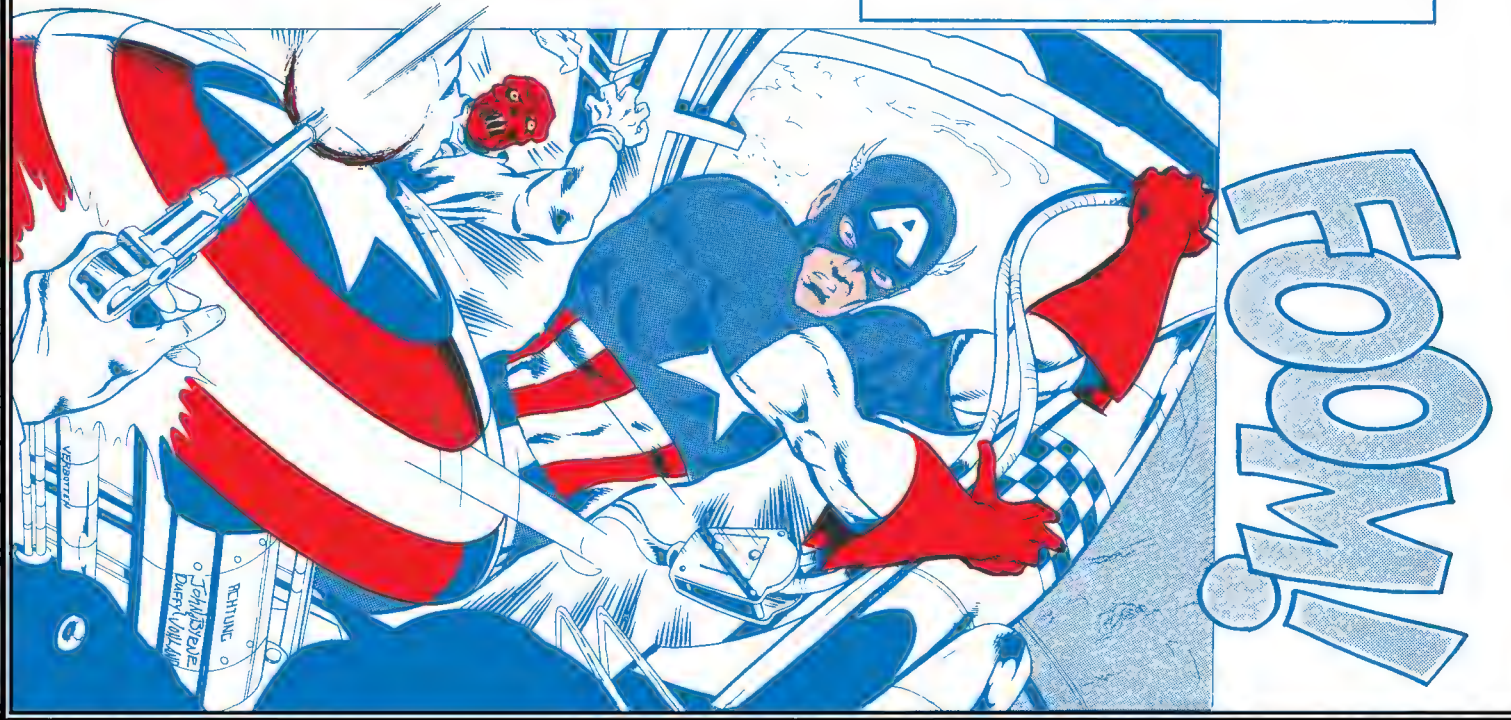
Original Joe Simon drawing printed by permission of Phil Seuling.



MARVEL COMICS GROUP
BOX 1827 F.D.R. STATION
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022

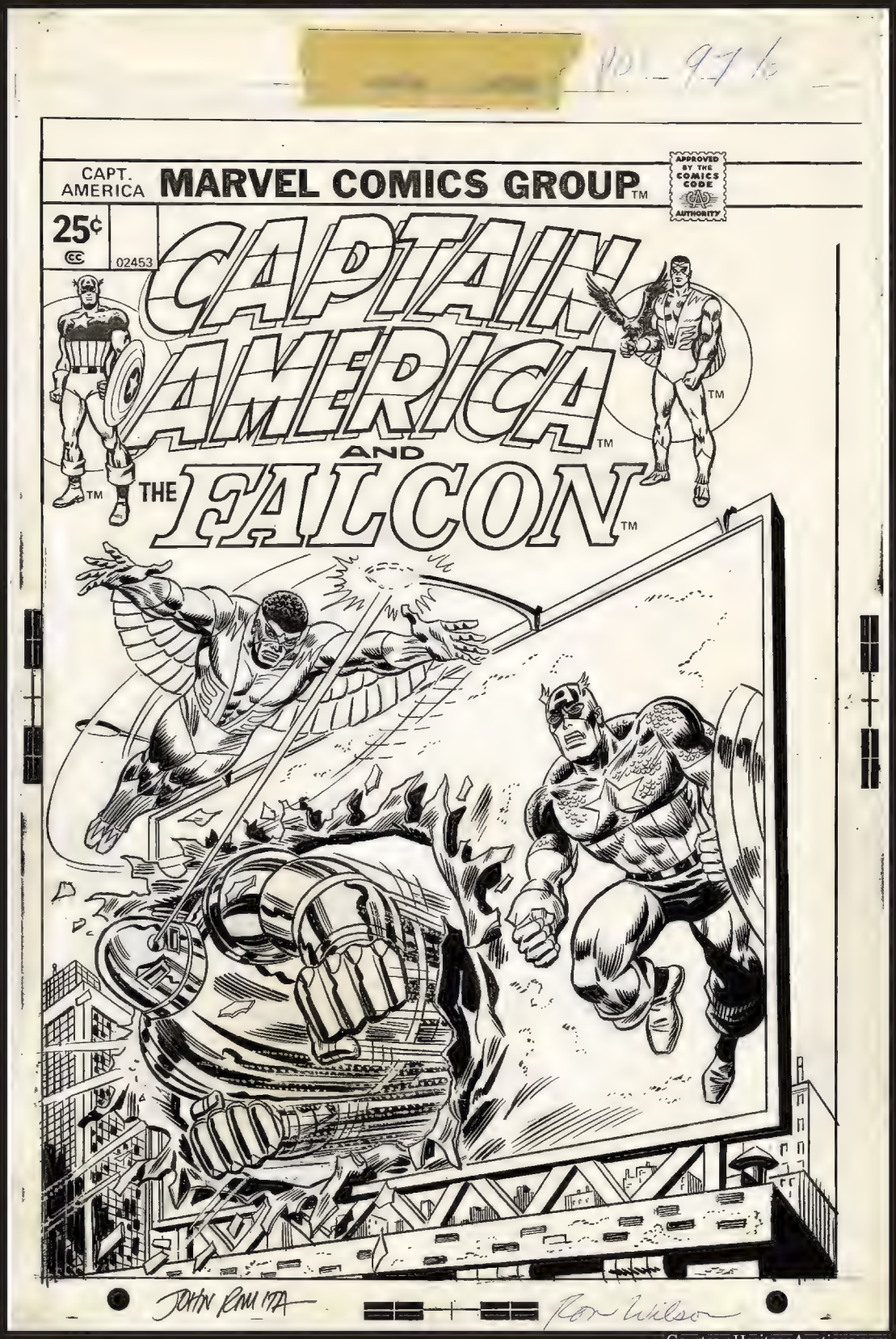
Forwarding and Return
Postage Guaranteed
Addressed Correction
Requested

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
NEW YORK, N.Y.
PERMIT #2351



Giant-Size Captain America #1 cover
reprinting *Tales of Suspense* #59-63

Captain America #178 cover original art
by Ron Wilson, John Romita & Frank Giacoia



Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Captain America #176, page 15 original art
by Sal Buscema & Vince Colletta

BOOK CAPTAIN AMERICA 176 Issue# pg # 27
LOTS OF PEOPLE FIGHT CRIME, OR PROVIDE INSPIRATION-- BUT ONLY YOU DO IT FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA!
THERE'S JUST ONE PROBLEM WITH THAT ARGUMENT, PEGGY...
AMERICA IS NOT THE SINGLE ENTITY YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.
IT'S CHANGED SINCE I TOOK MY NAME.
"THERE WAS A TIME, YES, WHEN THE COUNTRY FACED A CLEARLY HIDEOUS AGGRESSOR, AND HER PEOPLE STOOD UNITED AGAINST IT."
BUT NOW, NOTHING'S THAT SIMPLE. AMERICANS HAVE MANY GOALS--SOME OF THEM QUITE CONTRARY TO OTHERS!
IN THE LAND OF THE FREE, EACH OF US IS ABLE TO DO WHAT HE WANTS TO DO--THINK WHAT HE WANTS TO THINK.
THAT'S AS IT SHOULD BE--
--BUT IT MAKES FOR A GREAT MANY DIFFERENT VERSIONS OF WHAT AMERICA IS.
"SO WHEN PEOPLE THE WORLD OVER LOOK AT ME--
"--WHICH AMERICA AM I SUPPOSED TO SYMBOLIZE?"
27
CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Captain America #177, page 4 original art
by Sal Buscema & Vince Colletta

Book CAPTAIN AMERICA 177 Issue# 177 pg.# 6

...BUT A PARTICULARLY NASTY DREAM OF THE UTMOST SIGNIFICANCE--TO SAM WILSON, A.K.A. THE FALCON!
CAP--FINISHED!
JUST LIKE THE WAY IT REALLY IS!
CAN'T I EVEN FORGET IN MY SLEEP?
NO...I GUESS I CAN'T. HE HAD HIS FAITH IN AMERICA SHATTERED...
...AND I'VE HAD THE SAME THING HAPPEN TO MY FAITH IN HIM!
HE WAS MY IDOL--MY TOUCHSTONE WITH THE WAY THINGS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE--
--AND NOW HE'S JUST DROPPED OUT!
"I PLEADED WITH HIM TO STAY COOL... BUT NOTHING COULD HAVE HELD 'IM BACK!
I'VE ASKED MYSELF IF CAPTAIN AMERICA MUST DIE--AND IF I HAD THE THE COURAGE TO CARRY OUT MY VERDICT.
THE ANSWER TO BOTH QUESTIONS...
...IS YES!
HE'S MADE UP HIS MIND, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT THAT. BUT I JUST CAN'T LET THE IDEA SETTLE!
WE WERE PARTNERS, BY GOD! AND BY GOD, WE'RE STILL PARTNERS!
I CAN'T LET IT LIE--
--SO I'LL GO WAKE THAT CRAZY DUDE UP AND POUND SOME SENSE INTO HIS HEAD!
I'M NOT GONNA LET HIM DO IT!
"BUT AS SAM WILSON WALKS THE LONELY STREETS OF HARLEM THIS A.M., HE SEEMS TO HEAR A GHOSTLY MEMORY WHISPERING, "IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF 'LETTING,' MISTER."
WELFARE OFFICE
S. WILSON
AT LEAST, SINCE HE'S SLEEPIN' IN MY OFFICE, I WON'T WAKE ANYONE ELSE UP WITH THIS!

THE WEDDING OF PIETRO AND CRYSTAL! IT STARTS IN THE AVENGERS— ENDS UP IN FANTASTIC FOUR! 6

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Captain America #187, page 14 original art
by Frank Robbins & Frank Chiaramonte

CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ANGRY! IT IS AN ANGER THAT HAS ACCUMULATED, NOT JUST IN THE MAZE, BUT BEFORE--FROM THE RED SKULL, HIS QUEST FOR PURPOSE AS NOMAD AND THE MYRIAD OTHER FRAGMENTS OF LIFE THAT HAVE ALL COME DOWN ON HIS HEAD IN TOO SHORT A TIME.
VING!
CHAK CHAK
KRAK
YET THE REAL SRUR FOR HIS RAGE IS SAM WILSON, FROM WHOSE SIDE HE WAS TORN AT A MOMENT WHEN HE WAS NEEDED!
WHAP
KLUPOK
CAPTAIN AMERICA IS ANGRY--A FURY WHICH SCREAMS TO BE UNLEASHED!

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Captain America #191, page 1 original art
by Frank Robbins & D. Bruce Berry

CAPTAIN AMERICA ISSUE #191 JULY SCHED 191 (1) SPLASH
IT TOOK A LONG TIME, FAITHFUL ONE--BUT, AS WE PROMISED YOU LAST ISSUE... THIS IS IT !!
TONY ISABELLA / PLOTTER
BILL MANTLO / WRITER
FRANK ROBBINS / ARTIST
INKER
LETTERER / COLORIST
MARV WOLFMAN / EDITOR
PROUDLY BRING TO A CLOSE THE END OF AN EPIC...
THE TRIAL OF THE FALCON!
THE HIGH COURT OF LOS ANGELES COUNTY OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, FINDS SAMUEL T. WILSON, ALIAS SNAP WILSON...
--ALIAS THE FALCON-- GUILTY OF HIGH CRIMES AND MISDEAMEANORS, INCLUDING IMPORTATION AND SALE OF ILLEGAL NARCOTICS!
WHAT CAN I DO, CAP ?? HELP ME!
I--I CAN'T, SAM! IT'S BEEN PROVEN !!
SNAP WILSON IS-- WAS--A CRIMINAL, BUT IT'S THE FALCON WHO WILL HAVE TO ANSWER FOR HIS CRIMES!
THIS IS OUR AWESOME ENDING. THE BEGINNING CAME...
ORIGINAL (TOO LARGE)

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

July entry from *The Mighty Marvel Calendar for 1975* featuring Captain America

artwork by John Romita

JULY BELONGS TO CAPTAIN AMERICA (WHO ELSE?) 1975

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
"We shall call you Captain America... Because, like you, America shall gain the strength and the will to safeguard our shores!" — Professor Reinstein (CAPTAIN AMERICA #1, 1941)		Happy Birthday, BILLY GRAHAM 1 (The One That *Draws*)	2 QUIZ TIME Who was the first *bogus* C.A.— Who appeared in STRANGE TALES #114?	3 ANSWER: The Acrobat	4 INDEPENDENCE DAY	5
6 Many happy Returns to FRANK GIACOIA	7 MODOK says, Try to get ahead in this world!	8 The Man Who Saved C.A. - And Never Knew It	9	10 The Falcon Gets The Bird Origin Issue (C.A. #117)	11	12 THE RED SKULL LIVES! So what else is new?
Hey, MIKE PLOOG! Lucky for your birthday that — 13 — Friday the 13th falls on a Sunday this month!	14 Captain America Makes The Movies A Republic Serial, 1943	15	16 BARON ZEMO The C. Man Who Nearly Destroyed Captain America	17 Baron Zemo's offspring, THE PHOENIX	18	19 The Day The Sleeper Woke
20 This Day Is Dedicated To The Memory Of Bucky Barnes	21	22	23 LEO "Practical, Philosophical, and Spiritual"	24	25 Hail Hydra! We shall never be destroyed! Cut off a limb, and two more shall take its place!	26 BIG DEAL!
27 The Girl From Cap's Past	28 Her Sister, Sharon Carter, a.k.a. Agent 13	How Do You Tell Them Apart? 29 A. Sharon has a small mole on her left instep.	30 MOM	31	"I've spent a lifetime battling for liberty... for justice. Maybe I should have battled less... and questioned more." — Steve Rogers (CAPTAIN AMERICA #122, 1970)	

BIOGRAPHIES

STEVE ENGLEHART

He broke into the comic industry as an artist in the early '70s, but it was Steve Englehart's strengths as a writer that helped him chart a career in comics marked by the bravery with which he incorporated current political themes into his work.

One of Englehart's first principal titles was *The Avengers*, which he quickly made his own, introducing the character Mantis and exploring her exotic roots. He also took on *The Defenders*, Marvel's famed non-team, bringing Valkyrie into the mix. Only a year into his tenure as writer on these two books, he connected them for a three-month, six-issue crossover extravaganza—"The Avengers/Defenders War," one of comics' seminal crossover events. His run on *The Avengers* would extend for another four years, including the classic "Celestial Madonna" and "Serpent Crown" story lines.

Handed *Captain America* at the height of the anti-war '70s, Englehart turned the book on its head, tapping into current events like the Watergate scandal and creating a heady mix of adventure and politics. Stories like "The Secret Empire" and "Nomad," in which Steve Rogers abandoned Cap's costume and shield to explore what his identity really meant, were challenging takes on the time-tested character.

Other titles from his first tenure at Marvel included *Doctor Strange*, *The Incredible Hulk*, *Hero for Hire*, and *Amazing Adventures* featuring the X-Men's Beast. He also introduced Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu, with Jim Starlin in the pages of *Special Marvel Edition* #15.

In 1977, Englehart headed to DC, where his "Dark Detective" vision of Batman with artist Marshall Rogers would later inspire filmmaker Tim Burton's approach to the first Batman feature film. He also had a memorable run writing *Justice League of America* before moving to other creative pursuits, including writing novels and developing video game concepts.

In 1983, Englehart collaborated with artist Steve Leialoha on *Coyote*, a groundbreaking independent comic. He returned to Marvel to establish a new title, *West Coast Avengers*, wrote the 12-issue limited series *Vision & The Scarlet Witch*, and long runs on *Fantastic Four* and *Silver Surfer*. In the midst of all this, Englehart wrote *Green Lantern* for DC, further developing the ranks of the Green Lantern Corps.

During the early '90s, Englehart was pivotal in the debut of Malibu's popular Ultraverse characters and also lent his talents to the Claypool Comics line. He continued with video game development and also wrote animation features like *G.I. Joe*. Recent comics work includes *Hellcat*, *Avengers: Celestial Quest*, *JLA Classified* and a return to Batman in the *Dark Detective* limited series.

SAL BUSCEMA

Without a doubt one of comics' most prolific artists, "Our Pal" Sal Buscema joined Marvel in 1968 shortly after his elder brother, John. Tackling inking duties on *Silver Surfer* and *Fantastic Four*, including the all-time classic *Silver Surfer* #4, Buscema quickly graduated to penciling. He was an anchor of the Marvel line in the 1970s with long runs on books like *Captain America*, *Marvel Team-Up* and *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and a 100-plus issue run on *The Incredible Hulk*. Buscema was also behind defining the tone on early issues of *The Defenders*, *Rom* and *The New Mutants*. His career as one of Marvel's most versatile artists lasted throughout the '70s and into the '90s. In 1988, he returned to *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and over the next ten years penciled every issue but two from #134 through #238 (and inked the vast majority as well!) Although he retired in the late '90s, readers can still see his name on comics credits from time to time, including inking work on the cult hit *Spider-Girl*.

FRANK ROBBINS

Born in Boston, Massachusetts, on September 9, 1917, Frank Robbins developed formidable fine art skills at an early age. By his mid-teens, he received scholarships to the Boston Museum and the National Academy of Design, won himself a prestigious Rockefeller Grant, and apprenticed under New York City muralist Edward Trumbull. At 18, he worked for RKO Pictures on advertising illustrations (Robbins referred to it as "exploitation art" in his self-illustrated bio). His cartooning career began in 1939 when he took over the *Scorchy Smith* newspaper strip. The strip's success under his stewardship gave him the opportunity to launch his own cartoon, *Johnny Hazard*, for King Features; *Johnny Hazard* would enjoy an over-three decade run. Robbins' portfolio flourished with illustration credits in *Life*, *Look* and *Saturday Evening Post*.

In 1968, he turned his talents to comic books. Robbins professed to have never read a DC comic book, but took over the writing of top titles *Batman* and *Detective Comics*, and in several issues assumed the art role as well. Among the many highlights of his horror-tinged Batman run was the introduction of Man-Bat. Robbins' Milton Caniff-inspired style and frenetic storylines seeded with teen angst brought radical change to the formerly staid *Superboy*. He eventually phased out his writing and stuck to illustrating titles like *House of Secrets*, *House*

of Mystery, Plop! and *The Shadow*. By the mid-'70s, Robbins moved to Marvel where he kicked off the World War II super-hero series *Invaders*. Together with writer/editor Roy Thomas, Robbins co-created Spitfire, Baron Blood and Union Jack and drew most of *Invaders*' first 28 issues. Robbins also drew several issues of *Captain America*, *The Human Fly*, *Power Man* and Morbius in *Fear*. He concluded his life in comics and cartooning in the late '70s, leaving Marvel and bringing *Johnny Hazard* to a conclusion. Robbins retired to Mexico with his family and focused on painting and showing his work at galleries around the world until his death in 1994.

TONY ISABELLA

Like many writers who emerged in the early '70s, Tony Isabella's first "official" writing for Marvel was as a fan in its letter pages. His comprehensive knowledge of the Marvel Universe and its characters, combined with his gift for writing, made him a natural for a job as an editorial assistant in 1972. Eventually working his way up to a job as a staff writer, Isabella carved out a niche in Marvel's horror titles with "It! The Living Colossus" in the pages of *Astonishing Tales*, the Living Mummy in *Supernatural Thrillers* and scribing a variety of stories across the black-and-white magazines line, including *Dracula Lives!*, *Tales of the Zombie*, *Vampire Tales* and *Monsters Unleashed*.

Isabella's most familiar contributions to Marvel readers were in a long run of *Ghost Rider* stories and the introduction of Tigra to Marvel's stable of female heroines. His twelve-issue spin with the demonic alter ego of Johnny Blaze included a controversial tale featuring Ghost Rider's redemption with Jesus Christ, a milestone moment of the era. And after Tigra's first appearance, Isabella led her to a team-up with Thing in *Marvel Two-In-One*, and ongoing adventures in *Marvel Chillers*.

His other credits included Iron Fist in *Marvel Premiere*, *Hero for Hire/Power Man* and a fill-in story that ran over two issues of *Avengers*, featuring the Assassin's unrelenting pursuit of Earth's Mightiest Heroes. Isabella also wrote the first seven issues of *The Champions*, the '70s super-hero team featuring Hercules, Black Widow, Ghost Rider, Angel and Iceman.

At DC Isabella introduced Black Lightning and revamped Hawkman and Hawkgirl in the early '80s. Since then, Isabella has been writing for indie publishers, running his own comic store and writing an online column for *Comic Buyer's Guide* called Tony's Tips.

BILL MANTLO

From the mid-'70s through the late-'80s, Bill Mantlo established himself as one of the most dedicated writers in the comics industry, writing hundreds of stories across dozens of titles, primarily for Marvel Comics.

Mantlo broke into comics as a colorist, but it wasn't long before he was given a crack at writing a fill-in story, a "Sons of the Tiger" story in the black-and-white *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu* magazine, and his true comics talent began to emerge. The quality of his work led to his installation as that book's regular writer, a tenure that included the notable achievement of introducing comics' first Puerto Rican hero, the White Tiger.

After achieving notoriety within the Marvel offices as a guy who could knock out credible fill-in scripts at a moment's notice, Mantlo was given more regular work. One early highlight was his 20-issue tenure on *Iron Man* that began the Golden Avenger's return to prominence. As one might expect from someone with such a volume of work, Mantlo was game to take on projects others dismissed, and he did it with an unfeigned aplomb that elevated the work.

It was on two licensed titles that Mantlo built his legacy. Inspired by a toy given to his son at Christmas, Mantlo lobbied Marvel to adapt Micronauts into an ongoing series. The award-winning epic he spun with artistic luminaries like Michael Golden and Pat Broderick is still highly revered by comics fandom as is his even longer run on *Rom*, wherein he developed a universe filled with Spaceknights, Dire Wraith monsters and outer space intrigue. Other notable credits in Mantlo's career include *Incredible Hulk*, *Alpha Flight* and *Spectacular Spider-Man*.

Just as Mantlo had begun a new career as a public defender with the New York City Legal Aid Society, he was struck by a hit-and-run driver and went into a weeks-long coma from severe head trauma. He has since been under constant medical care. The comics community has led multiple fundraisers to aid in the continuing care of a talented writer who is missed by his many fans.

HERB TRIMPE

He may not have dreamed up as many characters as Kirby or Ditko, or had as groundbreaking a style as Steranko or Adams—and he'll be the first one to tell you that! But Herb Trimpe is easily one of the most recognizable comic artists of all time, owing to the incredible popularity of two titles (*Incredible Hulk*, *G.I. Joe*) he made successes.

Herb joined Marvel's production department fresh out of the armed forces, where he served in the Air Force as a weatherman from 1962-1966, providing weather telemetry to forces in Vietnam. In between his office duties, he landed fill-in work as a penciler and inker on books like *Kid Colt, Outlaw* and *Marvel Super-Heroes* #16, featuring the Phantom Eagle, a collaboration with writer Gary Friedrich that played off Herb's well-known interest in drawing airplanes.

He also inked several books, most notably over Marie Severin's Hulk in *Tales to Astonish*. Several months later, Herb got the book as his own, and from 1968 to 1975, the Hulk's tales were drawn under his auspices. He combined an E.C.-influenced approach to layouts with Kirby-esque dynamics, a style that became even more pronounced when he began inking his own pencils with issue #117. Through it all, he never strayed from the elements of the character he felt had already been perfected: the pathos of a tragic figure's Jekyll/Hyde dual personality. During his tenure, he came up with the Hulkbusters, did character designs for the likes of Wendigo and Zzzax, and also drew the first appearance of Wolverine in *Incredible Hulk* #180-182.

After the Hulk, Trimpe drew *Godzilla*, *Shogun Warriors* and *The Defenders*. He also drew the first several issues of Marvel UK's *Captain Britain*. As the 1980s began, Trimpe drew a much-beloved run on *Marvel Team-Up*, but it was the launch of *G.I. Joe* that would make Trimpe's some of the most seen comic art of the decade. An instant hit, selling hundreds of thousands of copies over multiple printings, it was the start of an incredibly successful, long-running title. In addition to the early *G.I. Joe* issues, Trimpe drew its spinoff title, *G.I. Joe Special Missions*.

Another highlight in Trimpe's career was providing breakdown art in collaboration with Barry Windsor-Smith on the *Machine Man* limited series. Later in the decade, his workload scaled back to spot penciling and inking jobs. In 2002, he was awarded the Humanitarian of the Year Award at the San Diego Comic-Con for services rendered as a chaplain at Ground Zero after 9/11. In his retirement, he continued to delight fans with the occasional cover or short story. Trimpe passed away in 2015, leaving a legacy as one of Marvel's most accomplished storytellers.

JOHN DAVID WARNER

John David Warner established a penchant for writing the supernatural early on in his career when he wrote several issues of *Dark Towers* for Gold Key. Around the same time, he wrote multiple stories for DC war titles. Joining Marvel in 1975, Warner transitioned to an assistant editor's role on the company's black-and-white magazines; not long after, Archie Goodwin was promoted to the role of Editor in Chief, and Warner took over the black-and-white line. He presided over *The Rampaging Hulk*, wherein Warner also scribed Bloodstone as a backup feature, the monster-hunting character he had introduced in *Marvel Presents*. Other notable mags under his editorship included *Planet of the Apes*, which included new, non-film adaptation stories for the first time, and *Deadly Hands of Kung Fu*. Warner also wrote a pair of *Marvel Classics Comics* stories (Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and H. Rider Haggard's *She*), and issues of *Captain America*, *Defenders*, and "The Living Mummy" in *Supernatural Tales*. The series with which Warner would most closely be connected would be *Son of Satan*, for which Warner wrote the first seven issues.

MARV WOLFMAN

Marv Wolfman's stints writing for movies, television, animation and novels mark him as a varied and highly regarded talent, but it is his comic book writing where he first gained prestige as one of the industry's most acclaimed talents.

His first forays into the comic industry were short tenures as editor and writer for both Warren Publishing and DC Comics, but it was after a move to Marvel in 1972 that his career began to blossom. One of his earliest hits was *Tomb of Dracula*, Marvel's adaptation of the classic Bram Stoker vampire. It was in the pages of *Tomb of Dracula* that Wolfman and Gene Colan unveiled the character Blade, the vampire hunter. This earthly hero was one of the earliest black heroes in comics and was introduced to further affirm the realism he sought to inject into the Dracula comic.

After editing Marvel's black-and-white magazines, he quickly stepped up the ladder to follow Len Wein as editor in chief. Wolfman had noted that the readership, who like himself had become loyal fans in their adolescence, felt it was important to have the stories Marvel produced "grow up" along with them. His editorial duties, however, stole time from his writing, so in 1976 he stepped down and took on writing full-time.

As writer of *Daredevil*, his two-year run preceded the Frank Miller era and included the introduction of Bullseye, now the most innovative and fearsome of Daredevil's rogues' gallery. Other work from his prolific Marvel tenure in the late '70s included lengthy runs on Marvel's two flagship titles: *The Amazing Spider-Man* (including the debut of the Black Cat) and *Fantastic Four* as well runs on *Nova*, *Doctor Strange* and *Thor*.

Moving to DC, he teamed with artist George Pérez and ushered in *New Teen Titans*. Most of the Titans came to life under his auspices, including Cyborg, Nightwing, Starfire, and Raven, as well as their nemesis Deathstroke. Next, Wolfman and Pérez delivered the epochal *Crisis on Infinite Earths*, condensing DC's complex 50 year history into a single, shared universe.

Taking a lengthy sabbatical from writing comics, Wolfman moved to writing for animation shows including *G.I. Joe* and *Transformers*, later becoming comics editor for *Disney Adventures Magazine*. He continues to write for DC Comics and more recently, has penned the nonfiction *Homeland, the Illustrated History of the State of Israel*. In 2011 Marv was inducted into the Eisner Hall of Fame.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-18
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-2
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-16
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-2
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-9
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-11
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-5
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-7
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-18
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-10
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-10
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOL. 1
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-2
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOL. 1
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-15
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

It was August 1961 and change was hitting the newsstands. *Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. These were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves—and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different—the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

The *Marvel Masterworks* series was created to give comic-book readers everywhere the chance to experience the greatest comics the world has known as they were originally presented.

RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
SPIDER-WOMAN VOL. 1
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-7
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-10

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over the heads of all Americans, a new entertaining escape from the newspapers' horrifying realities was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States.

At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary talents as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee. These skilled writers and artists created a vast array of characters that would give rise to the Marvel Universe!

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures and unimaginable monsters; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the '40s retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, Atlas had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
WHERE IS CAPTAIN AMERICA?
PERHAPS THE MOST ACTION-PACKED SUPER-THRILLER OF THE ALL!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
LOOK OUT WORLD! BEWARE HERE COMES THE NOMAD!
NOMAD!
THE END OF CAPTAIN AMERICA! THE BEGINNING OF
ORIGIN

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
THE END OF THE SINISTER SERPENT SQUAD!
SEE THE MAN CALLED NOMAD TRAPPED IN AN
INFERNO!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
KEEP AWAY, CAPTAIN—OR THE WOMAN DIES!
AND THERE'S NO WAY I CAN REACH HER IN TIME!
THE RED SKULL IS BACK! NUFF SAID!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
YOU'RE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED FOOLS! THE RED SKULL SHALL YET TRIUMPH!
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL WIN THIS DAY, SKULL—IS OVER OUR DEAD BODIES!
THAT—CAN BE EASILY ARRANGED!
PLEASE! YOU MUST NOT REVEAL THE IDENTITY OF THE
SHOCK ENDING!

MARVEL COMICS GROUP
CAPTAIN AMERICA AND THE FALCON
REVEALED AT LAST! OR THOSE WHO'VE READ THE CLUES!
MY ALLY, MY ENEMY!
TODAY THE MOMENT I'VE AWAITED FOR FINALLY COMES TO PASS!
TODAY THE FALCON SLAYS THE MAN WHO CONTROLS HIS DESTINY!
THE RED SKULL!

PRINTED IN CHINA

MARVEL